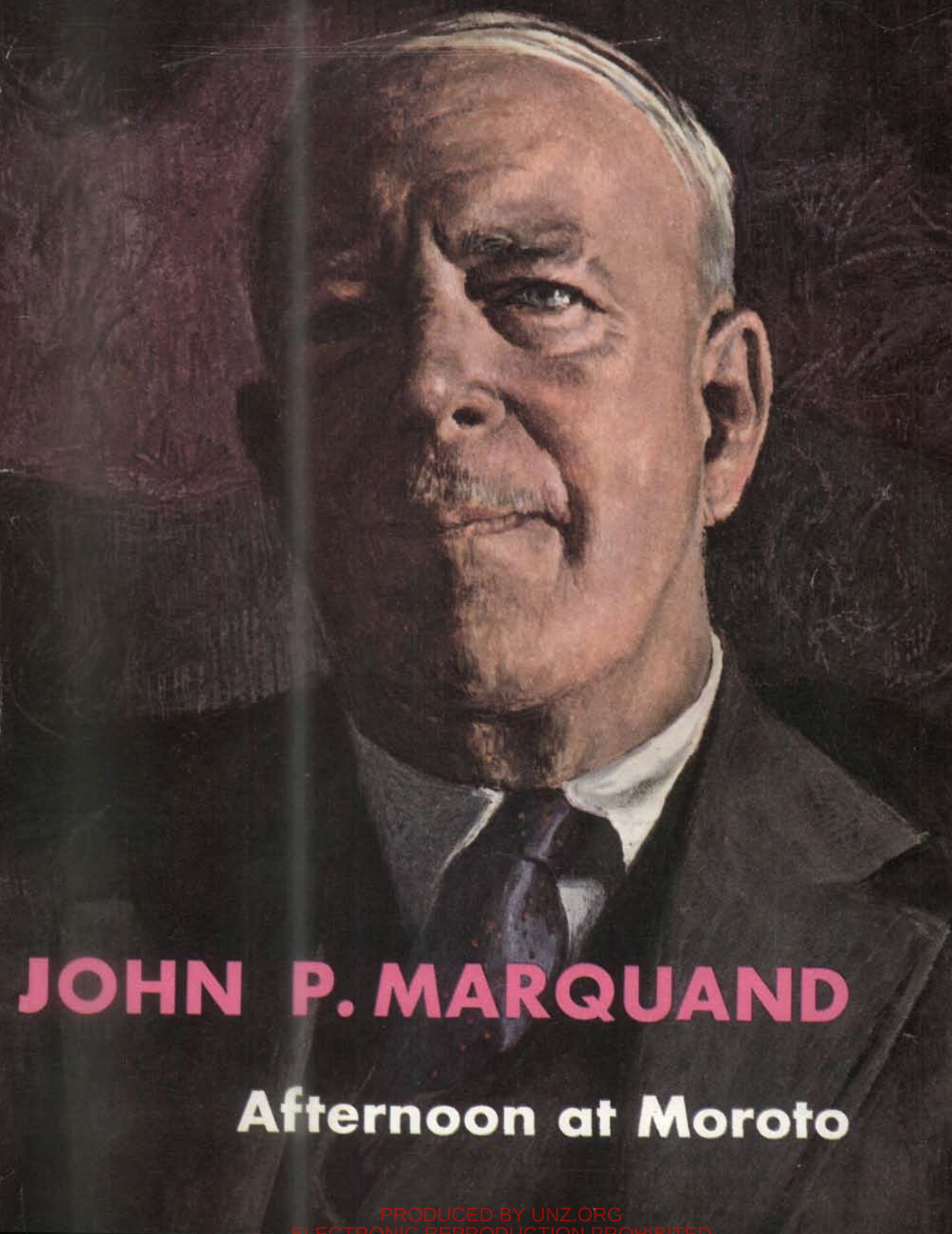


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THE *Atlantic*



JOHN P. MARQUAND

Afternoon at Moroto

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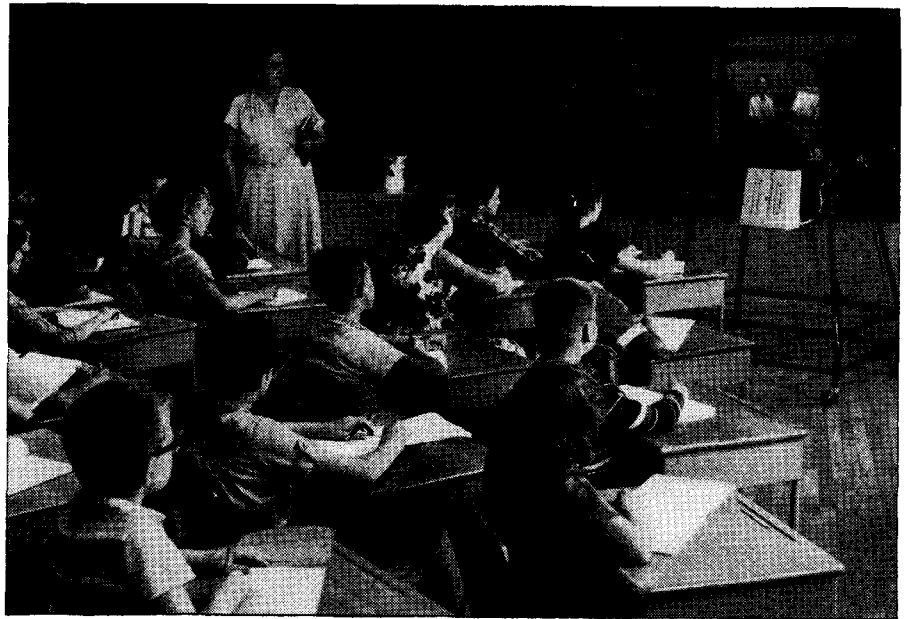
Evidence that a shortage of qualified teachers is developing coincides with the need for some way to meet the awakened interest in mathematics, physics, chemistry, and education in general—from the elementary school to the college level.

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JANUARY

ATLANTIC

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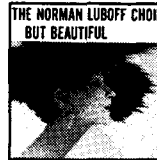
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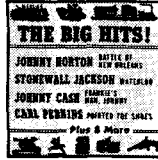


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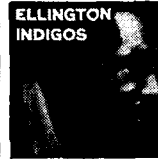
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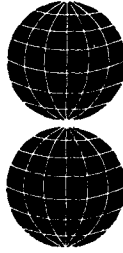
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The Atlantic Report



on the World Today

WASHINGTON

THE second session of the 86th Congress, which opens on January 6, will have about twenty-five weeks of actual working time before it must adjourn to prepare for the Democratic and Republican National Conventions next July. Before the session ends, there will be a lot of sound and fury, well mixed with politics and presidential primaries. Just how much constructive legislation may be forthcoming is an open question.

In the final months of the old year, Washington was immersed in an argument over what to do about the drain on the American gold supply, because the outflow of dollars has created a big adverse balance of payments. The problem affected many other issues, ranging from the size of the American military establishment abroad to foreign aid. It roused fears of further protectionist moves in Congress, because this country's help to the industrial nations of Western Europe and to Japan has been so successful that it has provided some stiff competition for American business.

Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson raised the hue and cry over the dollar drain, with some good results, in that the other industrial nations began to eliminate many of their quota and other dollar restrictions. Anderson's alarms also produced a backfire at the State Department and elsewhere in Washington, because many feared he would win the President's approval of cuts in military and aid spending, and of further requirements that aid money must be spent in the United States, as in the case of the Development Loan Fund.

The outcome, as far as the present session of Congress is concerned, will depend on the way the trade balance seems to be going by spring. Some people think the balance of trade will tend to right itself, that the dollar drain will slowly decrease, and, with it, the alarms expressed by Anderson.

But the 116-day steel strike upset the economy considerably, and it will take a month or two in the new year to make sure that the economy is as much in forward motion as it was expected to be had there been no steel stoppage. Despite the strike, the indications are for record tax receipts this fiscal year, and probably even higher receipts in the next year, beginning July 1.

On the one hand, this kind of booming economy will make it harder to pass legislation, such as aid to depressed areas with too many obsolete industries, and to take other steps to meet the needs caused by continuing unemployment. On the other hand, rising federal income will bring new competition in Congress for each extra dollar. Since 1960 is an election year, the pressures will be great for almost any scheme to spread the benefits. Yet, as the session opens, federal aid to education once again appears to have little chance of passage.

The cost of defense

Where the budget pinches the tightest is at the Pentagon. The constant rise in the cost of military hardware, as the defense establishment moves faster and faster into the missile age, makes it impossible to maintain present manpower levels within a defense budget of \$40 or \$41 billion. Something has to give. This year, for the first time, the pressures are greatest on the Air Force, which faces the choice of slowing down even further in the missile field, in which it is supreme, or else taking drastic cuts in the manned aircraft sector of its vast establishment.

The result probably will be another go-round of the argument over American military strategy. There appears to be no conscious feeling that the "spirit of Camp David," induced by Khrushchev's talks with Eisenhower, is enough to permit any

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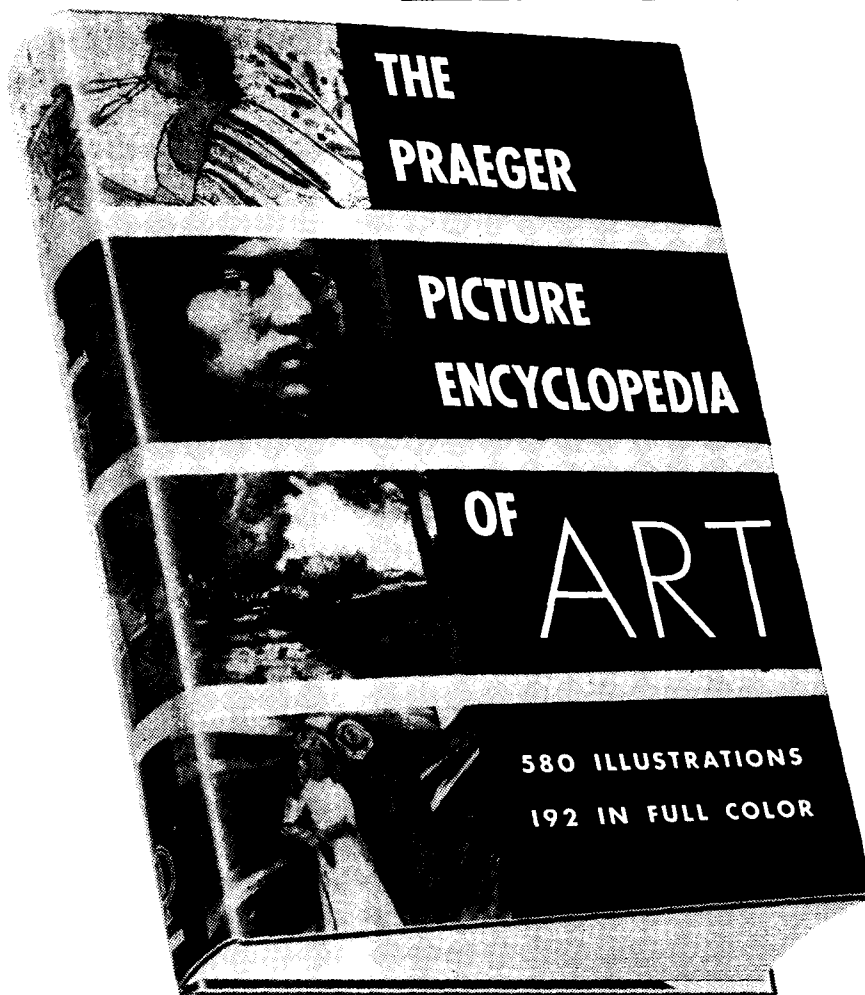
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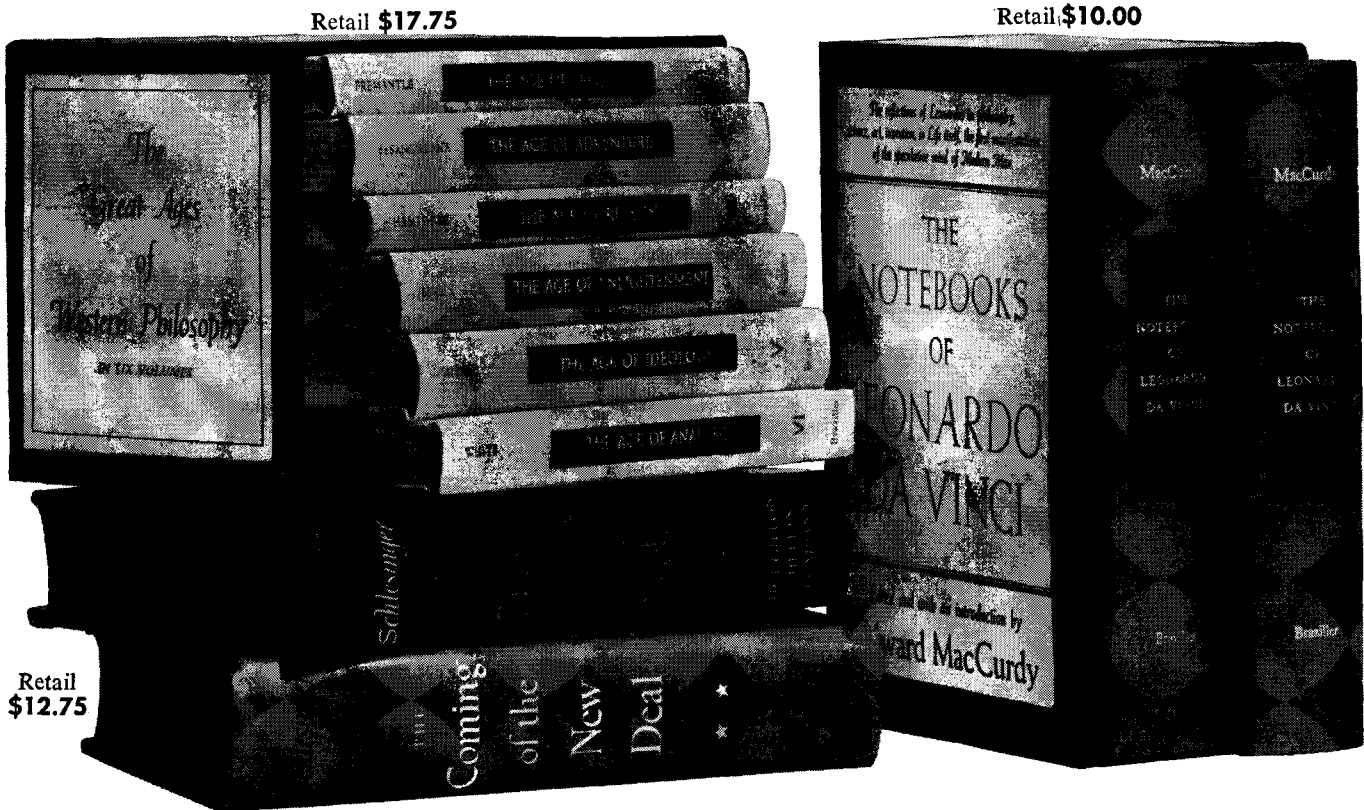
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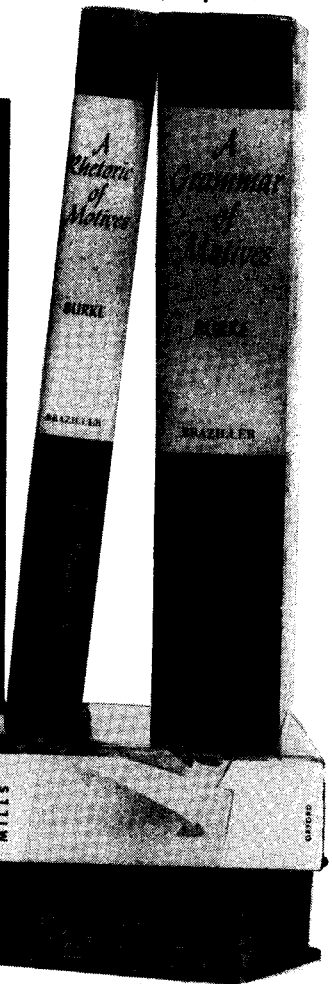
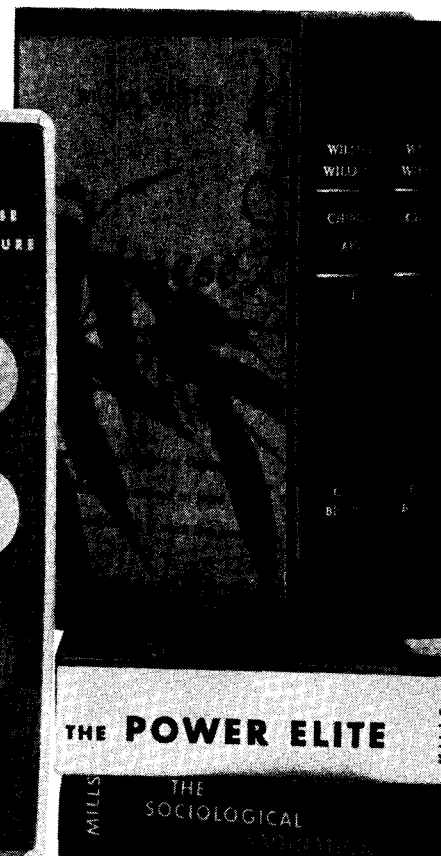
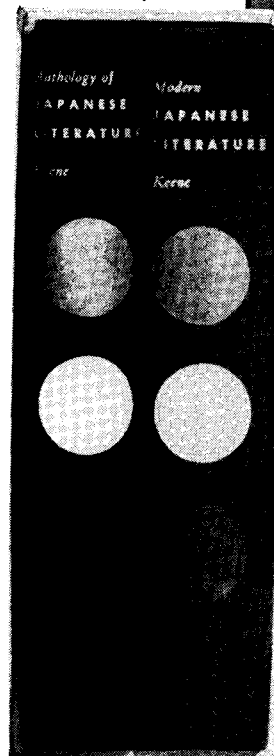
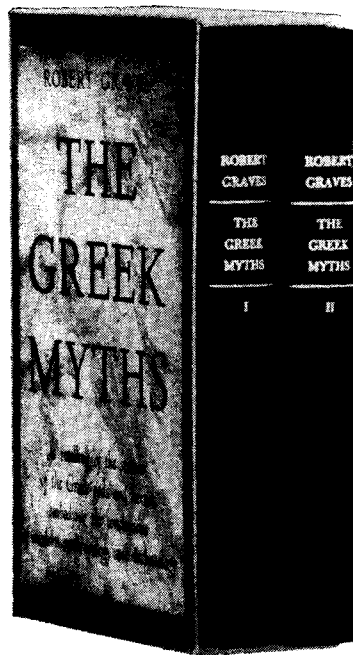
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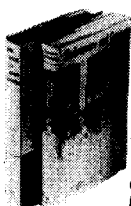
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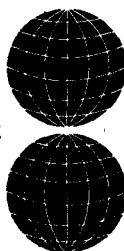
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Report on Washington



real cut in military preparations. But the atmosphere of what many take to be a rather prolonged period of peaceful coexistence does make it easier to take some risks.

America's lag in the space race

Related to the military missile problem is the conquest of space. Although Congress created a civilian agency to run the nation's space programs, these programs have yet to receive a top priority despite the shattering defeats administered by the Soviet moon shots. Space costs are huge; the overall program for the Saturn, a vehicle with a 1.5-million-pound thrust, has been estimated at costing around \$1 billion, with a completion date set at anywhere from 1961 to 1964. Saturn — still under Defense Department administration, though due to be transferred to the civilian agency this spring — has been carried on at only a moderate pace because the Pentagon found there was "no pressing military requirement" for the massive rocket.

Congress doubtless will investigate the American lag in space. But it is unlikely that either the Administration or the Congress will give the space program all the money its advocates say it needs. The money cannot be provided under present budget ceilings, and should not be until the United States decides on just what it wants to do in space. The American public may be firmly convinced that the United States should be first in space. But the Congress, like the Administration, remains unconvinced that the public wants to pay the taxes to put it there.

Every pressure for more military and space spending tends to be a counterpressure on foreign aid expenditures. The aid program probably will be cut again this year. If the balance of payments problem persists, the cut will be deep. Failure of the Administration to revamp the program and the continuing lack of vigorous leadership only add to the congressional pressures to cut down on foreign aid.

The need for a new farm program

Next to the military, space, and foreign aid parts of the budget, the most expensive item subject to congressional action is the cost of the farm program. This, of course, is a most sensitive area

in any election year, and more so this year, for two reasons: city consumers and their representatives in Congress are growing tired of the multi-billion-dollar subsidies which seem to lead nowhere; farm producers and farm congressmen see sliding prices ahead around election time, with major political ramifications the result. The Democrats hope to capitalize; the Republicans fear that they will.

The hard fact is that the members of the Democratic majority, big as it is in Congress, have been unable to come together on any new farm program, and even if they should, that program almost surely would run into an Eisenhower veto. It is possible this year that the Democrats will pass some sort of new farm program, that city Democrats will vote for it in expectation that it will not become law anyway, and that a presidential veto will be seized upon to make an election issue.

Meanwhile, the wheat, cotton, and corn surpluses will go on piling up. And nothing is likely to be done to make full use of these surpluses as a foreign policy weapon. Some good use is now being made of the surpluses through Public Law 480, but it is a far cry from a program which one can envisage the Soviet Union's conducting if it were blessed with such a cornucopia.

Labor and civil rights

On the labor front, the long steel strike may very well produce some further legislation this year. The outcome will depend on just how the steel issue is finally settled in January, at the end of the Taft-Hartley injunction period. The most likely move would be some machinery to make Taft-Hartley fact-finding more useful. The fact-finders, at the least, could be ordered by law to make recommendations (which they now are forbidden to make). If the strike pressures remain well into 1960, or are increased by new strikes or strike threats of major proportions, then some form of mandatory acceptance of fact-finding recommendations is not out of the question.

The Democratic Congress is under fire in this election year, from the bulk of its labor supporters, for the Landrum-Griffin bill. As a result, a good many members would be pleased to be able to vote for some further Taft-Hartley amendments which put a bit more weight on the labor side of the labor-management scales.

Civil rights issues will occupy Congress, from mid-February on, in the Senate. The outcome is likely to be some further powers for the Civil Rights Commission in the field of protection for Negro voting. Efforts will be made to plug loopholes in the law which have been discovered by court attacks in the South. There will be discus-

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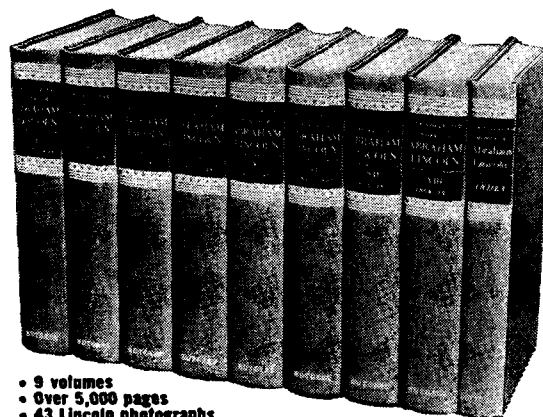
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Report on Washington

sion of the Civil Rights Commission's proposal for temporary federal registrars in cases where the state registrars abdicate their authority.

A good many observers in Washington feel that the peak of civil rights agitation centering on public school desegregation has now been passed. Outright defiance of the Supreme Court was one thing and could not be overlooked. But token compliance and gradual desegregation, as exemplified by Virginia once its massive resistance program was abandoned, are something else again. Gradual desegregation has satisfied the conscience of many Northern and Western civil rights advocates, especially when coupled with the Civil Rights Commission's efforts on behalf of Negro voting.

This will be the final of the eight sessions of Congress since Dwight D. Eisenhower entered the White House. In those eight years, the American population will have increased more than 25 million. And yet these eight years have produced no great forward motion in either the foreign or the domestic field. Some of the social gains of the earlier New and Fair Deal days have been consolidated under Eisenhower. But the solutions of the new problems accumulating with a rapidly rising population have more often than not been either transferred to the states and municipalities or simply left untouched. They will be the inheritance of the next Administration.

Mood of the Capital

Just what role the primaries are going to play in the coming election is not yet clear. The primary system came into considerable disrepute after Stevenson and Kefauver exhausted themselves in 1956 and then wound up on the same ticket. Yet the primaries are the only way to get a public expression of choice before the national conventions.

Curiously, both Governor Rockefeller and Senator Kennedy face the same sort of problem. Nixon has the machine, the party functionaries, be-

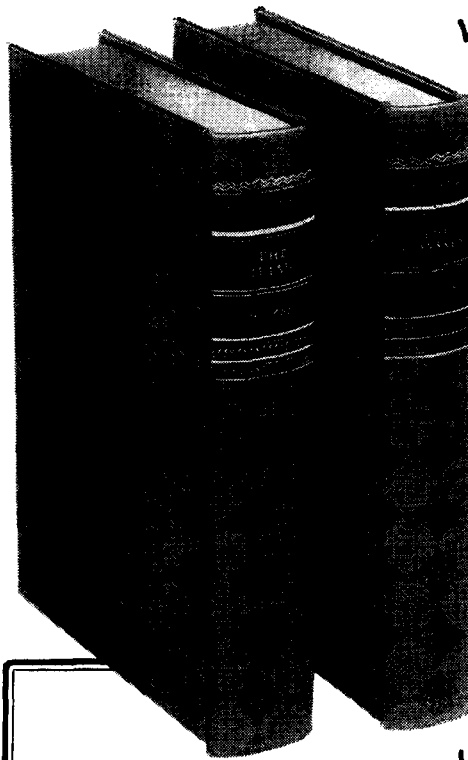
hind him. Rockefeller can win them only by demonstrating at the polls that he is stronger with the voters. To do that he must enter the primaries, take on Nixon, and beat him. Kennedy is the Democratic front runner, but many of the party professionals are against him, chiefly because he is a Catholic. A number of Catholic governors and other high party officials who themselves must run in 1960 are afraid of what they call "overloading the ticket with Catholics." To break through this combination of politics and bigotry, Kennedy must show that he can win and win big, and the only way to do that is in the primaries.

Most of the thinking in Washington runs this way: if Kennedy cannot make it at the Los Angeles convention, the delegates will have to choose between Senator Symington and Adlai Stevenson. Stevenson's supporters dream of a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket, but there is a strong undercurrent in the Democratic Party against giving the former Illinois governor a third attempt at the White House. Senator Humphrey is considered to have only an outside chance; Senator Johnson is rated higher than Humphrey, but, in the end, his Texas background and his allegiance to oil, however proper, look to be insurmountable.

All the Democratic candidates can campaign on a platform of giving the nation the leadership that they feel Eisenhower has failed to give. Both Nixon and Rockefeller imply that they, too, would provide a more dynamic leadership; but, unlike the Democrats, neither can openly criticize the President.

The most hopeful sign is that the candidates of both parties seem to sense a vast uneasiness among the American people — an uneasiness at Soviet space successes, at a second-best American military posture, at the inability or unwillingness of government to solve the many domestic problems arising from the rapid population increase. The result is that 1960 should produce a great debate on how these problems can best be met. Such a debate will help to clarify the public mind and the public will, so that whoever is elected will enter the White House with a clear mandate to get on with the job and to do it fast.

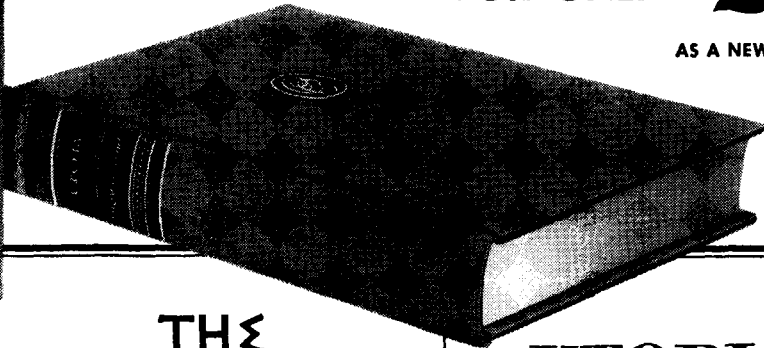
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The Atlantic Report FRANCE



A FEW weeks after General de Gaulle's epoch-making Algerian declaration of last September 16, the Paris humorous weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* published a cartoon showing the President of the French Republic peering expectantly out of one of the curtained windows of the Elysée Palace. "Is that Ferhat Abbas arriving?" he asks the usher at the door. "No," answers the usher. "It's Grace Kelly." This sardonic commentary on Charles de Gaulle's studied addiction to Bourbonic pomp was also a telling reminder of how wide, under the Fifth Republic, the gap has often been between official hopes and stark realities, between propaganda myth and actual fact. Today France has a President who both rules and reigns. But this unprecedented state of affairs has bred unprecedented confusion.

Raymond Aron, who has been called the Walter Lippmann of France, recently defined the new regime as a parliamentary empire that would not outlast its founder. Some have called it a monarchical republic, others a republican monarchy, while a few have compared it to the First Consulate. De Gaulle has been likened to Napoleon III by some and to Louis XVIII by others.

Eighty-five years ago, the patricians who established the Third Republic, in the open hope that it might soon be transmuted into a monarchy, earned for it the title *La République des Ducs*. The Fifth Republic, which promises to be an even trickier masterpiece of political camouflage, has already been given a similar nickname, *La République des Dupes*. Opinions differ, however, as to just who are the dupes.

According to one school of thought, and this includes a motley group of French conservatives and Algerian extremists led by Georges Bidault and the ex-paratroop deputy Jean-Marie Le Pen, De Gaulle is the most Machiavellian French politician since Talleyrand. The dupes are the "men of the thirteenth of May," who brought him to power in the belief that he would preserve a French Algeria no matter what the cost. Bit by bit, they have discovered that their idol has be-

trayed them, and by last September their disillusioned rage was such that some of them went around covering the walls of Paris with the chalked-up insult "De Gaulle = Mendès"; that is, De Gaulle is a second and even more sinister "prophet of abandonment."

According to the other school of thought, which embraces Frenchmen of the left such as the editors of the weekly *L'Express* and some of the writers on the influential daily *Le Monde*, the real dupe has been De Gaulle himself. Like a twentieth-century Gulliver, he has been walking about with his head in the clouds, talking airily about the grandeur of France, the radiant harmony of the Franco-African community, the inevitability of the French atomic bomb, the dazzling future of a peaceful Algeria, the moving nobility of France's humanitarian message to the world. Meanwhile, down below, an army of Lilliputian army officers and backstage plotters have been busy hamstringing and paralyzing his freedom of action.

Ballots, not bullets

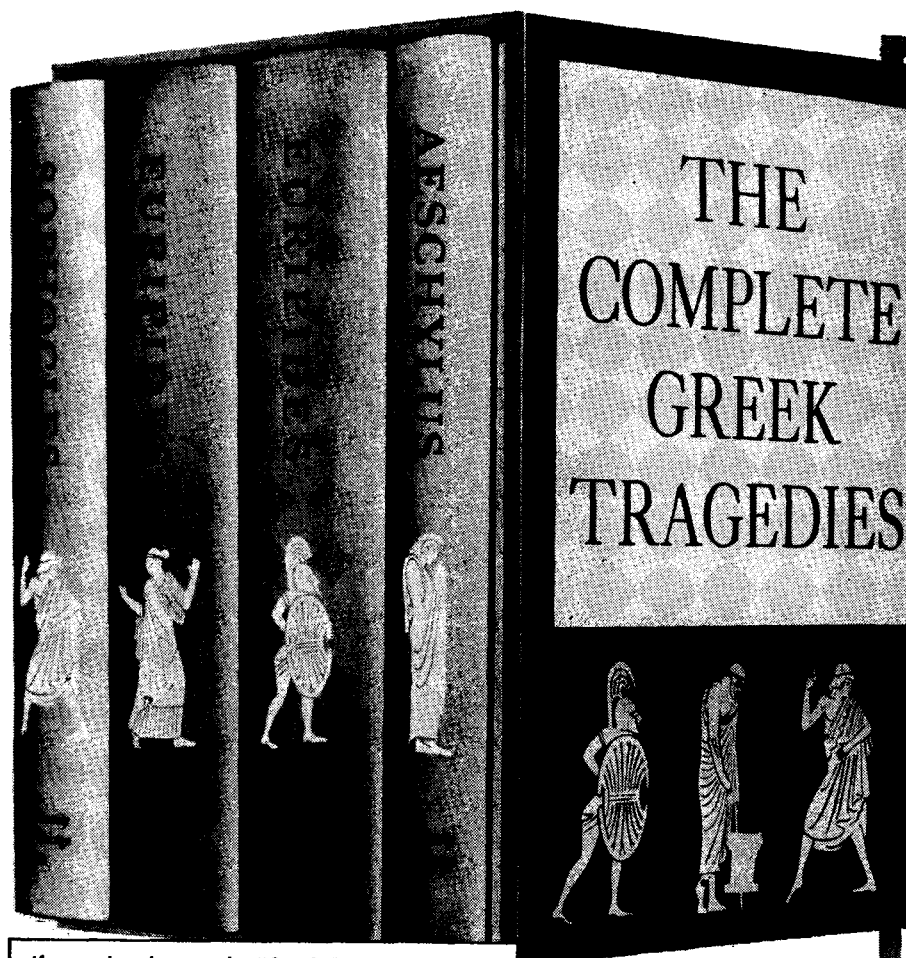
There is a solid grain of truth in each of these conflicting interpretations. The main reason is that, until his historic declaration of last September 16, no one had a clear idea of just what General de Gaulle's Algerian policy was.

This uncertainty seems to have been shared by the General himself, for he spent his first months in office as Prime Minister making frequent trips to Algeria. Only after he had pulled off a spectacularly successful plebiscite, in September of 1958, did he feel strong enough to take the Algerian bull by the horns. The result was his press conference of October 23, in which he invited representatives of the Algerian rebellion to come to Paris to discuss a possible cease-fire.

Unfortunately, the General, who was speaking virtually extemporaneously, let slip the fateful phrase "the white flag of the parliamentarians," treacherous words which were immediately interpreted by the French radio and television — then, as now, controlled by Jacques Soustelle's hench-

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Report on France

men — as signifying the white flag of surrender. The leaders of the National Liberation Front in Tunis chose to make the same interpretation and rejected the offer. This was not the first, nor was it to be the last, time that the Lilliputians helped to thwart a liberal initiative of De Gaulle's.

After the F.L.N.'s rejection of the olive branch, the General could have tried another course of action — inviting the Sultan of Morocco and President Bourguiba of Tunisia to come to Paris for a high-level conference aimed at working out a new political future for North Africa, in close association with France. He did not do so, for two reasons. Such a course of action would have meant openly repudiating the old Gaullist axiom that the Algerian conflict was, and had always been, a purely French affair. The second reason was more personal but no less powerful — De Gaulle has never forgiven Bourguiba for having taken refuge in Italy during the war and for having made certain equivocal, pro-Axis statements during his stay there.

Instead, the General decided to fall back on the already enunciated principle that the future of Algeria should be worked out with its legally elected representatives. Ballots, not bullets, should henceforth be the deciding factor. This theme, which De Gaulle emphasized in all his subsequent statements on Algeria, was welcomed by the French army, which saw in it an invitation to pursue its work of "pacification."

To prepare for these elections the army would be allowed to redouble its efforts to create a new Muslim elite, capable one day of running a new Algeria which would eventually freeze out the F.L.N. rebels, both in Algeria and abroad.

It is now fairly clear that this simple view of things was never fully shared by the General, even though, in his public declarations, he was liberal in handing out accolades and in egging on the army. Some months

ago, on a return trip from Algeria, De Gaulle invited a French journalist to sit next to him on the airplane. In the course of the conversation, the journalist spoke of Algerian independence. "But, of course," the General said, "independence is inevitable; the whole problem is how to get there."

De Gaulle's gamble

Last September 16 in his televised broadcast, and again on November 10 at his Elysée Palace press conference, De Gaulle made a supreme effort to climb out of the Algerian impasse. It is generally agreed that no French politician could have gone further along the road to self-determination. These two important statements of policy indicated beyond a shadow of a doubt that the General now felt strong enough to defy the extremists in Algiers and to commit France's future in North Africa to the gamble of "free elections."

The French President was taking a number of calculated risks. He was assuming that the army in Algeria would support him in checkmating the efforts of civilian "ultras" aimed at sabotaging the machinery of free elections. He was presupposing that in some way or other the number of assassinations in Algeria could be held down to some two hundred a year — a low figure for a land which has long been plagued by banditry. He also chose to assume that French private business, which had just begun to take some interest in Algerian investments, would be willing to go on sinking money into a country whose political future was now more uncertain than ever.

Finally, he was presupposing that something resembling free elections could be held in Algeria not more than four years after the end of hostilities. This was, and remains, his biggest gamble. For the sober truth is that no elections in Algeria can be free, in the sense in which they are in most Western democracies, for many years to come. With a Muslim population which is still largely illiterate and impoverished, any elections are certain to be held under the constraint of fear — fear of the French army or fear of the F.L.N.

Does this mean that De Gaulle's Algerian policy is doomed to even-

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Report on France

tual failure? It is too early to make any prognostications on this subject. The one certainty in a nebulous situation is that negotiating a cease-fire with the F.L.N. will be only the first in a series of hurdles which must be surmounted.

Premier Debré

In formulating the Fifth Republic and in grappling with the Algerian problem, Charles de Gaulle has been as much hindered as helped by the man he chose to second him. The holders of the Machiavellian view have interpreted the General's choice of Michel Debré to be his Premier as a subtle move to pacify the ultranationalists in the French Parliament, while keeping his hands free to negotiate behind the scenes with emissaries of the Algerian rebellion.

Such a policy inevitably entailed certain risks, and Debré had not been in office for more than a few weeks before it was obvious that his own views on the Algerian question were somewhat at variance with De Gaulle's.

The choice of Debré was not entirely a happy one, for several reasons. Michel Debré has never succeeded, as the French say, in "imposing himself" as a parliamentary leader. He is a plodding orator, given to reading long-winded speeches in a flat monotone which encourages yawns as much as plaudits. In debate, he has often displayed an inordinate sensitivity to criticism, which has prompted him to leap to his feet and to retort in unguarded language taken by many to represent an official expression of governmental policy.

The one thing that has kept Debré in office has been his unquestioned loyalty to General de Gaulle, a loyalty so subservient that his enemies call him *le Fidel Castré* — the Cast-rated Faithful — of France.

The marked difference in tone between the General's lofty and somewhat nebulous utterances and his Premier's intransigent proclamations

on the inalienable rights of French sovereignty in Algeria can also be explained by the fact that Debré is the grandson of a Jewish rabbi. This has made him slightly suspect to officers in the French army, where anti-Semitism is still rife. To overcome this handicap, Debré has long felt the need to prove himself a super-patriot. He has had to appear more militarist than the military, more nationalistic than the nationalists, more Gaullist than De Gaulle. This also helps to explain why, almost every time De Gaulle has made a conciliatory gesture, Debré has given it a tough interpretation.

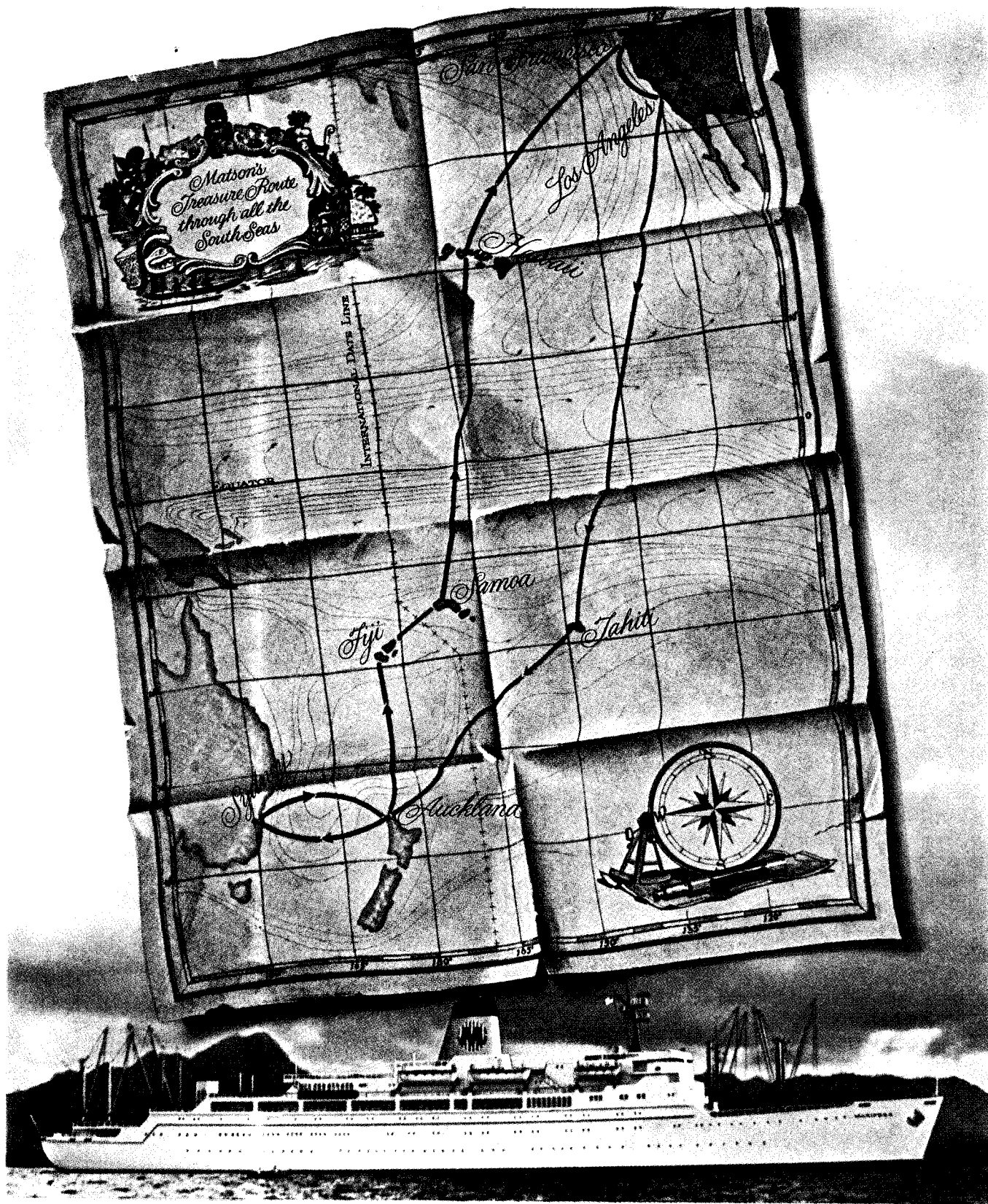
Intolerance on the rise

Members of Debré's entourage have gone considerably further and have on occasion actually tried to sabotage the General's liberal initiatives. Last spring, one of them stirred up a storm by spreading the report that Bourguiba had turned over two pro-French Muslims in Tunis to the F.L.N., which had promptly executed them. He followed this up by circulating another story to the effect that De Gaulle, acting on his own initiative, had amnestied thirty Algerians who had formally been condemned to death. Though these reports were malicious fabrications, the Premier made no move to get rid of their author.

Some observers fear that a dangerous wave of intolerance is slowly engulfing France. It cannot be denied that, under De Gaulle's leadership, such symptoms, which first began to appear under the premiership of Guy Mollet, have grown worse. The old tolerance which used to be shown Socialist and Communist speakers in the National Assembly vanished last summer when eminent Socialists were subjected to violent heckling from vociferous opponents. The Premier's office, like the Ministry of the Interior, still resorts from time to time to seizures of critical newspapers or magazines on the flimsiest of legal pretexts.

L'affaire Mitterand

Such arbitrary actions, violating the spirit, if not the letter, of the new legal code which Michel Debré spent several backbreaking months preparing in 1958, have only undermined still further the shaky edifice of French law. Last November the Minister of Justice, Edmond Mich-



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Report on France

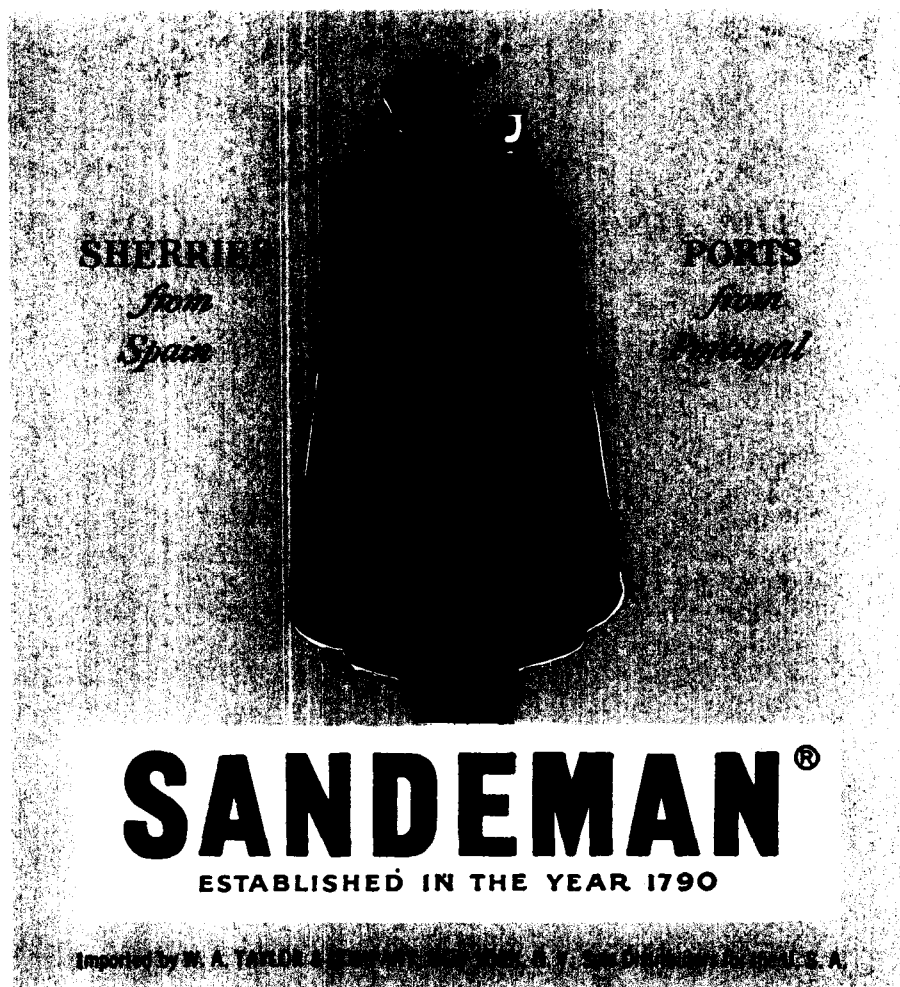
elet, found himself powerless to procure the immediate arrest of the two self-confessed "killers" who had engineered the simulated assassination of François Mitterand, once Mendès-France's Minister of the Interior.

The investigating judge's excuse was that the French judicial branch, in accordance with the doctrine of the separation of powers, was now totally independent of the executive. A more pertinent reason was that the Prime Minister's office had given secret encouragement to the organizers of the feigned assassination in a maneuver aimed at justifying police raids on the apartments of certain suspected right-wing extremists.

Most serious of all, perhaps, is the fact that the tortures to which Algerian prisoners or suspects were subjected under the Fourth Republic still go on quietly under the Fifth, as André Malraux was forced to admit during his trip to South America last August. The large-scale shake-up and transfer of officers and civilians in the Algiers High Command have not been able to put an end to a well-established practice.

Instructions issued by the Minister of Justice, Edmond Michelet, and by De Gaulle to get to the bottom of such ugly cases as L'affaire Audin (involving the disappearance of an Algerian professor who is alleged to have been tortured to death by paratroopers) have been ignored. The General's personal emissary, Paul Delouvrier, has even gone so far as to try to infiltrate the Algerian police with secret agents of his own, but his efforts have not been successful. Paris control over Algiers thus remains as theoretical as ever.

No one knows better than De Gaulle the effective limits of his own power. But his trump card remains his present indispensability. For, plot as they may against him, the Lilliputians on both sides of the Mediterranean have so far failed to produce anyone who could replace this awe-inspiring Gulliver.



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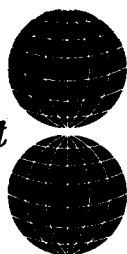
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YUGOSLAVIA is unique in being the only member of that increasing group of neutral countries which is avowedly Communist, successful at it, and proud of her success. But although her votes in the United Nations nearly always coincide with those of the Eastern bloc, Yugoslavia cannot get along with Russia, China, or her satellite neighbors, particularly Albania. They regard her as a Communist heretic.

Yugoslavia accepts assistance from the West, particularly the United States, and makes no apologies for doing so. As long as both sides understand that neither is going to convert the other — or even try — it is a cards-above-the-table game. Yugoslavian neutrality is not being compromised.

Would Yugoslavia choose her lonely course if she and the Eastern bloc found that they could live together? Some observers in Belgrade think that, even today, Yugoslavia never makes a move without first thinking, "What will Moscow say?" And President Tito's speeches show quite clearly that, as vehement as he is in hitting back at Khrushchev or Mao, he always does so in the form of a counterattack after he and Yugoslavia have been publicly humiliated by them. He does not hit first.

Tito's wavering neutrality

Josip Broz Tito learned his Marxist catechism on home ground, Russia. During World War II, his Communist partisans not only had to fight off the Germans and Italians on their own soil; they also had to discourage the West from favoring an unwanted King Peter with his government in exile in London and his General Mihajlović in the field. Once the war was over, Yugoslavia gained independence, and Marshal Tito was able to enjoy three years of harmony with his fellow Comrade Josef Stalin.

In 1948, Stalin excommunicated both Tito and Yugoslavia for inventing a national Communism which placed Yugoslavia's goals ahead of Soviet Russia's. The United States soon dispatched arms to give Yugoslavia the wherewithal to defy Russia

and grains to feed her people after she had suffered some disastrous crop failures. The platonic relations with the West have continued ever since.

The disaffection with the East lasted until 1955. Then Bulganin and Khrushchev came humbly to Yugoslavia seeking better relations with Tito. A closer agreement did result, with mutual pledges of good will and economic largesse from the Soviet Union.

Altogether, the improvement of relations lasted almost three years, until the fortieth anniversary celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution in Moscow in November, 1957. Marshal Tito apparently already knew the parting had come, because he stayed home and dispatched two vice presidents in his stead. And when Yugoslavs were asked to contribute to the anniversary spirit by signing a twelve-nation Communist pledge reaffirming the pre-eminence of the Soviet Union, they packed up for home. Russia's economic exchange pact with Yugoslavia withered into an exchange of recriminations. The \$250 million in credits, the aluminum and hydroelectric plants that Russia was going to build were nipped at the planning stage. Russia said it "didn't have the money."

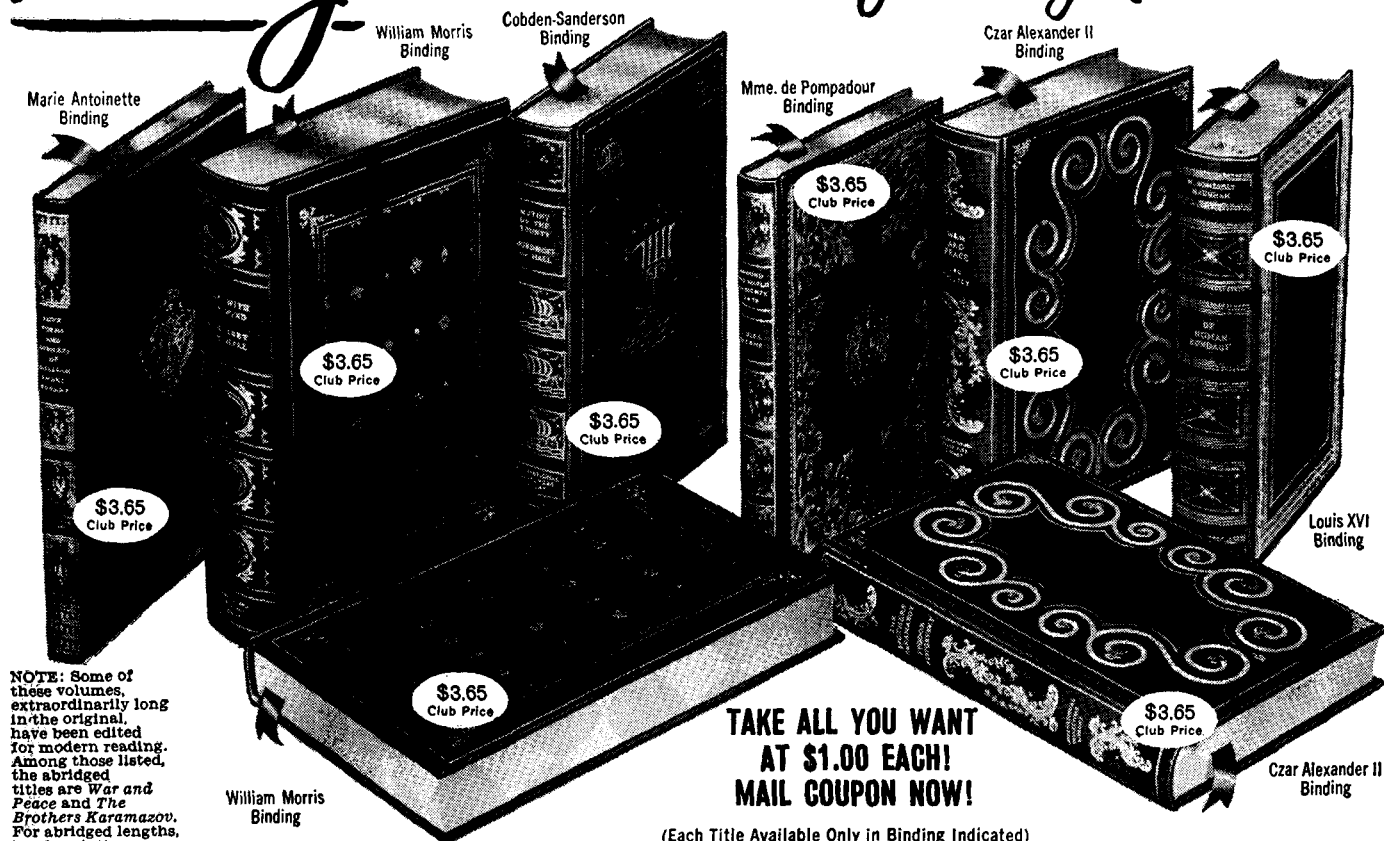
Since then, Yugoslavia and Tito have been reminding themselves all over again that they are Communists. They hold themselves apart from East-West military and political entanglements. They are against war. And, while they are just as intent as Russia and China in seeing a socialist world, they do not think revolution is the way to do it. They think force only hardens the conservative opposition and scares people away from socialism.

Yugoslavia's uncommitted friends

The Soviet Union has accused Tito and Yugoslavia of organizing a "neutralist bloc" against the East. This is most emphatically denied by the Yugoslavs, who say they like neither the term "bloc," because it implies a military power which they do not have, nor "neutral," because it implies a passivity which they do not claim. In self-

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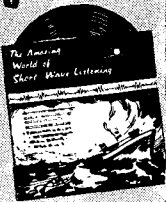
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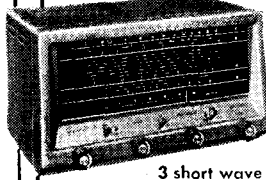
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Report on Yugoslavia

appraisal, they prefer a Yugoslav word which means "out of bloc."

But bloc or not, Tito does like to put down his ideas in letters and send them off to Nehru, Sukarno, Nasser, and sometimes even to such other nonaligned spokesmen as Haile Selassie and Swedish Foreign Minister Östen Undén. His three-month cruise to South Asia in the winter of 1958-1959 is now regarded as an attempt not only to get the support of the nonaligned, but also to satisfy Tito's desire to tell hostile China and Russia, "See, I have friends — six million of them!"

In recent years, Tito has been remarkably successful in maintaining a zigzag course under the banner of nonalignment. Although he very definitely aligned Yugoslavia with Turkey and Greece in a Balkan Pact for mutual defense in 1954, this somehow did not make him unneutral, even with Turkey's and Greece's membership in NATO.

Actually, the pact was still in the paper stage when Turkey and Greece had their falling out over Cyprus. Now Yugoslavia looks upon her Turko-Greek ties as primarily cultural and economic, but does not want formally to abrogate the military pact, because that might be misinterpreted.

Yugoslavia is being particularly careful not to offend Greece at the present time. With such openly hostile border mates as Albania, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, she is anxious to keep friendly at least with her southernmost neighbor. Next to Greece, India gets most-favored-nation treatment, because of India's leadership in the nonaligned world.

Yugoslavia, with her long and painful siege during World War II, is understandably for peace. But her foreign affairs editors will tell you, "We do not go along with the Arabs' positive neutralism, because that would require us to play on the antagonisms of one bloc against the other." Yet, unlike a neutral funda-

mentalist such as Switzerland, Yugoslavia is constantly feeling impelled to express her opinion. She has done this even in such tricky areas as Nasser's difficulties with Khrushchev over Iraq. She agrees that Russia is interfering in Iraq, just as Nasser charges. And she considers that the best road to peace in the Middle East is not through such Communist infiltrations but through unity of the Arab world.

But, although angered by Communist tactics in the Middle East, Yugoslavia gives the Kremlin the benefit of the doubt in Hungary and Tibet. Prior to the Hungarian revolt of 1956, Tito reportedly urged Khrushchev to liberalize the personnel in the satellite regimes, particularly in Hungary. Then, when the Hungarians themselves made their discontent known, Yugoslavia was delighted. But as the revolt became more determined, Yugoslavia foresaw that Hungary was headed for the overthrow of socialism itself. Tito at this point did an about-face and deplored the inadequacy of a regime which made Russian intervention necessary.

In Tibet, Yugoslavia's response was similar. She did not dispute Peking's right to intervene but regretted that things were going so badly in China's Tibet that Peking found it necessary to intervene.

The extent of American aid

None of this concern for the well-being of the socialist world seems to have interfered with Yugoslavia's acceptance of aid from the West. In the past nine years, the United States, which provides about 95 per cent of the total aid, has allocated some \$890 million to Yugoslavia. More than one quarter of this, \$256.3 million, was allotted for military aid between fiscal 1952 and 1957. Almost one half, \$416.7 million, has been in the form of aid under Public Law 480, through which surplus U.S. crops are sold to Yugoslavia and a large amount of the local currency used in their purchase is left in the country to be devoted to other types of aid.

U.S. funds have been used to build the new Zagreb-Ljubljana highway — a stellar attraction in a country where most of the roads have been boulder-strewn wagon



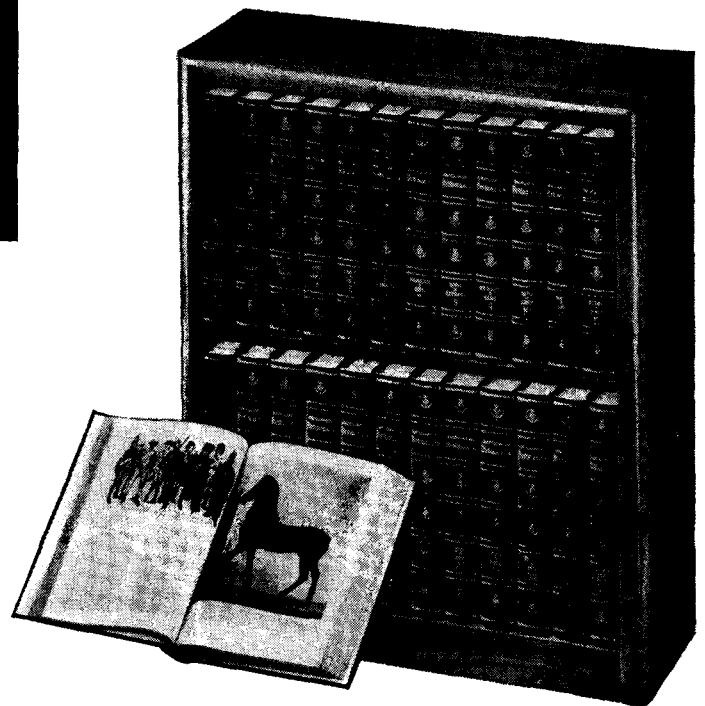
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Report on Yugoslavia

tracks — a new bridge across the Danube, and the elegant beglassed and befountained Hotel Metropol. England dispatched 3 million pounds in assistance to Yugoslavia in 1958. Russia, since the last falling out, has sent nothing.

Military planning

Yugoslavia curtailed her military aid program with the West at the beginning of 1958, just after she had refused to sign the Communist pledge of allegiance in Moscow. Perhaps this curtailment was intended to keep things balanced. Perhaps the cut was made because Yugoslavia found herself able to produce most of the conventional arms she needs and unable to get the missiles for tomorrow's war.

Some now say that the Yugoslav army has evolved a new strategy anyway. Since Yugoslavia's main cities enjoy little geographical protection, the best tactic for defense may be to abandon them in case of attack and depend upon protracted guerrilla warfare from the hills, which was so successful during World War II. At any rate, nobody in Yugoslavia seems to regret having accepted Western arms, even if it was never necessary to use them.

One of President Tito's top aides declared, "We found ourselves in a very real danger of military pressures from the outside. We had to realize the fact that, in spite of our attitude, events had taken a course in which it was possible that we might become the subject of outright military attack which we could not prevent. So, not as a result of conviction, we did make arrangements for such an eventuality. We made it plain to the U.S. last year that we are very glad for that aid, but that it does not appear to be necessary now. A certain amount of military preparation has been achieved. The immense danger has been changed."

Progress at home

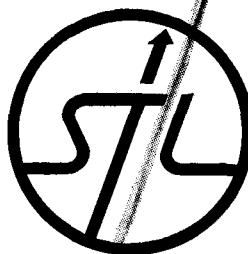
Domestically, Tito's Yugoslavia seems to be progressing at a very good rate. Yugoslavia is still a dic-

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tatorship, and President Tito is the dictator, with only the Communist Party legally permitted. Since the newspapers are all government-controlled, there is no problem about confusing the populace with conflicting opinions. But, even so, it is not unusual now to see people loafing in the sun at many Dalmatian Coast resorts or enjoying a drink at a Belgrade sidewalk café with no guilt and no fear of being reported. Leisure has become respectable because, economically, Yugoslavia is now far more self-assured.

Industrial activity is increasing. Roads are being built. Belgrade, a village on the Danube a generation ago, is now a capital city of modern concrete edifices, some built in very respectable contemporary design. And Yugoslavia is about to curtail her surplus-crop aid from the United States. As one Yugoslav economic expert put it, "We now are a food-exporting country. This year, we shall export sugar. Last year we imported sugar, corn, and wheat. What we need, and what we should ask for in the future, is commercial credits."

After Tito, what?

As in the case of other one-man governments, there is great speculation in Yugoslavia as to "After Tito, what?" The President is now approaching sixty-eight, and even though he looks and acts very healthy, he is, after all, mortal. There is no doubt that Tito alone is responsible for subordinating the bitter hatred between Serb and Croat and joining the six republics and two autonomous areas into one unified nation. If for no other reason, every Yugoslav is grateful to Tito for putting an end to this previously insoluble fratricide.

Tito's successor, whoever he may be, will at least not have to face the problem of ethnological disunity. But he may have to decide what to do about Communist Yugoslavia's relations with the Communist bloc. Undeniably, Tito's personal apostasy has done more damage to the Soviet control of its satellites than all the energetic sallies from the West. When Yugoslavia's strong man goes, Russia will undoubtedly take an interest in who comes next. And a successor may not have the muscle of Marshal Tito.

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She was not alone



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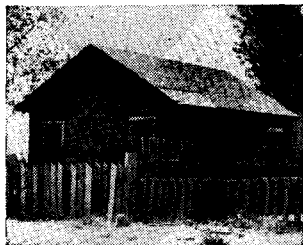
If you had wanted to get in touch with Eva Vasquez three years ago, you would have had to travel some two hundred miles from her home on the outskirts of Bakersfield, California, to Modesto State Hospital for the mentally ill.

She was hospitalized there because she was tired of living and tried dying. Withdrawal, they called it, from reality.

The communists could have made quite a thing out of her story if they had known it.

What about "all men are created equal"? they might have asked. What about "unalienable rights"?

Here she was: Eva. Born



**Clean, neat, but cramped, the
Vasquez home is located in a
mixed Mexican-Negro commu-
nity near Bakersfield, California.**

a Mexican, another victim of pride, prejudice and poverty. Knowing no love in her own home, she escaped into marriage at sixteen.

Now, at twenty-nine, she was the wife of Juan Vasquez, mother of seven children and pregnant again.

Because of recurring bouts of illness, finally diagnosed at Kern General as malnutrition, Juan was only intermittently employed. Came cotton time, the whole family took to the fields—usually earning a total of \$7.50 a day.

Worry over her neglected children and Juan led to Eva's breakdown. The feeling that she, alone, was faced with these problems only exaggerated her anxiety.

It turned out she was not alone. And that's where the Russian script ends and the American story begins.

During Mrs. Vasquez's hospitalization the family received relief and the children were provided milk by

a local school nurse. Juan was encouraged to study English in night school in hopes of finding a better job. To practice English he read comic books and watched TV in the two-room cabin he shared with the children.

One day, and then again, he saw a TV message sponsored by The Advertising Council, urging people to send for a booklet entitled "How to Deal With Your Tensions," published by The National Association for Mental Health. Free.

He sent away for it and spent the next two months laboriously translating it with the aid of his comic books and a Spanish-American dictionary.

Among other things, he learned that Eva was not alone in her affliction. One in ten Americans suffers from mental illness. And 80% of those hospitalized, in the words of Dr. William Menninger, "could be out if enough of us cared."

The Advertising Council cared to the point of courageously sponsoring the Mental Health program during 1958 and 1959. Through the combined volunteer services and facilities of American business, advertising agencies, publishers, broadcasting stations, networks, outdoor and transit advertising companies, millions of dollars have been spent bringing that message to millions of people, more than 1,300,000 of whom have written in for the pamphlet.

People like Juan Vasquez, for instance, who cared enough to translate it painstakingly and sensitively, so that his wife would believe and understand and be re-



Although Juan translated perfectly, his wife wasn't always sure he was giving her an exact interpretation.

stored to her family, rehabilitated. That happened on July 7, 1958.

The Mental Health campaign was supported by The Advertising Council because mental illness is "the number one disease of the country." And the Council is committed to making ours a stronger nation. Stronger in human and natural resources.

Through public service campaigns—adding up to 170 million dollars of voluntary support during 1959 alone—our country was bulwarked in many ways.

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Not by standing still, certainly, nor playing it solo.

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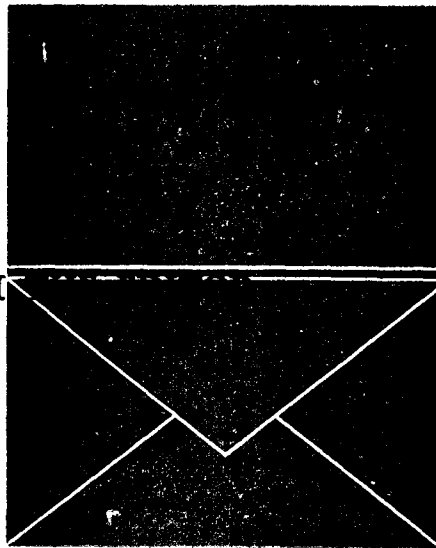
If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write to The Advertising Council for a free booklet, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York



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LETTERS TO AND FROM



Sex and the college girl

SIR:

Nora Johnson might be interested to know that her article "Sex and the College Girl" (November *Atlantic*) reminded me of my own college days twenty years ago. The conditions she describes were, perhaps, not quite so widespread at that time, but they existed. Possibly my generation was more anxious for romantic love as an excuse for sexual experience; possibly our moral qualms were more psychologically devastating; and I do not remember that "Boys from Amherst, Yale, Williams, and Dartmouth swarmed over the campus in groups, looking over the new freshmen. . . ." It is discouraging to reflect that twenty years have failed to solve the various anguishing problems of the educated woman, which, I might add, do not diminish as she grows older. I believe that Marya Mannes has suggested that society ought to accept sexual experimentation as a good thing, broadening to one's outlook upon life and the other half of humankind, and perhaps this is the answer to part of the dilemma. But the idea of teaching this ethic to one's daughters is hard to contemplate!

ELEANOR WELLS NUDD
Tilton, N. H.

SIR:

So that is education! Yes, adults in kindergarten.

If the only alternative to dating on Saturday nights is bridge, then education stinks. The finest minds that ever existed are preserved for us in books, music, art. Some search in the college libraries will reward brains and souls everlastingly. Then

girls will not have to become professional smearers-on of charm. It is smart not to grow up in the U. S. A.

And, as for this preoccupation with sex, manifest in our printed matter, the humane thing is to teach contraception and then keep our noses out of other people's business. Why do not the self-appointed guardians of morals concern themselves just once with diatribes on the sins enumerated by the church, if they wish to be so holy: pride, anger, covetousness (the national mania), envy, sloth, gluttony? The answer is that they are preoccupied with sex. The Commandments say nothing concerning sex except in regard to adultery.

PAUL BENNYHOFF
Allentown, Penn.

SIR:

Kindly inform Nora Johnson that she has been nominated Honorary Father of the Month by the North Jersey Association of College Girl Fathers. Citation: "For the best magazine article with national circulation, which promotes a better understanding (on the part of the father) of the problems of the modern American girl in her society." Let's have more of Nora Johnson.

ALBERT E. TAGGERT
West Caldwell, N. J.

SIR:

I read with dismay Nora Johnson's article. I am sorry that she has seen fit to apply the experiences of herself and her acquaintances to the majority of today's youth. One cannot help but wonder about the future of our country if our best leaders and citizens behave as do

the college men and women of whom she speaks.

Many of today's young people have high moral and ethical standards. Virtue has not gone out of style. My own experience shows that today's youths still want chaste mates, spiritually as well as physically. The girl who has excluded only intercourse from her experience does not maintain any "maiden dignity." Furthermore, I fail to see the distinction between a shotgun wedding and a hurry-up nuptial with a boy who farms out his fraternity pin so that he can "hop into bed."

What has happened to the poetic idea of selflessness in love, doing only that which is good for the loved one? Has it indeed turned into "How far can I get her to go?"

For all their liberal education, all their credits in science, philosophy, and religion, Mrs. Johnson's college girls have not learned to think intelligently about themselves. I do not agree that they have the beginnings of maturity. How much planning for the future is a girl doing when she pets with her steady? A liberal education should be used every day — and every night, too!

No wonder these girls cannot give their husbands everything. They have been doling out portions to Tom, Dick, and Harry. They have not found a purpose in life, and so cannot plan to follow one. I wonder how they will feel when, at fifty, they turn back to reassess their youth.

I am no prissy old maid. I am a sixteen-year-old girl who will enter college next fall.

HEATHER BANKS
Quincy, Mass.

SIR:

Nora Johnson's description of Susie is an accurate picture of the kind of girl who chills the soul of modern man. She is a professional virgin, and her old Joe, if he had only a little more experience, would run for the nearest exit. What could possibly be the advantage of a wife who retains her structural integrity up to her wedding night, yet "has done every possible kind of petting without actually having had intercourse"? Does the author realize what a range of heterosexual actions this ideal girl is permitted? To catalogue them would be pornographic. It staggers the imagination. If the author believes that the attitudes learned at Smith are representative of culture, then why criticize the Beatniks, who turn their backs on it and walk away singing?

THOMAS A. McGRATH, JR.
Biloxi, Miss.

The following excerpts are from a personal letter by a housemother at a well-known college for women:

I do not think you could have imagined what a heaven-sent gift to me your article by Nora Johnson has been. Ever since last spring, when I had it driven home to me how much at sea the girls were in their mores of sexual behavior, I have been trying to get the student body to formulate some program that would bring the girls to face the problem. It is a very ticklish thing to do. This article gave me the springboard which I so badly needed to put the subject across. . . .

For the life of me, I cannot see what all this higher education is getting the girls if they have no philosophy to meet the fundamental facts of the relationships between the sexes. The church and the raised Victorian eyebrow are no longer going to control the social pattern; the decision must be made by the individual, and if the individual has never faced the problem, she is not likely to be able to make a decision that makes sense when she finds herself in the fast-moving river of aroused emotions.

All about freighters

We are informed that the British Prince Line has suspended the around-the-world passenger ship service mentioned in our Pleasures and Places article "All About Freighters" in the December *Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR



UNBU...begger child of mystery

Nothing is known about Unbu. In India, names have a meaning and her name means "love" but she has never had any. She was found in a small village down on the plains in Coonoor, South India, in the early morning, with a coconut shell which she used for begging in her hands. She was sobbing and no one knew how she came to the village. She had evidently been dropped there deliberately by someone during the night, as she had not been there the day before.

She explained the long gash in the side of her head by saying she was torn by the claws of a dog which had knocked her down to take the few scraps of food someone had put in her coconut shell. She shook her head when asked about her mother and father and said she never had any.

She did not know the place she came from but said it was big. She seemed to think she had always been on the streets alone. She had never eaten a regular meal, just scraps put in her shell or some cooked rice or vegetable she bought for a few annas (an anna is worth about two U. S. pennies) when she was lucky enough to be given any. She had never been in a house, she always slept on the streets, and her stomach always hurt.

There are thousands of little Unbus in India—hungry, sick, homeless and friendless. CCF cares for as many as funds permit in CCF affiliated orphanages. In Calcutta alone, thousands live on the streets with families staking out bits of the curb. Here they sit, sleep, wash their clothing, cook their skimpy messes over a fire made from the shreds of dung picked up from the tracks of the skinny sacred wandering cows.

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AFTERNOON AT MOROTO

BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

On his visit to a remote tribe in East Africa last summer, JOHN P. MARQUAND was witness to some contrasts in that rapidly evolving territory which come powerfully alive in the pages that follow.

KARAMOJO lies in northeast Uganda and stretches northward to the saline waters of Lake Rudolf and thence to the border of Abyssinia. Here is a vestige of what an old settler will tell you is one of the last authentic glimpses of old Africa, but more interesting is the recent eleemosynary invasion of Western ideas. In Karamojo there is a pilot plant of good deeds and intentions frustrated by a remoteness from spiritual and physical sources of supply. This huge segment of mountainous, semiarid land, larger than many of our states, is inhabited by the Karamojo, a warlike nomadic tribe of handsome, scantily clad people who live principally on milk and blood from their mouse-colored herds of cattle. They, both man and beast, are constantly on the move because of sparse grazing. The level country of Karamojo is punctuated by the ubiquitous thorn tree and cactus and cut by river beds and gullies, mostly dry except in the rainy season. The mountains — those that I saw from a distance, and there are many of them — are heavily wooded and have usually a forbidding bluish-green color that contrasts dramatically with the reddish dust of the plains. When you raise your eyes to these hills in Karamojo, they give you the wordless message that you are a long way from anywhere and could be still further off if you trekked through their dark valleys and over the lower ridges. Karamojo, after rather thorough exploration, appears defi-

cient in mineral resources, but still you have a feeling that King Solomon's mines are not far off, if you could only get there.

Fortunately, so far, for the inhabitants of this wild and distant place, there has not been much in Karamojo that any European has ever seriously wanted except ivory, but the elephant herds were decimated some time ago by an enterprising gentleman known as Karamojo Bell. Now that ivory is scarce, there is little left to arouse an entrepreneur's cupidity. The roads in Karamojo are mainly trails. The country is administered by the British colonial office, an efficient organization with frequent Kiplingesque tendencies. No outsider may enter this encapsulated Eden without permission from the district commissioner, and no outsider would wish to, except a big-game hunter, a scientist, or a traveler in search of the unusual. In the years since the war, the colonial office has established its bureaus and bungalows in a community known as Moroto, which until quite recently was only an open field except for thorn trees and acacias.

Porters are no longer required to carry supplies upon their heads because a motor road has been constructed, suitable in dry weather for trucks and touring cars. Instead of a handful of officials, there are now, including wives and children, about a hundred and thirty white people residing in Moroto. Typewriters are busy making out forms

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in quintuplicate, the bugle blows for parade, sun-downers are served at a Moroto club, electric lights burn till midnight, the Hindu shopkeepers have come, making a short commercial street of one-room *dukans*, the Indian shops that dispense tobacco, kitchen utensils, calicoes, Pepsi and Coca Cola. In Africa the Indians, whose ancestors were imported as coolie labor to build the railroads, like the sparrow have followed the British flag. They control most of Africa's shopkeeping, and let us not forget that they also produced Mahatma Gandhi. They and the British Civil Service have made Moroto a microcosm of older East African communities. Yet the only reason for all these industrious and often selfless people's being in Moroto at all is to help the Karamoja tribe. I don't know whether they are succeeding in helping it or not, but if they fail, it is not for want of trying.

WE LEFT the delightful highland town of Kitale in Kenya at about nine thirty in the morning and arrived at Moroto shortly after four that afternoon. But even this short trip led into the middle of nowhere, making it advisable to take two cars, because in the event of a breakdown it might be necessary to wait for hours or maybe for a day before intelligent help arrived. One car was a Peugeot station wagon. The other was a Land Rover, that could go through anything. It was driven by an amiable African chauffeur named Musimi, who came from a tribe whose name I never could pronounce and have now forgotten. During our trip Musimi lived in more of a social vacuum than I did. Due to his tribal origin, he was a stranger to most of the natives he encountered; tolerated, but not welcomed into any social circle.

As far as Musimi and I were concerned, there was no means of communication except by sign language. If this isolation bothered him, he never showed it. Although he slept in the Land Rover and was usually immersed in red dust, since he drove to the rear of the Peugeot, his blue uniform was invariably pressed and spotless.

My traveling companion, who had been district commissioner of Karamoja forty years before, commented sadly on the bareness of the landscape. When he was a young man, he said, these vacant plains had been filled with herds of wildebeest, giraffe, and zebra beyond capacity to count. They were gone now, driven out by settlers, and the place was not the same without them. Turning from the vanished game, he discussed the good old days. When he was a young man and D. C. (D. C. means district commissioner, and the British love initials even more than we) of Kara-

mojo, he said, you had to walk in all the way and keep constantly on the alert because of predatory animals. There was no place to stop at nightfall once you started walking. Your camping equipment was carried on the heads of native porters. There was no road, only a trail. I tried adjusting myself to what he was saying, with no great success. We were not walking now. We had no bearers. There were no lions. I listened, I am afraid, showing the patient incredulity that I have seen on the faces of my children when I have told them of the horse-and-buggy, plumbless days of my childhood. That is the trouble with the good old days. You can never pass them on to anyone else who has not lived them with you.

In spite of the road and the benefits of the internal combustion engine, there is a distinct impression that the pavement has ended once you have passed the barrier. There was a wilderness of thornbushes on either side of the road that closely resembled our Western mesquite, sheltering occasional tufts of dried grass. It was poor grazing country for wild or domestic animals, and there were few signs of life. Although the thornbushes were thick with the fragile nests of a species of tailorbird, the birds all seemed to be elsewhere. There were also anthills constructed out of the red soil by the termite, a familiar sight in most equatorial countries, but these were not the solid concrete citadels that remind travelers in places like Cambodia of tree stumps. Instead, they had the nonobjective quality of phallic symbols in a museum of modern art.

Personally, I was glad to see Moroto, because the country through which we had traveled was beginning to make me believe subconsciously that there could never be a change. Moroto gave the illusion at the end of that dusty trip of being much more of a place than it was in reality. The best thing about it was its familiar look. It had the unmistakable attributes of other outposts of the empire upon whose flag the sun once never set — and maybe does not even now.

I could guess what we would encounter in Moroto, if only from my early reading of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. There was the military camp of native troops from the King's African Rifles. The troops, well drilled, from what I saw of them, were sheltered in cylindrical huts at a reasonable distance from Moroto's more substantial buildings. Then there was military headquarters, a rambling but efficient structure with a veranda.

A subaltern, very handsome, in shorts and Sam Browne belt, pointed the way to the district commissioner's office. In spite of his mustache, he looked younger to me and much handsomer than most American college freshmen, and the shorts accentuated his youth as they did the juvenile

aspect of nearly all the officials in the district. The pattern of empire was printed firm on Moroto. The administrative buildings, the bungalows of the administrators, the rest house, the club, and the beginnings of a nine-hole golf course were all authentic. Nevertheless, from my first minutes there to my last, a question hovered over it. Why was the installation there at all? Later I was interested to find that several residents of Moroto had considered this same problem. Beyond the soccer field came the wrong side of the tracks, or, more correctly, the native section, with stores, shade trees, a few thatched dwellings near a road that rapidly dwindled to a footpath, but even here the inhabitants were imports from other districts. It was too late that day to look for Karamojo natives. Actually the Karamojo never did appear to be attracted to Moroto.

I WAS surprised at first that our arrival in Moroto was acknowledged politely but with no enthusiasm. Instead of being interested in strangers, as people are fictionally supposed to be at civilization's outposts, official Moroto treats its transients more as a necessary burden than as a means of relieving its boredom. The district commissioner was away settling a border quarrel. His assistant, who was very busy, confirmed our reservations at the rest house. He was in charge of everything, but he looked as young as, if more harassed than, the subaltern. There was going to be a track meet the next afternoon on the playing field, he said. Some Karamojo might be among the spectators, and the day after, he believed, the Karamojo were putting on a sacrificial rain ceremony because of the dry weather. It might be possible for us to see it.

It was a relief to learn by indirection that Moroto was not a tourist center. It was self-sufficient and enthusiastically absorbed with its own problems and activities. Everyone I saw in Moroto was hard-working and intensely interested in what he did. Official Moroto consisted of a devoted band of brothers and sisters, but their means of communication was limited. They could all speak Swahili, the lingua franca that unifies thought in East Africa, but few of them, except priests and missionaries, could speak more than a few words or phrases of the Karamojo dialect. In the colonial office, their tour of duty was limited to four years, scarcely time to pick up a language not too well understood even by scholars. Yet, in spite of this handicap, their general knowledge of every corner of the district and its customs astonished me. When it came to Karamojo, these young men, if not their wives and children, were

specialists; and, incidentally, an unusually large number of them put in for a second four-year tour there. There was a charm about Karamojo that even I could sense after a stay of forty-eight hours.

In the last forty years, because border warfare and homicide are discouraged and medical officers are in the district, the population of the Karamojo has doubled, and, unfortunately, their cattle herds have increased so that there are five head to every man, woman, and child. The district is overgrazed, and erosion has set in, but no Karamojo can be shown why his herds should be cut down any more than he can be made to understand why wild animals should not be trapped. I can see why such problems of imbalance and education might fascinate administrators, but I could not see the reason for a track meet. There was no reason, as far as the Karamojo were concerned. But it was a gesture of togetherness designed to create good feeling among the soldiers, the police, the bureaucrats, and the servants, nearly all of whom had come from outside of Karamojo.

The rest house is a British institution, created by necessity. A rest house, as has been pointed out to me on several occasions, is not a hotel, and, I am sorry to say, the assistant district commissioner felt obliged to tell me during my stay in Moroto that he was not a hotelkeeper. A rest house is a place where travelers might spend the night while wandering through wild Africa on useful errands. Tourists are not encouraged and are given beds only when there is a shortage of officials. If an official should appear suddenly, I am led to believe that a tourist would be outranked and bumped out of bed and plumbing and placed outdoors under canvas. There were four bedrooms, a dining room with two tables, some easy chairs, and a veranda attended by barefoot servants in white robes, sashes, and tarbooshes.

No one spoke to anyone else that evening, but the next day a British major, who carried a bag of golf clubs to breakfast, was kind to me, and we had a few moments of constrained conversation. He always took his clubs with him in case he might have a chance to play the Moroto golf course. It was the first I had heard of a golf course. It was only nine holes, he said; not bad, considering, and would improve, given time. Then he was silent for a second, and we may have both been thinking the same thing. How much time would there be in Moroto for the improvement of a golf course, now that all the clocks in Africa were striking twelve? There was still good hunting up the valley, he said, bushbuck and so on. There was never a dull moment in Moroto.

I saw the golf course later. The greens were packed sand. The fairways, grazed by cattle, stretched between the hills across gullies toward

the mountains. Its appearance there was tremendously pathetic. It was, like the track meet, a tidal mark of a culture, the only golf course in Karamojo and as unstable as the land's future, the symbol of a waning influence that could still defy the currents of nationalism. Would there be a golf course in Moroto a decade from now? For that matter, would there be any Moroto at all?

I SAW my first grade-A Karamojo next afternoon. The assistant district commissioner had been right. A few of the people had been sufficiently interested in the track meet to walk some miles to see it, and by that time I was becoming adjusted to Moroto in much the same way as a passenger accepts his environment on shipboard after a day at sea. But I never did grow adjusted, and I do not believe I ever would have, to the anthropological mixture of race and creed and culture that gathered about the playing field to see the events of the track meet. I should guess that there were perhaps two hundred people, and, in spite of their variations, they were a good-natured group. The field had been roped off, and a few khaki-clad askaris, or police, were there to keep enthusiasts, mostly children, from crawling beneath the ropes and interfering with the foot races. A handful of Hindu women had come from the shopping center about seventy-five yards distant. Their rainbow-hued saris looked more decorative and comfortable than the cotton frocks of a dozen European wives who were supervising the arrangement of a tea table for the judges. The main part of the crowd was plain East Africa, the men and boys who had come to work in Moroto as mechanics, gardeners, house servants, or ordinary laborers. They wore Africa's conventional civilian garments, shorts and sport shirts. They were all barefooted and bare-headed. Their women were draped in bright-colored prints imported from Manchester.

What was as impressive as the golf course, and at the same time touching, was the pattern of sportsmanship and really-not-patronizing-at-all good fellowship that ruled that whole company and was implicitly accepted. Except for eccentricities of dress and for degrees of pigmentation, I might have been witnessing a scene from Trollope. The meet was a party for the tenantry, with jovial games on the village green, which people from the Great House, including the curate, graced as a social obligation. There was actually a curate, or a most adequate substitute, in the shape of a Catholic priest wearing a tropical cassock of his order, and the wives of Protestant missionaries, who were living some twenty miles down the road. Everyone cheered the winner of the hundred-yard dash and

shrieked with delight at the bicycle races. The familiar pattern of these conventions was neat and reassuring. It may have represented only reflex action, the twitching of the snake's tail until sundown, but, then, the union jack was flying.

There was only one ethnic segment which did not appear to comprehend the reason for this meeting. This was a group of Karamojo, most of whom stood together, bewildered, on the outer edge of the spectators, with expressions that reminded me of the story of the Chinese ambassador who, when asked at a party in Washington if he cared to dance, asked in turn why he should do so when he could pay someone to do it for him. They did not know which end was up at the track meet at Moroto. They were lightly clad. Except for enormous hoops of beaded-wire necklaces, which I am told they never removed once they were set in place, the women were nude down to the waist but covered from the middle down to below the knee by skirts made of strips of cowhide. They were squat and rather ugly, as contrasted with their men, but obviously capable of great feats of endurance. They chatted together in high voices in a dialect with more tonal variations than Swahili.

Four unpretentious Karamojo men sat on a log near them, chewing what I imagine was tobacco from the store. They had passed their middle thirties, which I should judge was elderly. They had reached an age, at any rate, that did not care for the vanity of adornment. They carried long staffs. Their hair was neatly mixed with mud. Each wore a bit of cloth over his shoulders, but otherwise they were in their birthday suits, naked and unashamed. A delightful detail of this social picture was its tolerance. There was no thought of indecent exposure. Karamojo did not have to wear trousers when they came to town unless they so desired, and, from my brief study, few had the inclination.

Then, a little further off, I saw a sight that I shall never forget. Standing near a Ford car, and none the worse off for the contrast, was a well-dressed Karamojo man, proud and straight, a good six feet in his leather sandals, his posture relaxed but his muscles those of a well-trained athlete. He had the Nubian blackness of his people, a color which reproduces badly on chromatic film. His features were not Negroid, because the Karamojo are of Hamitic stock, like the ancient Egyptian or the modern Berber, and his features could easily have come from an Egyptian bas-relief — straight nose, high forehead, thinnish lips. There were but slight differences. He had a neatly curled mustache and a light growth of carefully combed beard. His hair, done in small braids, was put up in a sort of bun, reinforced with mud; and above

it, on a clip, were two splendid white ostrich plumes. To add to his beauty, his lower lip was cut to permit the insertion of a white object, either a sea shell or a piece of china, but this did not damage the proud symmetry of his features. His cape, a drab piece of cotton material, was draped over his left shoulder in such meticulous folds that he might have been a model in a Fifth Avenue shop window. He grasped a long spear shaft in his right hand. It was against regulations for Karamojo to come armed into a settlement. In the same hand, together with his spear shaft, he held a small wooden stool that could be used either as a seat or as a pillow. His right shoulder was left bare to display a dotted tattoo that stretched down the arm toward the elbow and also made a path across his chest. This tattoo, which was his combat medal, indicated, according to his British guardians, that he had killed a man, an act that placed him in the warrior class.

Aside from his upper drapery and his sandals, essential in the rough, thorny country, he wore nothing else, and in my opinion he needed no more. A breechcloth would have marred him, as the Spartans felt it marred their appearance in the Olympic games. He stood there, watching the track meet with patient condescension, as far removed from that docile crowd in thought, compulsion, and culture as someone descending from a flying saucer. After a glance at him, I thought the runners looked ungainly. The same thought may have flitted through his mind, since it is said that a Karamojo can run as fast as a gazelle and over rough terrain. He would not have been so effective if there had been a dozen others like him. His solitary splendor was what made him dramatic.

He had traveled down a different ethnic path from the Nordic inhabitants of Moroto. His ancestors had dealt with their own survival problems, which were very different from mine, but still, he filled me with a sentimentality that would have met the approval of Rousseau. I hoped to heaven that nothing would harm or degenerate this son of nature. Of course, I could see that this hope was very slender. All the spectators around the running track had arrived there with the purpose of changing him, spiritually and physically, so that he could be a more useful entity in a modern world. And I saw a visual proof that the contagion was working already. A friend, another Karamojo, stood near this perfect, uncontaminated specimen. He, too, wore an excellent ostrich plume, but a light drab sweater instead of a shoulder cloth. This garment reached slightly below his navel, and it was secured around his waist by a European belt. Thus the distinguishing marks of his masculinity were exposed as his friend's to the gentle breeze of that clear Moroto afternoon. but the sweater com-

pletely removed him from any Rousseau category and from nobility to the ludicrous. Without his knowing it, he had become a figure of fun, an after-dinner anecdote — but nobody else in Moroto, as far as I could see, was aware of this touch of comedy.

TEA and soda pop and spice cakes were being served at the judges' table, a wholly desegregated collation, and the Catholic padre, a cordial, energetic Italian, the closest thing there was to a public relations officer, had singled me out. It was his hope that I would have time to see his mission school. The Karamojo were averse to sending their children there. Most of the Karamojo children attending had been obliged to run away from home. I learned from other sources that the number of young Karamojo in the school was negligible, and it was necessary to paper the house by importing children from Kenya. I am sorry that my time in Moroto was so fleeting that I did not see more of the padre. He understood the Karamojo dialect and, I suspect, had considerable knowledge regarding his customers' domestic and religious habits.

The wife of a Church of England missionary and a nurse from the mission were also at tea. Like many unregenerate travelers, I have never cared for missionaries as a class, but the padre and the two young ladies were humorous, tolerant, and intelligent, and they liked the Karamojo. The missionary's wife said that they were encountering theological difficulties that arose from a logical question asked by the Karamojo. If the Church of England and the Catholics believed in the same God, they wanted to know, what was the religious difference? Then the trained nurse told a story of treating a Karamojo baby with burns about his head. She was horrified during her examination to discover that she had pulled off what she believed was the infant's scalp. It took her some time to find that it was a goat's membrane that had been applied as a poultice by the baby's mother.

By this time, the great event of the afternoon was due to start, a tug of war between the civil servants and the African police. It struck me that this was a racial contest that might arouse antipathies among the crowd, but here I was quite wrong. Muscular bureaucrats appeared, toughened and inured to hardship in the bush. They lined up on one side of the rope, digging their boot heels into the Karamojo turf, hardly fair, since most of the heavier askaris had only the heels that God had given them. In the midst of shouting in Swahili and other languages, the white men once again succeeded in carrying their burden by

pulling their black fellow workers over the line two times out of three.

I had a glimpse of the two plumed Karamojo watching this last contest. They looked, as they turned away and drifted toward the row of Hindu shops, as if they could see no purpose in it, and I followed them and the rest of the Karamojo to the Hindu *dukans*. They chatted among themselves, lively and well disposed, not caring whether I was there or not. It was momentarily hard to see, after the bright sun outdoors, inside the windowless *dukans* lighted only by open doorways, but once accustomed to the gloom, I was looking at a print by a modern Hogarth. There were shelves of merchandise, mostly bolts of cotton gingham, staples like salt and tobacco, and an assortment of wire and beads that might interest both ladies and gentlemen. On one side of the counter was the sallow, saturnine Hindu shopkeeper in somber European clothes. On the other were nudist Karamojo, with their staffs and bracelets, chaffering for tobacco or Coca Cola, a beverage that evidently gave them pleasure. I never did find out what they used for money, or, if they had coins, where they put them.

The shadows were growing long in Moroto, and there would be a party at the club that night, a farewell for some members of the community who had been transferred to other posts. As I walked along the dusty road toward the rest house, I might as well have been on the other side of the looking glass of Lewis Carroll. I was very keenly aware of being a stranger in a strange country, but, then, everyone else was a stranger in Moroto. They were all there to help the Karamojo. They were representing the compulsion of our age to assist the underprivileged in far places. And although the Karamojo were still ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed, it could be that they preferred it that way.

NO GROUP in England could have been as traditionally British as the company at the Moroto club. It is an instinct, of course, for all people to cling with avidity to the manners and customs of home when they are in unfamiliar surroundings. There were two boys behind the small bar to serve drinks, which were paid for by coupons. There was a simple but carefully prepared buffet. The club was small, with a room suitable for dancing and an alcove pantry that also contained a bookcase with a jumble of unsorted literature left by departing guests.

The club was so far up the slope above Moroto that electricity had not been installed, and its light was derived from candles and pressure lanterns. It was surrounded eccentrically by irriga-

tion ditches that made me wonder why members did not fall into them and suffer from contusions. One reason may lie in the high cost and low proof of spirituous liquors available in East Africa, all of which are dispensed in one-ounce jiggers, and so abstemiousness has been forced upon most of East Africa, particularly on young people on civil servants' salaries. Thus, there was none of the hubbub of raised voices that one associates with an American cocktail party, only the quiet conversation of pretty English girls and young men, all of whom that night might have been models for a pen-and-ink drawing in a pre-war edition of *Punch*. They were shy, with the exaggerated shyness of people who have been thrown together for a long while. It was an effort for them to have asked me and one which I appreciated. They were gossiping among themselves about friends and domestic doings, speaking a social language as unknown to me as the Karamojo tongue, but not until set speeches had been made — the humorous, contrived addresses that one may hear at any farewell party. At the end of each speech, someone would say, "Three cheers — hip, hip, hurrah!" The cheers rang out bravely but thinly against the monumental silence of the Karamojo night. Then, after the cheering, came the ritualistic song *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, or *For She's a Jolly Good Fellow*, whichever the case might be.

If my description of this social effort sounds either condescending or disparaging, this was not at all my feeling. The memory of that dimly lighted club (the pressure lamps continually needed pumping) is one of the most poignant that I have brought back with me from that journey, fitting with my reaction to the golf course in Moroto and the judges' tea at the track meet. The people there were all endowed with a gallantry and a loyalty to a standard that were the more impressive because they were a part of every day. As I stepped out onto the dark porch, pleased that I had remembered a flashlight and pleased also that I had a fifth of Scotch in my luggage at the rest house, a young official asked me how I liked Moroto. I told him I was enjoying my time there, and I asked him how he liked it.

"It's well enough here," he said, or words to this effect. "This is a congenial lot, and the morale is good, but I like it better when I am making trips upcountry. I cannot tell you why exactly, except that the country and the people grow on one. There's nothing much like it anywhere else."

That is what everyone kept saying. There was nothing much like it. I would not have appreciated what they meant or have understood the wistfulness in their voices if I had not been one of three white people present next day at a great ceremonial meeting of a portion of the Karamojo.

There must have been five hundred of them, in full regalia, and twice that number of cattle. The rumor had been true. The delegations were coming from the thatched villages, with witch doctors, to perform a sacrifice and ceremonial dance in order to bring rain.

The difficulty was that no one knew exactly where this gathering would take place, only that it would be comparatively near Moroto. We left the rest house at nine o'clock in the morning to try to find the meeting under the guidance of an askari, who was barefoot, dressed in khaki shorts and tunic, a red tarboosh, and a finely polished leather belt, all badges of his office, but with no weapon. As things turned out, if there had been trouble where we went, as there could have been because of mass hysteria, a gun would have done no good against the Karamojo spears and the enthusiasts who knew exactly how to handle them. Musimi drove us in the Land Rover, the only vehicle, I think, with the exception of a safari truck or a tractor, that could have made the trip. The meeting place for this formal ceremony was an open grazing area ten miles from Moroto. It took us an hour and a half to get there in the Land Rover, which indicates the rough going.

I have never known a community that could be erased so rapidly by the surrounding country as Moroto. We were not more than a half mile from its environs when Moroto ceased to exist for all practical purposes. The road disappeared into a path that wound into rocky gullies and ugly eroded washes that made the Land Rover jolt and lurch and frequently brought it to a stop. The withering fields of maize bounded by rows of yellow sisal were ephemeral and uninviting. Women carrying burdens upon their heads and naked children emerged from the brush-protected yards and waved at the Land Rover.

We knew finally that we were on the right track when we saw a Karamojo man in his very best clothes. His ostrich-plume headdress was a magnificent creation. He not only had a lip ornament but a nose ornament of flat oval metal, conceivably the top of a tin can, that I have heard is worn only by individuals prepared for war. He carried a spear and a cattle-hide shield. Instead of a cloth drape on his shoulders, he wore a leopard skin, and also feathery anklets with bells on them. When the askari called, he ran up to the Land Rover with a delightful jingling of bells, but he was not so attractive at close view because, besides exuding a very pungent, unwashed odor, his face, streaked with sweat, was covered by a mat of African flies, which he did not bother to brush away. In a voice that twanged like the call of a bullfrog, he gave directions, pointing with his spear toward a distant settlement.

It was the largest Karamojo village that I had seen, no doubt in every feature like a similar village of a thousand years before — the same thatched huts, the same small entrances through the heaps of thornbushes that formed the village wall. We were reading a half-deciphered page of historical anthropology. In fact, for most of that day, except for the Land Rover and some other minor details, the time clock was turned back for eight or nine centuries. Outside the village, herd-boys with long sticks were driving groups of cattle toward an open area about half a mile away. Some Karamojo women, bending nearly double to get through the entrances of the wall, came out to look at us, and then a few men, but my curiosity to examine the social structure more closely evaporated when I smelled the place and definitely knew that the Karamojo were not dependent upon soap and water or on any enlightened form of sanitation. The askari called to the women, who pointed to the cattle. We were nearly at the rain sacrifice.

The Land Rover stopped at the edge of a parched piece of land, and without our being particularly aware of it, we saw we were being gradually encircled by Karamojo cattle. They were being herded there to form the background of the ceremony, but except for some women in necklaces who came to stare at us and to giggle hysterically, I could see no Karamojo. Then, far beyond the cattle wall came the sound of bells and the blowing of bass horns, and we began to see bands of Karamojo bent double and running, converging behind the ring of cattle. Their spears glittered in the sunlight. Their ostrich plumes were only half concealed by the thornbushes while they crouched at the edge of the cattle circle, all in full regalia, waiting for some signal that would start the show.

It was plain that the rituals were about to start when some Karamojo who appeared to be spectators appeared, including two enormous men in European dress, who spoke to the askari and then shook hands with us. They were Karamojo chiefs. Each wore a felt hat with an ostrich plume, a white shirt and tie, and blue serge trousers. The tie of the more jovial of the pair was a painted one showing a nude girl in a cocktail glass with "Good Health!" inscribed above her. He was delighted when I displayed enthusiastic interest in the tie; but, still, those European costumes were a jarring note, and I was further disturbed when I was introduced to a smaller man, bright-eyed, with a black spade beard, wearing an antiquated pith helmet, a neat tweed coat, and tweed shorts. He turned out to be the chief of all the Karamojo, and he expressed pleasure that we were there. I should have realized, of course, that the greater chiefs of

African tribes have been prone, ever since white men first reached Africa, to wear European clothes, generally silk hats and frock coats on formal occasions, as a mark of sophistication, social status, and leadership. The chief of all the Karamojo invited us to stand with the noblesse under a small tree in the center of the field.

It was thoughtful of the chief and a most useful invitation, for shortly afterwards we were Trader Horns who might easily have got in the way of everyone. We were not under the tree long when a war party of plumed spearmen emerged from a nearby thorn thicket, appearing with a dreamlike suddenness. They made no sound, except for the gentle tinkling of their ankle bells, until someone blew a soft note on a long wooden bass horn, identical with the lowing of the cattle in the background. Their regalia must have had a symbolic significance, but this was beyond my grasp, and unfortunately none of the Karamojo leaders spoke English. I could only gaze in an uneducated way at the barbarous patchwork of color that had appeared. My main impression was that the spearmen were as indigenous as the thorn-bushes, a logical spiritual emanation. Their black and oily bodies had a purplish hue that blended deceptively with the shadows of the bush behind them. Their plumed headdresses each had a religious meaning as they tossed and waved above leopard- and lion-skin cloaks. Their faces were fiercely grave, some smeared with designs in wood ash or ocher.

There was no doubt that their leader, huge and proud as Lucifer, was an important member of the religious hierarchy that would help with rain production. When he gave a command in a low growling voice, the front rank of spearmen knelt or crouched and the shields of the whole band went forward and the spears came down to the ready. A horn had sounded at the opposite side of the clearing, and another band of warriors dashed out to meet the first, making menacing sounds, with their spears poised for throwing. They sprang forward but stopped in good order before they reached the crouching band in front of them. There was a deep-voiced murmur of an incantation, and then the groups broke up and moved away. It was exasperating not to know what it had all been about. One could only know that the moment had been grave and solemn, and the illusion of solemnity had been created only with that faint background of sound. There had been no beating of drums, which one automatically associates with Hollywood Africa, for the Karamojo, I understand, are not drummers.

Then another war party ran across the plain, straight at the tree where the chiefs stood, both spearmen and archers, grunting, stamping, halt-

ing, and moving forward in a mimic warfare, their faces writhing with fury. They charged toward us at a loping run which was more coordinated than anything I had seen at the Moroto track meet. It could have been that they were attacking the forces of evil preventing rainfall, but whatever they were doing, they made me nervous. Just before reaching us they veered away, and I saw that they were followed by their women, who gave a series of bloodthirsty yapping shrieks. It may have been a group competition, since a succession of war bands, with their shrieking wives and sweethearts, followed the first. The field now was assuming the appearance of a De Mille extravaganza and gave the same impression of directed order.

Finally, there must have been five hundred Karamojo around us, eccentrically decorated. Whatever they were doing religiously, they were also beginning to have a delightful time of it. A sort of euphoria was setting in that struck me as a prelude to mass hysteria. The women were gathering in their own group, all in their best aprons, bracelets, and earrings. Some were painted in leopard spots, some wore strips of calico. They broke into a screaming chant, and as they chanted they jumped up and down without any particular pattern or timing. In the meantime the religious men had built what looked like an altar of thorn-bushes. I was moved by the contagion of the scene, which offered so many of the extrovert aspects that psychologists now believe are emotionally desirable. My necktie chief pointed at the jumping women, laughing heartily when I signified delight and approval. We were becoming a little band of brothers beneath the scanty shade tree, and I could see why civil servants enjoyed being with the Karamojo; but time was marching on.

The party was becoming interminable. I kept thinking they would sacrifice a bull at any moment, but nothing happened, and the singing, dancing women began to look like a pan of black bean soup coming to a boil. The truth was, it was time for us to go. We did not belong there, and now that the wave of elation increased around us, we might have outstayed our welcome if we had waited much longer. Besides, museum fatigue was setting in. That is one trouble with travel. You can see only so much, and if you endeavor to absorb more, everything becomes lost. I was reaching my personal saturation point, and I was relieved that the rest of our party also began believing that it was time to leave. The women were still dancing when we drove through the circle of lowing Karamojo cattle. We were going back to our own tribe and our own Anglo-Saxon customs, back for one more night to the dogma of Moroto.

"It's the last of old Africa," my friend the veteran district commissioner said, and then he added

an afterthought. "There may not be another sight like that anywhere a few years from now." He had seen the disappearance of the game in Kenya. He had seen the building of the towns and farms and the slow education of the Kenya tribes. Certainly I was in no position to dispute him when he intimated that change was coming over Karamojo.

I had seen a great deal in those few days. I believed I had seen the whole fabric of changing Africa, and the answers to its future were implicit in these sights, if I could only guess those answers. I have not been able to guess them yet, but it still delights me to ponder over the significance of

the things I saw in Karamojo. My main impression was unintelligently sentimental. I wished, I hoped that something might occur, as it may, to cause civilization to leave the Karamojo alone. The rain sacrifice seemed to me more genuine for the setting than the Moroto track meet, and more durable. There is a fear in administrative circles that if the administration of East Africa is turned over to native Africans, not much will be done for the Karamojo. Personally, this possibility did not worry me. The Karamojo had looked out for themselves for a long while, and they might be glad to continue. At any rate, after weeks of drought, it poured torrents that afternoon.

"THE TEMPORAL THE ALL?"

BY I. A. RICHARDS

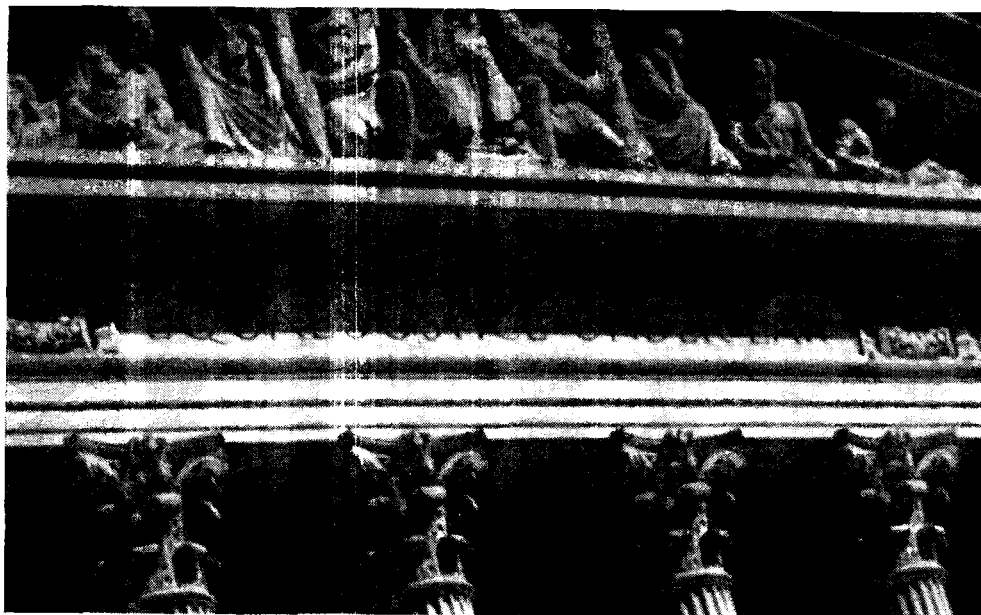
Yes, not less present now than when
You gamboled down that slope,
Shuffling the beech-
Leaves,
Kicking up such a din
We had to walk or talk.
But now is here, and then was then.

Even a dead beech-
Leaf,
Within its javelin head, can glow
As warmly as a peach.

There, there!
They're but a skin,
A skin, a bloom,
So thin they leave
No room for grief.

Tricks of the visible,
Its sunset show.

From the Indivisible,
All come. And we,
Before the senses were
And after their despair,
Are what no eye can see.



SENTENCING: The Judge's Problem

by Judge Irving R. Kaufman

IF THE hundreds of American judges who sit on criminal cases were polled as to what was the most trying facet of their jobs, the vast majority would almost certainly answer "Sentencing." In no other judicial function is the judge more alone; no other act of his carries greater potentialities for good or evil than the determination of how society will treat its transgressors.

In 1957, the average sentence for auto theft in the federal courts of eastern Oklahoma was thirty-six months, while in New Hampshire the average commitment for the same crime was less than a year. It is difficult to discern why the forging of a check should be twice as serious in the middle district of North Carolina as in the eastern district of that same state, but this is just what a breakdown of the average sentences for that year would seem to indicate. Last year, the average prison sentence meted out in the federal courts ranged from nine months in Vermont to fifty-eight months in southern Iowa. Of course, examination of the facts in the individual cases may reveal reasons which justify the differences. But, on the surface, the disparity in different sentences for the same offense seems unfair.

The fact that this problem is neither new nor limited to one system of courts is borne out by a study made several years ago of the sentences imposed in more than 7000 criminal cases by six judges sitting in a state court. One judge imposed

A New Yorker by birth, educated at DeWitt Clinton High School and Fordham University, IRVING R. KAUFMAN has been internationally famous since 1951, when he pronounced on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg the first peacetime death sentences for espionage in the history of the United States. He was named judge of the United States district court for the southern district of New York in October, 1949, and since then he has established his reputation for fair and firm decisions.

prison terms in 57.7 per cent of his cases. Another judge committed only 34 per cent of the prisoners before him. One judge granted probation in 32.4 per cent of his cases; another in only 19.5 per cent.

A few years ago, two youths were arrested while trying to break into a gas station in a small Southern town. A third boy made his escape in the car in which the three had been driving. The two arrested youths readily admitted that they had stolen the car from a small city in upstate New York. They had intended to return it after a half hour's joy ride, but once in command of the vehicle, had decided to drive it to Florida. Halfway to their destination, their money exhausted, they had been about to ransack the gas station for money and food when a policeman observed them.

In the meantime, the alarm had been spread for the third boy and the car. He burglarized several

gas stations along the highway but was finally arrested after having driven less than 150 miles. However, his attempt to escape had put him in a different state. Thus, a few weeks later the boys came before different judges, charged with automobile theft. They were all fifteen or sixteen years old, they had similar backgrounds, and their records showed no previous convictions. Basically, they all had committed similar crimes, but their sentences did not reflect this fact.

The youth who had escaped and committed additional offenses before his arrest was eventually placed on probation with no prison term. His two companions were each sentenced to three years' imprisonment. When two able and conscientious judges reach such startlingly disparate results in cases with striking similarity, it is plain that our sentencing procedures need to be re-examined.

OUR theory and practice in the area of sentencing have undergone a gradual but dramatic metamorphosis through the years. Primitive man believed that a crime created an imbalance which could be rectified only by punishing the wrongdoer. Thus, sentencing was initially vengeance-oriented. Gradually, emphasis began to be placed on the deterrent value of a sentence upon future wrongdoing.

Though deterrence is still an important consideration, increased emphasis on the possibility of reforming the offender — of returning him to the community a useful citizen — bars the harsh penalties once imposed and brings into play a new set of sentencing criteria. Today, each offender is viewed as a unique individual, and the sentencing judge seeks to know why he has committed the crime and what are the chances of a repetition of the offense. The judge's prime objective is not to punish but to treat.

This emphasis on treatment of the individual has created a host of new problems. In seeking to arrive at the best treatment for individual prisoners, judges must weigh an imposing array of factors. I believe that the primary aim of every sentence is the prevention of future crime. Little can be done to correct past damage, and a sentence will achieve its objective to the extent that it upholds general respect for the law, discourages those tempted to commit similar crimes, and leads to the rehabilitation of the offender, so that he will not run afoul of the law again. Where the offender is so hardened that rehabilitation is plainly impossible, the sentence may be designed to segregate the offender from society so that he will be unable to do any future harm. The balancing of these interacting, and often mutually an-

tagonistic, factors requires more than a good heart and a sense of fair play on the judge's part, although these are certainly prerequisites. It requires the judge to know as much as he can about the prisoner before him. He should know the probable effects of sentences upon those who might commit similar crimes and how the prisoner is likely to react to imprisonment or probation. Because evaluation of these various factors may differ from judge to judge, the same offense will be treated differently by different judges.

The task of improving our sentencing techniques is so important to the nation's moral health that it deserves far more careful attention than it now receives from the bar and the general public. Some of those at the bar and many civic-minded individuals who usually lead even the judges in the fight for legal reform approach this subject with apathy or with erroneous preconceptions. For example, I have observed the sentiment shared by many that, after a judge has sentenced several hundred defendants, the whole process becomes one of callous routine. I have heard this feeling expressed even by attorneys who should know better.

Last year, an experienced lawyer rose to urge me to reduce by five years the sentence I had imposed on a particularly vicious narcotics offender. The prisoner was one of the most dangerous and unregenerate men ever to come before me, and his attorney was hard pressed to find plausible arguments in his behalf. Finally, after I had pointed out that everything in the prisoner's long and sordid record demanded long commitment, the lawyer turned to me and said, "But, your Honor, five years is a long time."

Of course, every judge is aware that five years in a penitentiary is a long time. He well knows that in many cases a prison term not only withers the life of the prisoner but spreads like a stain in an ever-widening circle, blighting the lives of innocent members of the family. Every judge is painfully aware of what five years without a father may mean to a prisoner's son. But society must be protected, crime must be deterred, dangerous offenders must be segregated, and prisoners must be reformed. Someone must decide what sentence will best effectuate these objectives. In the federal courts this task falls to the judge, but the problems of the sentencer would be the same no matter what his title.

In our federal court in New York, a single judge may pass sentence on ten or more defendants in a day. Often, sentencing occupies a large portion of the court day. A lawyer who grows verbose arguing a motion may be prodded by the court, but I have never heard of an attorney being hurried when asking mercy for his client. Respect for

the dignity of the individual demands that the attorney be heard fully.

The fair resolution of the forces pulling for severity or leniency is a judge's most important and difficult task. It is an easy thing for a judge to acquire a reputation as a stern, or a humane, jurist by the way he responds to the ever-present forces urging excessive leniency on the one hand and unnecessary severity on the other. But resisting the pressures has its own reward — the satisfaction of being able to say to oneself, "I have never consciously rendered an unjust decision." The day a judge is unable to make that statement should be his last day on the bench.

CONGRESS and the state legislatures make the basic policy decisions in regard to sentencing, through the setting of maximum, and occasionally minimum, sentences. The judge must take this legislative guide and apply it to the particular circumstances of the case before him. He must work within the legislative formula, even if he does not agree with it. Often the special circumstances of the case will demand the most severe penalties set by the statute. At other times, society's aims can be accomplished with a fine or a suspended sentence. This was the situation in the case of an elderly lawyer who, through weakness or stupidity, had become implicated in an embezzlement scheme. This elderly man had known no profession but the law, and even there a serious physical defect had restricted his activities to those of researcher and brief writer. He had neither relatives nor close friends and was entirely dependent upon the income from his legal work. His conviction itself meant automatic disbarment. From that moment, any lawyer who employed this man would be breaking the law. This prisoner was hardly a dangerous criminal to be segregated for society's protection, and the shock of his conviction had already chastened him more than any other punishment that might be imposed. In view of the circumstances, society could gain nothing from this man's imprisonment. He received a suspended sentence and was placed on probation.

However, in many cases, a judge's duty to consider the protection of society means that he must visit unhappiness upon people who did not act out of vicious motives and whom he would like to help, were he free to do so.

This would be true in a case, for example, where the prisoner is a food producer who, though honest enough, is completely inefficient. The record shows that on several previous occasions he has been fined for maintaining filthy premises from which unsanitary foodstuffs were shipped in inter-

state commerce, and, this time, the report, with its reference to dead rats in the flour bins, reads like one of the more vivid chapters of *The Jungle*. Repeated warnings have proved ineffective, and between warnings dangerously unsanitary products have been shipped. It is clear from the presentence report that further admonitions would be useless and that even a prison term would not change this man's nature. In such a case, the judge might take advantage of the flexibility of modern procedures and place the prisoner on probation, on condition that he completely divorce himself from the bakery business. The sentence would probably mean the end of a business built up by hard work over many years, but the court's duty to the public might compel such a result.

Often the object of the sentencing judge is to place the prisoner in a position where he can do no further harm. This is the one theory of punishment upon which all schools of thought agree. There are some criminals who simply cannot be permitted to remain at large. However, segregation, while it may prevent certain crimes, will not prevent criminals, and the permanent isolation of all offenders is as economically unfeasible as it is ethically unthinkable.

I do not believe that we live in a den of potential thieves and cutthroats, held in check only by the terror of punishment. I have seen too many examples of the honesty and decency of the American people to believe that. On the other hand, it seems clear that, in many situations, crime has been discouraged by the knowledge that offenders will be treated severely. In 1956, the federal narcotics laws were stiffened to provide for a sentence of from five to twenty years for a first offender and from ten to forty years for a subsequent offender. A startling decrease in the number of newly reported drug addicts followed. For example, it is reported that in New York state the number dropped from 4138 in 1956 to 2836 in the first eleven months of 1958. Other states showed similar decreases. There are other examples of successful deterrence. And yet the wisdom of a rigid high minimum sentence, fixed by statute, with no discretion left to the sentencing judge, has been questioned by many.

Like most judges, I accept deterrence as one basic purpose of any sensible sentencing program. The need to discourage future crime often forces a judge to ignore his own sympathy for the prisoner. Let us consider the case of an illegal immigrant brought before a federal judge. The prisoner tells a truly heart-rending story. A native of an impoverished section of Europe, he had been unable to support his six children and in desperation had smuggled himself into this country aboard a freighter. Once here, he worked hard and sent

most of his earnings to his family. The judge might seriously consider merely suspending sentence and ordering the prisoner's deportation. Surely this is no bad man. But the prisoner's record shows that this type of treatment has been tried unsuccessfully several times in the past. The man has simply stowed away on the next United-States-bound ship. It is clear in such cases that, if we continue to be lenient, it will become known that a man with a touching story has nothing to lose by illegally entering the United States again and again. Judges would be encouraging the violation of the very laws they were sworn to uphold. In this situation a judge might well find it his unpleasant duty to impose at least a short prison sentence on that offender as a deterrent to others.

In determining what sentence would be the best from the point of view of deterrence, neither the judge nor the legislature has any real scientific guide. I believe that more severe treatment may be warranted in the areas of narcotic violations and crimes endangering the national security. However, it does not follow from the general theory of deterrence that lawlessness can be completely eliminated simply by increasing the severity of sentences. Sooner or later, a point of diminishing returns is reached. For example, I doubt that there are many potential bank robbers not deterred by the present twenty-year maximum sentence who would be restrained by a forty- or sixty-year maximum sentence. Furthermore, sentences so high as to be out of proportion to the crimes committed have historically had an effect opposite from the one intended.

Occasionally a legislature, instead of strengthening the law enforcement agencies which provide the surest deterrence of crime, will attempt a cut-rate anti-crime campaign by the simple process of increasing the minimum sentences for a particular offense. If this minimum is so high that the public believes it manifestly unjust, the law may well be nullified by juries refusing to convict, even in the face of incontrovertible evidence. Those laws often become dead letters, and the legislature, by attempting to provide too much protection, succeeds in providing none.

The fact that about 65 per cent of those admitted to our prisons are recidivists indicates that in many cases even those actually subjected to the theoretically deterring punishment are not discouraged. If we are to reach our idea of the perfect sentencing policy, we must determine in a scientific manner the validity of the deterrence theory in various areas. We must answer such questions as: At what point does punishment stop chastening and begin embittering? What type of criminal activity attracts the type of men who will be deterred by threats? How much deterrence do

we gain by an absolutely rigid, and hence predictable, sentence? How much does rigidity cost us in other fields?

The cost of deterring crime by long periods of imprisonment is frightfully high. Long prison terms mean large and costly institutions, and the human havoc thus created must sooner or later be paid for by all of us. Now, if it appears that in certain types of cases little is to be gained by deterrence-oriented sentences, the judges and legislatures might concentrate upon the reformation of the prisoner, with the view toward assuring that we shall never again have to foot the bill for this man while he is in custody, or repair what he breaks while he is at liberty.

The situation is somewhat complicated by the fact that segregation, deterrence, and reformation are not the only factors to be considered in sentencing. The judge and the legislature must also give weight to the impact the sentence will have upon society at large. I realize that the theory that a crime creates an imbalance rectifiable only by punishment is a much deprecated one, but it is a view held by a large segment of the population and must be recognized as a factor in the sentencing process. In speaking of retribution, I most emphatically do not mean that a sentence should be based upon a judge's personal indignation or upon vengeance. Men should not be condemned to prison for terms varying with the state of the Court's digestion, nor should the judge permit himself to be influenced by public hysteria.

But the general attitude of the public toward a particular type of crime is a different matter, and it must be taken into consideration if respect for the law is to be upheld. If people are continually shocked by sentences they regard as too lenient or by the granting of probation and parole without selectivity, they begin to believe that the criminal law has failed them and that there is a cleavage between their moral code and the law. The inevitable result is a decrease in public confidence in and reliance on the law.

WITHIN the last few years, cooperation among judges, lawmakers, and experts working in the rapidly developing behavioral sciences has given judges a series of extremely effective devices for determining how best to treat prisoners. Probably the most widely used of these is the presentence report.

In our court, these reports are prepared by the probation officers. These men go into the field and interview the prisoner, his family, his neighbors, friends, and employers. The voluminous data collected are then carefully analyzed and put

into the form most useful to the busy judge. Last year, investigations were made of 89 per cent of the convicted criminal defendants in the federal courts of the United States.

The judge is able to study these presentence reports at home or in chambers and again on the bench. By the time the prisoner stands before him, the judge has a good picture of his background and of the forces and circumstances that led the prisoner from early childhood to his present predicament. The report enables the judge to arrive at reasoned answers to troublesome questions.

On the basis of this information, he can tailor the sentence to fit the situation at hand, confident that he is aware of most of the facts. There are occasions when the presentence report fails to give the whole story because the defendant has been uncooperative in giving information concerning his past or has been deceitful. Other tools have recently become available to the federal judges in such cases.

Early this year, one of these new devices proved extremely useful. The case involved a young stowaway. As a first offender guilty of a minor crime, the prisoner would ordinarily have received a suspended sentence or a very light sentence if warranted. But the case troubled the judge. Although the prisoner had been pronounced sane after a preliminary psychiatric examination, the presentence report indicated bizarre behavior patterns. Furthermore, the information he had given concerning his identity and background did not check out. In fact, the authorities knew almost nothing about the prisoner.

A few months earlier, the judge would have had no practical choice but to base the sentence on the information at hand, inadequate as it was. But Congress recently enacted a statute designed to cope with just this dilemma.

Under the new law, the court was able to commit the stowaway to a federal prison for further study before finally determining the length of the sentence. There he was given a long series of tests and examinations. His activity was observed for weeks, and skilled interviewers began gradually to piece together the scraps of information the prisoner inevitably revealed. Five months later, the picture was complete, and the sentencing judge received a full report. This young man, who might have been handled as an ordinary petty offender, was in fact an escapee from a state mental hospital, where he had been diagnosed as a schizophrenic. Had the new sentencing statute not been available, he would have been released, to the great detriment of society and himself. Thanks to the new law, he has been transferred to a state hospital where he will receive the care he requires and will be unable to harm others.

Inquiry into the mental and emotional state of a prisoner does not often require the expensive procedure followed in the case of the young stowaway. Most such investigations can and should be handled locally by personnel attached to the court, and for this reason some of our more forward-looking states have provided their courts with psychiatric clinics. Last year, the clinic attached to the court of special sessions in New York City made diagnostic examinations of seven hundred new cases and provided consultation and instruction for a staff of approximately seventy probation officers. The dividends from these activities far exceeded the clinic's annual cost of \$72,830.

It is unfortunate that budgetary limitations often deny our courts not only adequate psychiatric consultation but even the staffs needed to prepare the essential presentence reports. Such economy is shortsighted. The premature release of a single dangerous criminal often costs the community far more than the yearly budget of the probation department or psychiatric clinic that could have uncovered the peril in time.

NEWLY developed diagnostic methods may indicate that the prisoner's chances for reformation are excellent and that this can safely be accomplished outside prison, through probation. Unselective use of probation is a positive danger to society. It is corrosive of the principles of deterrence and segregation and of the court's efforts to uphold public respect for the law. But, when intelligently employed, probation, under an efficient probation department, promises immense savings in human resources and in public funds.

Let us take the case of an embezzler who a judge believes worthy of probation. The man is immediately assigned to a probation officer. The convicted embezzler will visit the officer at stated periods to report on his progress. He will also receive unannounced visits from the probation officer. With the officer's help, he learns to make his adjustment in the same environment that will face him when supervision ends. If this same man had been committed to prison, he would first have had to adjust to the institutional environment, where he would have borne little responsibility. Upon his release, he would have had to make a second and perilous adjustment to normal life. Probation, selectively used, avoids this sudden decompression.

This type of supervision, which has proved so useful in the administration of justice, costs the taxpayers approximately \$150 per year per offender, about one tenth the cost of keeping a man in prison for the same period. There are other and

greater savings to be derived from this. During the entire parole and probation period, the contrite offender is a productive citizen, contributing his skills to the general welfare, paying taxes, and supporting his family, which probably would have been thrown on the relief rolls had he been imprisoned for an extended period. What may be more important, the family is kept together, and a more normal environment provided for the probationer's children.

It is difficult to measure statistically the success of probation. Since probationers are by definition the most promising of our convicted offenders, it is only to be expected that their rate of recidivism would be considerably lower than the average.

In the federal courts, approximately 40 per cent of all guilty defendants are placed on probation. In our court in New York, more than 90 per cent of these offenders conclude their term of probation successfully. The credit for this high rate of success belongs largely to our probation department, a dedicated group of approximately seventeen officers who have a deep devotion to duty and are motivated by one objective — an interest in the man who finds himself in an unfortunate position and in his rehabilitation.

Even where the reports and the nature of the crime indicate that commitment is necessary, the judge must still consider the prisoner's capacity for reformation. Occasionally a prisoner's only hope is a period of forced confinement that will isolate him from his former associates and force him to take stock of his situation. Often this forced stocktaking is an extremely effective form of treatment. Only incarceration can bring home to some criminals that society actively disapproves of their conduct and has the power to stop them should their crimes be repeated. Surely there are recidivists who return to federal prisons time and time again, despite the efforts made in the prison to rehabilitate them. But we must also remember that there are many prisoners who have been taught a lesson by their incarceration and have returned to the community better citizens.

Perhaps our greatest advances have been made in the handling of young offenders. Prisoners sixteen to twenty-three years of age present a special problem. Generally they are more responsive to intelligent treatment than older prisoners, but prognosis is extremely difficult, and sometimes coddling of the youthful offender who has shown traits of hard-bitten criminality may do injury to both the offender and society. A judge cannot predict how an eighteen-year-old will react to four or five years in an institution. Enlightened federal and state statutes meet this problem by providing for special treatment for young prisoners. The statutes also permit sentences under which the

maximum, but not the minimum, is set by the judge or by law. The offender is then transferred to a specialized institution and can be released under supervision at any time before the expiration of the maximum sentence when he has shown himself ready to re-enter society.

I believe we can take real encouragement from our progress in the area of reformation. True, much remains to be done. We must learn to discover more about the prisoner as an individual and much more about the effects of certain types of treatment. Yet a start has been made.

THE nature of the sentencing problem and its causes are easily stated, but arriving at a solution is difficult. Many suggestions have been put forth over the years, but most of these suffer from fatal flaws.

Rigid, legislatively-set minimum sentences in all cases are no answer. They would negate the years of progress we have made in tailoring the punishment to fit the particular situation before the court. It has also been suggested that the sensitivity of judges to particular offenses might be avoided by allowing the juries to set sentences. I believe that such a system, far from being helpful, contains some serious dangers. A few states do give juries sentencing power in certain cases. In these jurisdictions, the courts are often faced with an insoluble dilemma. If they follow the universal practice in criminal cases and withhold from the jury any evidence of the defendant's past misdeeds, the jury will have little information on which to base its sentence. If, on the other hand, they permit the jury to hear about the defendant's prior vicious acts, they run the very real risk that convictions will be based on a determination that the defendant is a bad man, and therefore is probably guilty of the instant offense. Special post-verdict sentencing hearings before the jury are probably too cumbersome to be used generally and for all offenses.

Some states have taken the sentencing function partly or entirely away from the judge and have given it to a body whose sole function is sentencing. Under some of these plans, the judge must sentence the prisoner to the maximum sentence provided by statute. In other states, he sets the maximum he considers just. But there his power ends. In effect, the prisoner has received an indeterminate sentence. The offenders are then studied by prison authorities and questioned by boards or authorities, often comprised of experts in the fields most concerned with sentencing. They may include men with experience as prosecutors, policemen, and probation officers. The responsi-

bility for determining the length of imprisonment really rests with the boards. This system has the advantage of enabling sentencing to be deferred until the prisoner can be observed and studied.

However, a sentencing judge can achieve the same ends, in cases that seem to warrant it, by deferring sentence until a thorough study is made of the prisoner. Furthermore, where there are large numbers of prisoners to be sentenced or where this function must be performed in widely scattered localities, a sentencing authority must divide itself into sub-boards. As a result there may be little, if any, gain in uniformity.

I believe that the sentencing responsibility should remain where it has traditionally rested — with the judge. Of all public officials, he is the best insulated from public and political pressures. Certainly the judge is not an expert sociologist or criminologist, but he need not be. He is an expert in making difficult decisions on the basis of the best information available, and this is exactly what is called for in sentencing.

The fact that I do not believe that the disparity problem can be solved by removing sentencing authority from judges does not mean that I despair of an ultimate solution. In fact, Congress has taken a great step in that direction by authorizing institutes and joint councils on sentencing problems. A pilot institute on sentencing on a national basis, attended by federal judges from various parts of the country, was held at the University of Colorado at Boulder in July, 1959. Out of this, it is hoped that guides for the agendas for regional meetings will be formulated. I expect that a considerable amount of disparity will be eliminated by the mere exchange of views as to which factors should be considered and how heavily they should be weighed. The mistakes and successes of one judge in developing sentencing techniques will be available to other judges.

The safeguards provided during trial are a tribute to our sense of fair play. If a ruling of the trial judge violates any of these procedural safeguards, the defendant may appeal and perhaps secure a reversal of his conviction. However, it should be noted that, once a verdict of guilty has been pronounced, there are few further checks on the trial judge's determinations. Were a judge to impose a sentence completely disproportionate to the crime committed, the higher courts might be unable to prevent the injustice so long as the sentence was within the statutory maximum. For this reason, some judges have advocated appellate review of sentencing.

This system has been tried with varying degrees of success in a number of our states and in England. Under one proposed system, the sentencing judge would be required to write or dictate a

memorandum explaining the factors he considered in passing sentence. In most cases, the memorandums would be brief and would require little extra work. Only in the case of dispositions differing greatly from the average would the judge go into great detail. A prisoner who believed himself aggrieved by a sentence would have the right to appeal to a court constituted for this purpose. This sentencing court would be made up of trial and appellate judges selected for short periods on a rotating basis. Under other proposals, sentences would be reviewed by the regular appellate courts.

If the reviewing court believed a sentence incorrect, it would vacate it and impose a new sentence, either more or less severe than the original. The possibility that the sentence might be increased would prevent a flood of frivolous appeals and keep the work of this new court within manageable limits. The system is no panacea. It would not eliminate sentences that are so lenient as to make a mockery of the law under which the prisoner was convicted, and the judgment of the sentencing judge would probably be overridden only in the clearest cases.

The reviewing court would be required to write an opinion setting forth the factors which led it to revise a sentence. These would be published, and in time a body of opinions would develop, outlining — albeit roughly — the elements which should and should not be taken into account, and would also give some idea of the weight to be given each. It would be a flexible standard, but a standard nevertheless.

Appellate review would, of course, involve far-reaching changes and could raise numerous problems of its own, including possible constitutional objections to the increasing of sentences, and I do not favor it, therefore, at this time. We must first try to utilize the weapons available to combat disparity.

As I have tried to show, the defects in our sentencing systems are potentially responsive to a rational approach. We must re-examine in the light of modern scientific knowledge some of our sentencing axioms. We must foster greater cooperation between judges, law-enforcement officials, and the other disciplines that have so much to offer in our quest for the correct sentence. Finally, we must attack the disparity problem realistically and achieve a greater interchange of sentencing information among judges. I firmly believe that, once the importance of the sentencing problem is perceived by the public, we will have set our feet firmly on the road to our goal: the imposition, in every case, of the sentence that promises society the maximum protection and the offender the best possible chance to live a useful and productive life.



On his seventieth birthday, WALTER LIPPMANN, speaking to an overflow meeting of the National Press Club, defined the new and changing responsibilities of the Washington correspondent. For his acumen and the accuracy of his analysis he received a standing ovation. This is what he said.

THE JOB OF THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

THE job of a Washington correspondent has changed and developed and grown in my own lifetime, and if I had to sum up in one sentence what has happened, it would be that the Washington correspondent has had to teach himself to be not only a recorder of facts and a chronicler of events but also a writer of notes and essays in contemporary history. Nobody invented or consciously proposed this development of the newspaper business. It has been brought about gradually by trial and error in the course of a generation.

I think that the turning point was the Great Depression of 1929 and the revolutions and the wars which followed it. Long before 1929 there were, of course, signed articles, essays, criticisms, columns of comment in prose and in verse, and expressions of personal opinion. But the modern Washington correspondent — which includes the news analyst and the columnist — is a product of the world-wide Depression, of the social upheaval which followed it, and of the imminence of war during the 1930s.

The unending series of emergencies and crises which followed the economic collapse of 1929 and the wars of our generation have given to what goes on in Washington and in foreign lands an urgent importance. After 1929, the federal government assumed a role in the life of every American and in the destiny of the world which was radically new. The American people were

not prepared for this role. The kind of journalism we practice today was born out of the needs of our age — out of the need of our people to make momentous decisions about war and peace, decisions about the world-wide revolutions among the backward peoples, decisions about the consequences of the technological transformation of our own way of life in this country. The generation to which I belong has had to find its way through an uncharted wilderness. There was no book written before 1930, nor has any been written since then, which is a full guide to the world we write about. We have all had to be explorers of a world that was unknown to us and of mighty events which were unforeseen.

The first presidential press conferences I attended were during the Administration of Woodrow Wilson before this country became involved in World War I. These press conferences were so small that they were held in the President's office, with the correspondents standing about three or four deep around his desk. When the conference ended, the President would sit back in his chair, and those who wanted to do so would stay on a bit, asking him to clear up or amplify this or that piece of news.

The little group that stayed on consisted of those who were concerned not with the raw news of announcements and statements in the formal press conference but with explaining and inter-

preting the news. They were the forerunners of the Washington correspondent today. For, these correspondents and their editors in the home offices were coming to realize that raw news, as such, except when it has some direct and concrete personal or local significance, is to the newspaper readers, for the most part, indigestible and unintelligible.

It goes without saying that, in a democracy like ours, it is an awful responsibility to undertake the processing of the raw news so as to make it intelligible and to reveal its significance. It is such a great responsibility, it lends itself so easily to all manner of shenanigans that, when I can bear to think about it, I console myself with the thought that we are only the first generation of newspapermen who have been assigned the job of informing a mass audience about a world that is in a period of such great, of such deep, of such rapid, and of such unprecedented change.

THE newspaper correspondents of this generation have learned from experience that the old rule of thumb about reporters and editorial writers, about news and comment, oversimplifies the nature of the newspaperman's work in the modern world. The old rule is that reporters collect the news, which consists of facts, and that the editorial page then utters opinions approving or disapproving of these facts.

Before I criticize this rule, I must pay tribute to its enduring importance. It contains what we may call the Bill of Rights of the working newspaperman. It encourages not only the energetic reporting of facts but also the honest search for the truth to which these facts belong. It imposes restraints upon owners and editors. It authorizes resistance — indeed, in honor it calls for resistance — to the contamination of the news by special prejudices and by special interests. It proclaims the corporate opposition of our whole profession to the prostitution of the press by political parties, by political, economic, and ideological pressure groups, by social climbers, and by adventurers on the make.

But, while the rule is an indispensable rallying point for maintaining the integrity of the press, the practical application of the rule cannot be carried out in a wooden and literal way. The distinction between reporting and interpreting has to be redefined if it is to fit the conditions of the modern age.

It is all very well to say that a reporter collects the news and that the news consists of facts. The truth is that, in our world, the facts are infinitely many and that no reporter could collect them all,

no newspaper could print them all, and nobody could read them all. We have to select *some* facts rather than others, and in doing that we are using not only our legs but our selective judgment of what is interesting or important, or both.

What is more, the relevant facts often exist far away and out of sight of any newspaperman — as does the condition of the military balance of power in the world today. You cannot go and look at the balance of power: you have to deduce it and calculate and appraise it. The relevant facts may occur in places that the reporter cannot visit — Red China — and then the facts have to be inferred and imagined from secondhand reports. The facts may lie in the past. Then they have to be recovered and reconstructed — as in the story of how we got into our predicament in Berlin. The facts may lie inside the head of a public man, which, like Mr. Khrushchev's head, is not open to private inspection. The facts may lie in the moving tides of mass opinion — for example, facts about the coming elections — which are not easy to identify and to measure.

Under these conditions, reporting is no longer what we thought it was in much simpler days. If we tried to print only the facts of what had happened — who did what and who said what — the news items would be like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle thrown in a heap upon the table. The unarranged pieces of raw news would not make a picture at all, and fitting them together so that they do make a picture is the inescapable job of a Washington correspondent.

However, very quickly the analogy of the jigsaw puzzle breaks down. Indeed, like most analogies, it is rather dangerous. Our job is harder than it appears. In real life there is not, as there is in every jigsaw puzzle, one picture and one picture only, into which all the pieces will eventually fit. It is the totalitarian mind which thinks that there is one and only one picture. All the various brands of totalitarianism, as violently as they differ among themselves, have this in common. Each holds that it has the key and pattern of history, that it knows the scheme of things, and that all that happens is foreseen and explained in its doctrine.

But, to the liberal mind, this claim — like any other human claim to omniscience — is presumptuous and it is false. Nobody knows that much. The future is not predetermined in any book that any man has written. The future is what man will make it; and about the present, in which the future is being prepared, we know something, but not everything, and not nearly enough.

Because we are newspapermen in the American liberal tradition, the way we interpret the news is not by fitting the facts to a dogma. It is by propos-

ing theories or hypotheses, which are then tested by trial and error. We put forward the most plausible interpretation we can think of, the most plausible picture into which the raw news fits, and then we wait to see whether the later news fits into the interpretation. We do well if, with only a minor change of the interpretation, the later news fits into it. If the later events do not fit, if the later news knocks down the earlier story, there are two things to be done. One is to scrap the theory and the interpretation, which is what liberal, honest men do. The other is to distort or suppress the unmanageable piece of news.

LAST summer, while walking in the woods and on the mountains near where I live, I found myself daydreaming about how I would answer, about how I would explain and justify the business of being opinionated and of airing opinions regularly several times a week.

"Is it not absurd," I heard the critic saying, "that anyone should think he knows enough to write so much about so many things? You write about foreign policy. Do you see the cables which pour into the State Department every day from all parts of the world? Do you attend the staff meetings of the Secretary of State and his advisers? Are you a member of the National Security Council? And what about all those other countries which you write about? Do you have the run of 10 Downing Street, and how do you listen in on the deliberations of the Presidium in the Kremlin? Why don't you admit that you are an outsider and that you are, therefore, by definition, an ignoramus?"

"How, then, do you presume to interpret, much less to criticize and to disagree with, the policy of your own government or any other government?"

"And, in internal affairs, are you really much better qualified to pontificate? No doubt there are fewer secrets here, and almost all politicians can be talked to. They can be asked the most embarrassing questions. And they will answer with varying degrees of candor and of guile. But, if there are not so many secrets, you must admit that there are many mysteries. The greatest of all the mysteries is what the voters think, feel, and want today, what they will think and feel and want on election day, and what they can be induced to think and feel and want by argument, by exhortation, by threats and promises, and by the arts of manipulation and leadership."

Yet, formidable as it is, in my daydream I have no trouble getting the better of this criticism. "And you, my dear fellow," I tell the critic, "you be careful. If you go on, you will be showing how

ridiculous it is that we live in a republic under a democratic system and that anyone should be allowed to vote. You will be denouncing the principle of democracy itself, which asserts that the outsiders shall be sovereign over the insiders. For you will be showing that the people, since they are ignoramuses, because they are outsiders, are therefore incapable of governing themselves.

"What is more, you will be proving that not even the insiders are qualified to govern them intelligently. For there are very few men — perhaps forty at a maximum — who read, or at least are eligible to read, all the cables that pour into the State Department. And then, when you think about it, how many senators, representatives, governors, and mayors — all of whom have very strong opinions about who should conduct our affairs — ever read these cables which you are talking about?"

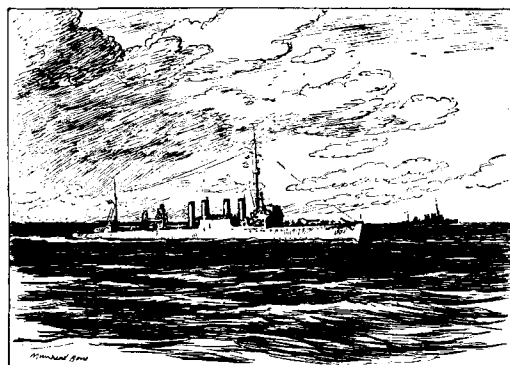
"Do you not realize that, about most of the affairs of the world, we are all outsiders and ignoramuses, even the insiders who are at the seat of government? The Secretary of State is allowed to read every American document he is interested in. But how many of them does he read? Even if he reads the American documents, he cannot read the British and the Canadian, the French and the German, the Chinese and the Russian. Yet he has to make decisions in which the stakes may well be peace or war. And about these decisions, the Congress, which reads very few documents, has to make decisions too."

Thus, in my daydream, I reduce the needler to a condition of sufficient humility about the universal ignorance of mankind. Then I turn upon him and with suitable eloquence declaim an apology for the existence of the Washington correspondent.

"If the country is to be governed with the consent of the governed, then the governed must arrive at opinions about what their governors want them to consent to. How do they do this?"

"They do it by hearing on the radio and reading in the newspapers what the corps of correspondents tell them is going on in Washington, and in the country at large, and in the world. Here, we correspondents perform an essential service. In some field of interest, we make it our business to find out what is going on under the surface and beyond the horizon, to infer, to deduce, to imagine, and to guess what is going on inside, what this meant yesterday, and what it could mean tomorrow.

"In this we do what every sovereign citizen is supposed to do but has not the time or the interest to do for himself. This is our job. It is no mean calling. We have a right to be proud of it and to be glad that it is our work."



THE LEGACY OF ABLE SEAMAN PICKETT

by J. W. DICKSON

J. W. DICKSON is an Illinois businessman in his early forties for whom writing has been a persistent hobby. Now he has turned seriously to the short story form. The following sketch is based on a true anecdote.

THERE was a clack, and then a pause; a clack, a clack, a pause, a clack, a pause — pause — pause. Those were the sounds and silences Retired Seaman H. Pickett made as he sat on the edge of his hospital bed typing out in stilted sentences the time-tarnished highlights of his long, long life. Each clack was bold, almost violent, each pause tense and insistent, for there was much to be said, many memories to be dredged from the murky recesses of his mind, wiped clean of their oblivionating mire, held up to the light for inspection, and then stretched out to dry on the clean white typewriter paper. Each pause was a torture, for there was so little time; and sitting in that cramped position on the edge of the bed was a torture, a diabolical, self-imposed torture that sent jolts of pain charging through the old bones of his legs and back and arms and fingers. He had always held a great contempt for pain, so he just kept on typing, clack, pause, clack, clack, pause, clack.

"Hey, for the Lord's sake, Pickett," yelled a salty voice from three beds down the line. "Haven't ye had enough of it for one day, man,

sittin' there pounding away and blinkin' like a crusty old rooster? If ye had any sort of rhythm to yer noisemakin' it would be another thing, but the way you're goin' at it it's worse than the old Chinese water torture."

"Ah, to hell with you, Scott," said Mr. Pickett, and he went on with his typing. "The mouth to Manila Bay was a wide strait called Boca Grande, and we entered under heavy fire from both sides. Having passed this obstacle safely, we came upon the Spanish fleet lined up just waiting for our guns like so many ducks."

After that, there was a pause that lasted a long time. How to tell of the wonder of it all, there on the other side of the world, how the commander told the captain to fire when he was ready, and how they went up and down the line five times shelling the Spanish fleet, and then, after a short rest, returned to destroy it completely.

From outside his hospital window now came the roar of three silver jets as they streaked across the base, over the mess hall, the chapel, the hospital grounds, the endless rows of barracks, and off

Drawing by Muirhead Bone. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

toward the ocean. And then there was the scuffling of a platoon of recruits, wearing their uniforms for the first time as they left the supply depot and drifted down K Street. They carried their civilian clothes under their arms, and their newly issued rifles rested awkwardly on their shoulders.

"Nurse!" yelled Mr. Pickett. "Nurse! Bring me some more paper, hear me? Call them sailors? I'll tell you what sailors used to be like. Where's that paper, you damn chippy?"

"Oh, that Pickett!" said the nurse. "Any hour of the day or night. 'Nurse! Nurse!' You'd think he was the only one in the ward. You'd think when a man gets to be ninety-two he'd slow down a little bit. How much longer do I have to put up with him, anyway?"

"Well, you know what I told you," said the ensign. "Old Pickett's got a leather heart and rubber veins. Indestructible. The only chart in the bunch that goes straight sideways."

AT NIGHT he would sleep with his mouth open, they told him, and sometimes he would snore so loudly that some desperate convalescent would hobble through the dark and prod him until the snoring stopped. Once someone stuffed a sock in his mouth and he almost died.

Invariably he would dream, and invariably his dreaming would be of words he would put into his book. Sometimes he would dream of the time he was a boy, or of the later years of endless sky and water. And there was the dream of a hot night in Vera Cruz when he was just a young bucko full of tequila and the devil. The sky was still blue and full of bloody-red clouds while he and Georgie went weaving down the streets arm in arm, singing *Old Angie* at the top of their voices, but the clouds had turned black in the still blue sky when they met Carmella and her friend. Black as the ashes of gay bunting, the clouds had been then. He knew when he caught sight of Carmella that everything had suddenly grown serious, and he could see that she knew it, too. They spent the night in a place where the neighbors were noisy and loud. Mexican voices laughed or fought or cursed. The wistful, almost drowned-out notes of a guitar mingled strangely with the other sounds. But all this confusion was only food for the memories of their time together, and they were content with it, for theirs was a relationship that transcended annoyances, fusing them with a contentment that lent magic to the commonplace. Later, it was all quiet except for the sound of distant waves, and the stars seemed so bright and large that it was almost like being

halfway out in the universe somewhere. Carmella had brown skin and black hair and dark, smoldering eyes, and a sort of gracefulness of face and body that made his heart melt many a time afterward just from remembering. In the morning she cried when he had to leave and said in a pleading tone of voice, "You come back, Hugh," and he said, "I will, Carmella. Don't cry." And he had come back, each time he laid over in Vera Cruz, and they relived that night each time, and each time the memories he took with him were more tender and heart-rending than the ones before.

This was his dream as he lay on his back sleeping, open-mouthed and loudly snoring. The moonlight through the window shone on his white hair and dark, leathery face. He looked terribly old, and from time to time his body would twitch with pain without interrupting his sleep. Surely the very convolutions of his brain must have been as tough and gnarled as the rest of his body, but, still, it was there that those tender dreams of Carmella were stored.

In the morning, when he resumed work on his book, he wrote: "In such ports as Vera Cruz, where the climate was hot and sultry, some of the men sought diversion in the waterfront saloons or in visiting some of their civilian acquaintances."

"Mr. Pickett, it's time for your shot," said the neatly starched nurse.

"Ah, to hell with you and your shot. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I've got some mail for you, Mr. Pickett."

"Well, give it to me, then."

"Not until you take your shot. It's orders."

"Ah, you little bitch! Here," and he rolled up his sleeve.

"Now, you see," she said, withdrawing the needle from the flabby fold of his thin arm, "that wasn't so bad now, was it? Aren't you going to open your mail?"

"No. I know what it is. Put it in the box under the bed and be doing some good for a change."

He lay back on the pillow, made weary by the shot and the rejection by that magazine of his Chapter Nine. Ah, to hell with it. How could they tell from one chapter, anyway? When they saw the whole book it would be something else. They would be screaming for it then. He looked at Garcia on the bed next to him, practicing card tricks. All he did from morning until night was practice card tricks. And in the next bed was Castrovinci with his damn leatherwork, and then there was Scott, who just lived in his crusty old way, cursing and berating. Beyond Scott were beds of nondescript patients who joked all day or walked back and forth in their dark-blue bathrobes. They spent most of their time on the out-

side porch talking or playing cards. Now and then, one of them died.

"Why are ye so harsh with the young nursy, Pickett?" asked Scott. "Be nice to the ladies, man, an' they'll be nice to you."

"Ha! You old coot," said Pickett. "You and your women! At your age it's like whipping a dead horse."

He turned his back on the old invalid and went on with his work. Clack, clack, pause, clack, pause, clack; putting down ever so slowly and precisely the full account of the time he received that gash in his leg, when he and some others posed as insurgents and, making their way through the green Philippine jungle, finally came upon Aguinardo's mountain retreat and captured him alive. That act alone just about wound up the whole campaign. He recalled the remark Georgie once made. "Pickett," he said, "the man who lives the longest will be the greatest hero, for there'll be no one left to dispute him."

He was aware of a white linen sleeve moving near his head.

"Well, what in the saint's name do you want of me now?" he rasped.

"Time for temperatures, Mr. Pickett," said the nurse as she slipped a little glass thermometer into his mouth.

Mr. Pickett snatched it out and dashed it to the floor.

"Temperature be damned, girl. Are you so rude that you stick things in a man's mouth while he's talking? Now get on with you and don't come back."

"I don't know what to do with him, sir," said the nurse to the lieutenant, who had walked casually down the aisle to investigate the rumpus. "He won't let me take his temperature or his pulse any more. Won't even take his pills half the time, and never has his back rubbed like the others. What do you do with a man like that?"

"Just do what you can," said the lieutenant, "and let nature take its course. These old ones are tough customers."

Mr. Pickett spent the days and weeks on the edge of his bed typing laboriously. The names of a score of ships and a hundred places and a thousand people were roaring about in his dried-up old head. He seemed to be always on board ship, walking the tilted deck, clinging to hempen ropes, and looking out at the spray-capped waves that stretched to the horizon where the sky began, and his nostrils could clearly detect the scent of oakum and tar and fresh sea air and gas and oil and overcooked food. And, always, he was on a ship that was making its way on an uncharted course, through fair weather when the sea was green and the sky deep blue and large white

clouds banked on either side, or through lashing gales when men were whipped overboard by the furious wind and the ship was tossed about like a chip of wood. But, on all the long voyage, there was never a port.

ONE night the nurse returned to her office after making the rounds and picked up the phone on her desk. Later two men came and lifted Mr. Pickett onto a stretcher and carried him out of the room. One of the patients, from his bed in the dark, strained to see who it was, but a sheet had been pulled up over Mr. Pickett's face. In the morning everyone mentioned that he had died, but the subject was dropped long before lunchtime and they never brought it up again.

"You mean there is no next of kin to be notified?" asked the lieutenant.

"None," said the nurse.

"And his belongings?"

"All here in this box."

"What do they amount to?"

"Pages and pages of writing — his book, he called it — a few campaign ribbons, and a last will and testament."

"Well," said the lieutenant, "you can burn it all except the will. What does it say?"

"He requests to be buried at sea, sir."

"Buried at sea? Incredible. No one is buried at sea. Are you sure it says *buried at sea*?"

"Yes, sir. Buried at sea."

"My God!" said the lieutenant. "Give me that," and he arose to leave.

"Lieutenant?"

"Yes, nurse."

"Would it be all right if I kept Mr. Pickett's book?"

"Oh, I don't care. Suit yourself. Imagine, buried at sea."

At headquarters, the lieutenant commander was nonplused. "Buried at sea?" he cracked. "No one is buried at sea."

"Very true, sir," said the legal officer, "but this will is valid paper and may not be transcended. In fact, we are bound to carry it out to the letter."

"But the fleet is in the Mediterranean. I won't have a ship available for two months, and that will be in the middle of January."

"Then January it will have to be, sir."

"And what do we do with this Pickett in the meantime? Keep him on ice?"

"If no other facilities are available, sir. Yes, I might suggest keeping him on ice."

No one went in the basement of the administration building very often. The old X-ray file was kept there, large bottles of alcohol and paregoric

and the more common medicines were kept there, unused wheel chairs, cots, and mattresses were kept there, some odd-sized artificial limbs and crutches were kept there, and Mr. H. Pickett was kept there, in an old deep-freeze unit the lieutenant had borrowed from the mess hall. From time to time one of the nurses would come back up the stairs from there and say, "It's bad enough having to go down in that dirty place without having that old dead body there besides. Oogh!"

But that is where the remains of Mr. Pickett lay, throughout the months of October, November, and December. As still as a stone he lay, waiting for a ship. As still as the crutches and artificial limbs. A wisp of moisture had frozen into a little cloud of frost and hung over his lip like a spider web. Nothing moved and there was no life, but it was obvious that here was a ship that had sailed a long, long way and could go no farther, that here was a man who could not forsake his ship, for it had too great a hold on him.

It was not until the latter part of January that accommodations were finally available for the burial at sea of Mr. H. Pickett. His body, wrapped and bound in sailcloth and properly weighted, was laid on a stretcher, draped with a flag, and carried off by two ward boys for transportation to the battleship. The lieutenant, the ensign, and the nurses were greatly relieved to be able to scratch him off their inventory sheet and see him leave at last, but no one really relaxed until it could be seen from the office window that the battleship had shoved off and was heading toward the mouth of the bay.

The air was bitter cold, some thirty miles out, there in the North Atlantic. All hands had been called out on deck and were standing at rigid attention. To a man, their teeth were chattering and their hands and feet were numb with cold. Spray from windward had begun to settle on their clothing in an icy glaze. The captain was red-faced and puffing great clouds of breath from his

nose and mouth. Seaman H. Pickett lay quietly beneath the flag.

"All the world is nothing if the soul must be given for it," read the chaplain. "Preserve, therefore, my soul, O Lord, because it belongs to Thee. Thou alone didst steer my boat through all its voyage, but hast a more especial care of it when it comes to a narrow current or to a dangerous fall of waters."

The captain, his irritation thinly veiled, stepped to one side and whispered hoarsely to the chaplain, "For God's sake, cut it short, sir. My men are damn near frozen stiff."

The services ended shortly thereafter.

Two sailors stepped up to tilt the stretcher over the rail and the canvas-wrapped body of Seaman H. Pickett slipped out from under the flag. The cold Atlantic was so rough and wavy that one of the sailors, looking down at the water, could not tell which splash Mr. Pickett had made. The men returned to their quarters, the battleship steamed back to port, and that was the end of Mr. Pickett.

Or almost the end. That night, the young nurse took a large sheaf of paper out of an old box and resumed her reading:

"On March 16 of that same year (1889) we were lined up in the harbor of Apia with the decks cleared for action, but before a shot could be fired by either side, one of the worst typhoons in the history of Samoa struck with such terrific force that all the ships of both navies were either capsized or dashed on the beach and the coral reefs. Thus it happened that, instead of fighting the Germans, we were busy saving them from the turbulent water, and they us, and by nightfall men of either side shared the same campfires, and since their navies were destroyed, the political dispute had to be resolved at the conference table."

The nurse lay the manuscript aside and gazed out the window at the night and the vast, dark ocean.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For fourteen years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prize winners for 1959:

First prize of \$750 awarded to

JESSE HILL FORD

**for "The Surest Thing in Show Business"
in the April issue**

Second prize of \$250 awarded to

MICHAEL FISHER

**for "The Hot Rain"
in the August issue**

THE TEA DRINKERS

BY LEON ROSENBLOOM

My grandmother, ninety plus
but still in good health, thank God,
drinks wine-dark Sweetouchnee
from a tall thin glass with a cube of sugar
clamped firmly between her false teeth.
If she has a cold, or even feels one coming on,
she cuts a little wedge of lemon and squeezes
the curative citric acid into the dark-red tea
which steams and froths as the avenging Red Sea
closing in on Pharaoh's armored hordes
in pursuit of the shepherd Moses and his chosen wards.

When I come to visit (which isn't often enough,
I'm ashamed to say)
and she's done with taking inventory of the
health and fortunes of the entire family,
comes the inevitable: "A cup of tea, maybe?"
You see, she thinks it beneath the dignity
of a professional man born on this side
to drink tea from a glass just like a greenhorn.
So she pours from an old earthenware pot
into a fine bone-china cup decorated
with dainty flowers in old dusty rose
bought seventy-five years ago on the lower East Side
three days after she had stood under the marriage canopy
a bride, beside my grandfather Leibel Chaim,
a mighty drinker of tea in his time —
I was named after him, may he rest in peace.

My baba beams on her youngest grandson, her favorite,
I'm not ashamed to say, and we commune:
she infusing the tea somewhat noisily;
I, more reserved, as befits a professional man.
It's mutual, this silent pleasure
extracted from a little tin red-and-gold-striped trunk
shaped like a sea chest for storing lost treasure
and my children's (just as I before them) precious junk.

And as she gets up to prepare a small treat for her
unexpected guest, I ponder with a start, a jolt to the heart —
what I've recently learned from some glossy learned journal
of the radioactive dross infiltrating the world's tea:
(a stupid mistake for that idiot leaf to make,
perversely choosing to flourish in loam nourished
by sea wind and rain blowing in from tainted zones).

What sense does it make to babble of desecration
to an old baba patiently waiting to be bedded down
between husband and son in consecrated family burial ground —
that the essence in her chipped heirloom pot
holds a distillation of slow bone-raddling rot!
how they've been poisoning the tea, the chai, the tay,
all the way from Malay Straits to East Broadway!

Shall I beat my breast, rend my clothes, sprinkle ash,
and sit lamenting the living and the innocent unborn?
Or stagger under dour Jeremiah's bleak vocation,
shouting for justice and judgment to the yawning nations?

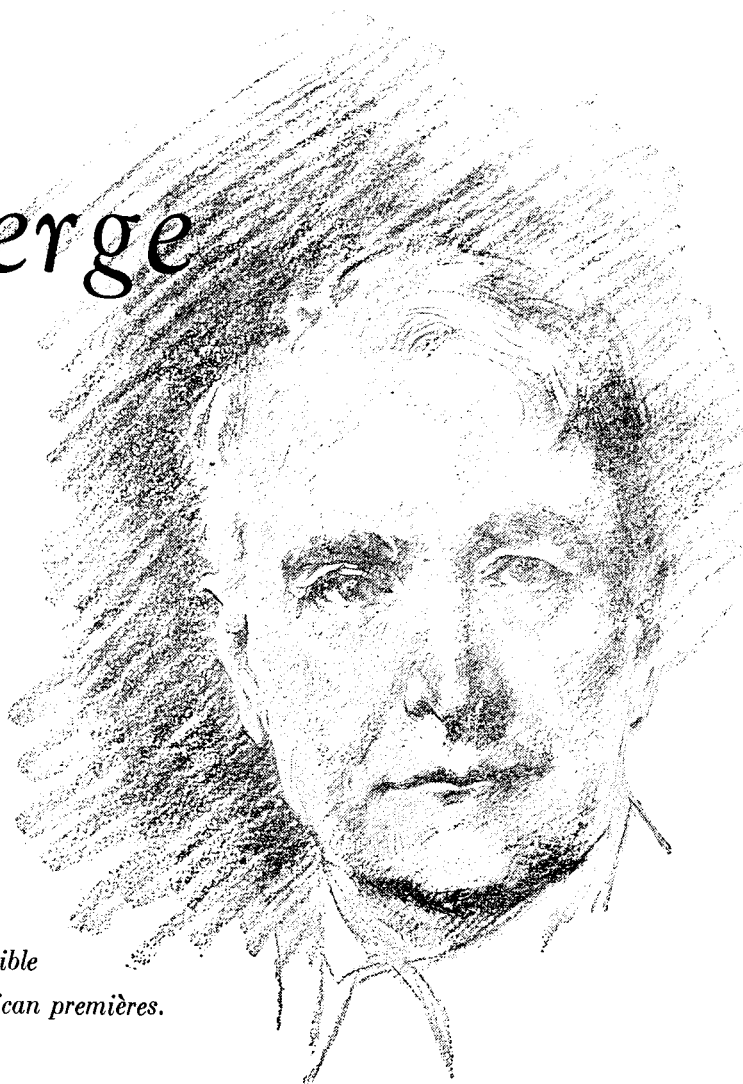
And as we sit and drink tea, chatting affectionately
about the world through the dissonant sounds orchestrated
on East Broadway, I marvel and mourn that all over
this forlorn sphere people everywhere, and now,
are drinking tea: if not Sweetouchnee, then amber Oolong
or smoky Lapsang, or why not a dark mountainslope Darjeeling?
And an old grandmother, like mine, perhaps with grandsons
nomad Lapps herding reindeer; or rice farmers pausing
in the planting in fields near old Kyoto; or a blind Hindu
tea-drinking in that city of Benares where they cremate
the dead on sandalwood; or might her grandson be a Formosa
soldier boy homesick on a disputed island; a longshoreman
reposing in his slum in Liverpool; a bearded Amish farmer
soberly stacking hay in Ohio; or a displaced Bantu
diamond miner shivering at night in shantytown set like
a shattered stone in the golden blight of tropical Johannesburg.

Sitting in chair, squatting on haunch, standing in fertile meadow,
and sparring with the bedrock sea: all of us, the defiled
and the deluded lean looped together by our mute drinking
of the sacrament of the tea — whether from glass, cup,
mug or jug or antique china bowl.

Uncle Serge

Pianist, conductor, and writer, BORIS GOLDOVSKY was born in Moscow in 1908, studied extensively in Europe, and came to this country in 1930 following his graduation from the Franz Liszt Academy of Music in Budapest. At Tanglewood he worked in close association with Dr.

Serge Koussevitzky; there, for nearly a decade, Mr. Goldovsky served as head of the opera department and was responsible for a number of notable American premières.



by Boris Goldovsky

FOR many years, I knew Dr. Serge Koussevitzky only as a public figure. I heard him conduct the incomparable Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, Philadelphia, and Cleveland. I knew him as the creator of the Koussevitzky publishing house and as the indefatigable champion of young composers, both European and American. But, strangely enough, during the first ten years of my residence in the United States, I had not met him personally. I say "strangely" because my mother, the violinist Lea Luboshutz, was a good friend of his, while my uncle, Pierre Luboshutz, used to be his accompanist in the days when Koussevitzky was a concertizing double-bass virtuoso. I had no reason to suspect that he was aware of my existence, and so I was understandably flattered when, in the spring of 1940, I received a letter from Koussevitzky with an invitation to direct the musical side of the opera department in his ex-

traordinary summer school in Lenox, Massachusetts, on the Tanglewood estate.

A few days after the school opened, I was invited for tea, and when the opportunity presented itself, I asked what prompted him to entrust me with such a responsible task, since I imagined that he knew next to nothing about me and my musical abilities. "You are mistaken," he told me. "I know a great deal about you, but even if I knew less, I would still give you a chance to work in my new school, for, being the son of your father, you will most likely do a good job." My father had died some nineteen years earlier in Russia, when I was a boy of thirteen, and so Koussevitzky's mentioning him surprised me. "I knew your father very well," Koussevitzky continued, "and, as a matter of fact, I am deeply obligated to him."

It seems that, when Koussevitzky was still a very young man and the leading double-bass

Drawing by Arthur W. Heintzelman, Keeper of Prints, Boston Public Library.

player in the Moscow Bolshoi Opera House, he married a ballet dancer of the organization. The marriage did not work out, and soon the couple separated. When, several years later, Koussevitzky met and fell in love with Natalie Ushkova, he asked his wife to consent to a divorce. This the young lady flatly refused to do, and when Koussevitzky sent a lawyer to ask if a settlement could be negotiated, "she horsewhipped that fellow all the way down the steps of her apartment house!" It was at this point that Koussevitzky turned to my father, who was a well-known member of the Moscow Bar Association and, in Koussevitzky's words, "famous for his gentle powers of persuasion." My father not only avoided being horsewhipped, but he eventually managed to make the ballerina see the light of reason, so that in due time Serge and Natalie were married. And this is how I was invited to Tanglewood — largely on my father's credit, which, incidentally, did not make it any easier to keep the position, for Koussevitzky was devoid of sentiment when it came to anything that involved music, and especially the school at Tanglewood.

I remember vividly the conversation we had some years later, when I tried to defend a member of the faculty who had incurred Koussevitzky's wrath. "Please, give him another chance," I begged. "No," said Koussevitzky, "out he goes. Only those who deliver two hundred per cent can work here." He looked at me sternly. "And that goes for you, too," he added, and I knew that he meant it. But although he occasionally had to "spank" me, as he called it, when I went ahead with plans for the opera department without consulting him, he was invariably kind and helpful, and my opportunities to see him in the bosom of the family became even more frequent after we bought our Brookline house, which was located only two blocks from Koussevitzky's home. Very soon, I was granted the privilege of addressing him as "Dyadya Seryozha" in Russian, or by its French equivalent of "Uncle Serge."

IT is by no means easy to convey the exact combination of emotions that one felt in regard to Uncle Serge. Unlike anyone else I have ever encountered, he was both an object of admiration and a source of puzzled wonder.

As I look back on the many years of being a close acolyte of Koussevitzky, it becomes increasingly clear that many of the eccentricities of his behavior were the result of a great need for constant reassurance, affection, and admiration. A nonperforming member of the music-loving audience might find it difficult to believe that a world-

famous conductor who could look back upon hundreds — nay, thousands — of ovations and public eulogies would still be in need of constant adulation. The insiders, I am sure, would be less surprised. For, in order to be convincing interpreters, the artists must have an enormous conviction of the rightness of their interpretations. At the same time, every musician is aware of his own strong and weak points, and he is never quite certain whether his strengths do, in fact, compensate for his less exalted qualities. In retrospect, the recognition that Koussevitzky's need for reassurance was based on strong doubts regarding the extent of his talent makes Uncle Serge's personality all the more lovable. But, at the zenith of his career, it was rather trying to have to participate in the regular pilgrimages to the Green Room with ceremonial Russian kisses on both cheeks and the inevitable reiteration that the concert had indeed been a glorious occasion. Nor were these ceremonial visits taken lightly. Uncle Serge would always notice quite carefully just who was present, and he listened with an attentive ear to one's rapturous remarks. And one had to be sure to say the right thing, for he was undoubtedly the most sensitive of humans. My sister, Irene, attended a weekend series of Tanglewood concerts one summer and made the usual visit to the Green Room on Thursday night. The following Saturday, as the concert seemed to have been a particularly moving one, she assured the conductor that it had been "the most beautiful concert I ever had the privilege of attending." To which Uncle Serge replied in all seriousness, "And what was wrong with last Thursday's concert?"

Uncle Serge's need for affection took another, and somewhat unusual, form in his dealings with other artists. It was Uncle Serge's habit, when attending a gathering of musicians, to mention quite casually to one of the celebrities present that the latter would appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony in the near future. Obviously only a fraction of these informal commitments could be fulfilled, and many a pianist or violinist, after having told his manager and all his friends that Koussevitzky had engaged him, would be understandably peeved upon discovering that the engagement did not materialize.

"Can you imagine," Uncle Serge said to me one day as we were drinking tea, "the violinist N. wrote a letter to the manager of the Boston Symphony telling him that I had engaged him for the coming season and asking him to set the date. I think he has his nerve!"

"You know, Uncle Serge," I replied, taking my courage into my hands, "I was present a few weeks ago when you did tell N. that he would play with you very soon."

Koussevitzky gave me a quick look and then remained thoughtful for a while. "I know," he finally said, "I have a great weakness — I make promises much too easily." Then he got up and, looking very pleased with himself, he tapped me on the shoulder as he added, "But I have the great strength not to keep my promises!"

This was one of the very few occasions when I heard Uncle Serge admit that he had weaknesses. I think he felt that he owed it to his art to maintain and cultivate the public image of the eminent *chef d'orchestre*, even in his home. And he had very strong convictions regarding just what this public image should be.

As soon as one saw him on stage, one became aware that a ritual was taking place. He was not a mere musician like the rest of us; he was a high priest, and the concert hall was his cathedral. And who will ever forget his entrance? No, "entrance" is too prosaic a word; it was an introit, a revelation of a great personality. But when he made music, the pose disappeared and the greatness triumphed, for he felt that the music was sacred. Not only the performances but every rehearsal was a matter of cosmic importance, and he convinced each participant that this particular bit of music making, no matter how ordinary and casual it might appear, was far and away the most momentous event taking place at that time in the entire universe. This is what made working for him and with him such a privilege. He drew you into his circle of high priests.

THE baffling side of Koussevitzky's personality was particularly apparent to the non-Russian group of orchestra men, collaborators, and students who, during the last thirty years of his life, were exposed to his eloquence — the gigantic onslaught of words which to most of them, alas, were barely comprehensible. For it was part of his personality that he dearly loved to "*pronounce* a speech," as he called it. Every summer, at the opening exercises of the Music Center at Tanglewood, he *pronounced* the "commencement" speech, for to him this was always the commencement of the school session. Many generations of Tanglewood students sat through these speeches, which were fraught with references to the music for the *maces* (masses) or the lack of enthusiasm for Koussevitzky's ideas on the part of some Symphony *trusty*; for, to Uncle Serge, his twenty-five years in Boston seemed to consist of one long and determined crusade against these hapless trustees, who, Lord knows, tried to give him everything he ever asked for.

To those who could and did communicate with

him in Russian, he was truly eloquent, for his Russian was magnificent in its clarity, purity, and precision. The non-Russian contingent, however, was out of luck, for Sergei Alexandrovitch did not have a trace of that gift for languages which is supposedly typical of his compatriots. He unconsciously mixed German, French, and English with the most delicious effects.

One of his standard heteroglot expressions, always addressed to the violin section of the student orchestra, was, "*Kinder*, you must change the bow so *personne* knows!" And since this was always accompanied by a most eloquent movement of the right arm, the string players could not help but eventually produce that velvety and noiseless change of bow which was Koussevitzky's specialty, an effect he could duplicate with any orchestra, student or professional, after just a few rehearsals. I first heard this "*personne* knows" phrase in Tanglewood, and was particularly delighted with it because it reminded me of another classic violin-playing expression which I had heard years earlier, at the Curtis Institute of Music, from the eminent violin teacher Karl Flesch; namely, "the nearer the bridge the bow you play, the more she jumps by herself."

Every once in a while, Uncle Serge would become aware that the players had difficulty in understanding him. I remember one time when he was conducting the student group in Tanglewood and wanted the cellos to produce a very soft, yet intensely singing tone. "*Weicher, weicher, Kinder*," he implored, "but without losing *substahnce*." The students tried various phrasing possibilities in an earnest, although fruitless search for what their leader had in mind. Finally, after some ten minutes of frustration, Koussie (as almost everybody called him behind his back) stopped, fixed the first stand players with an intense gaze, and very slowly and emphatically pronounced, "More . . . less." That did it!

It was bad enough that people could not understand him, but it was even worse when something complicated was reported to Koussevitzky in English. For he would listen to the report silently and then dismiss the man, who would leave without being aware that Uncle Serge had completely misunderstood him. The full danger of this trap dawned upon me quite early in my relations with Koussevitzky, at the opening of the new Theater Concert Hall in Tanglewood in the summer of 1941. When, as usual, the Berkshire Music Center began its teaching activities on a Monday, I was informed that on the following Thursday the opera department was expected to produce a few short scenes from Mozart's operas for the solemn inauguration of the new building. Besides the musical offering there were also speeches, and Dr.

Herbert Graf, who was at the time the head of the opera department, made a number of short and very apropos remarks to the effect that this noble building was a symbol of the dawning of the new era when, instead of importing our traditions from Europe, we would begin to build and cultivate our own, specifically American traditions. At the end of the program, I made my way to Uncle Serge to find out whether he was pleased with the operatic scenes which had been put together so very hastily.

"The scenes were all right," I was told, in Russian, "but I will never forgive Dr. Graf for that speech."

"But, why, Uncle Serge, what do you mean?"

"How dare he *pronounce* a speech in my new *teatr* and say that we must import our traditions from Europe?"

"But, Uncle Serge," I protested, "he did not say that at all." I assured him that Dr. Graf had said just the opposite.

"Are you sure?" asked Uncle Serge.

"Absolutely positive."

"Well, that's different," he said. And so he forgave Dr. Graf on that occasion, but I wondered about the countless occasions when there was no one around to rectify the wrong impression. A man could fall out of favor with Uncle Serge and never know the reason why.

Because of my ability to communicate with Sergei Alexandrovitch in Russian, and also because I was usually able to translate his multilingual pronouncements, I could often serve as a catalyst between the conductor and his many adjutants. But there were times when I also was completely baffled. There was one memorable faculty meeting in New York to which all the heads of departments were summoned and at which Uncle Serge imparted to us his new and grandiose plans concerning an annual Greek *puhgahn*, to be held in Tanglewood. He was going to build an *amphiteatr* on the hill facing the lake, and there the *puhgahn* would take place with specially composed music and hundreds of participants, not to mention the tens of thousands of spectators. This went on for quite a while, and then Uncle Serge was called away for an important long-distance phone call. All eyes turned to me in search of an explanation, for seemingly I had followed the speaker's words with encouraging nods and understanding glances. To my embarrassment, I had to confess that *puhgahn* was not a Russian word and that I was just as much in the dark as the others. It was only much later that I realized he had been discussing a pageant.

For some reason this *puhgahn* idea was supplanted by another, less outlandish operatic plan. For a long time Koussevitzky had been dreaming

of personally leading a performance of Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, and finally, in the summer of 1951, this plan was to be realized. The opera department of the Berkshire Music Center had proved its ability to cope with major works by such memorable productions as those of Mozart's *Idomeneo* and of Britten's *Peter Grimes* and *Albert Herring*, and so Uncle Serge decided to conduct *Pikovaya Dama* at Tanglewood. At his request, I began to work on a suitable English version and to organize the details of the production. Being now fully aware of his linguistic limitations, I advised the other members of the production team not to communicate with the conductor unless I was present and thus able to prevent all misunderstandings.

The wisdom of this decision became apparent during a session with the costume designer, Leo Van Witsen. I had by this time worked out a system of verbal communications which, in spite of its complication, seemed to function quite efficiently. There we were, sitting in Koussevitzky's Brookline home, and whatever he said in English, I repeated in English and also in Russian; whatever the designer said in English, I translated into Russian; and whatever Uncle Serge said in Russian, I naturally repeated in English. I did all this in *sotto voce* asides, and when Koussevitzky asked me why I kept repeating everything, I assured him that in this fashion the problems were clarified for me and that I also made my own notations for future reference, both in English and in Russian. The idea that both Van Witsen and I were taking notes seemed to please Uncle Serge.

Working with him on costumes, by the way, was always a very fascinating experience. He was enormously clothes-conscious in his personal life and was equally keenly aware of all details of theatrical apparel. His ideas regarding the style, cut, and color of every article of clothing in the opera were precise and very much to the point. We discussed in detail the dresses of Lisa and the old countess, and I was faithfully repeating every word spoken by the conductor and by Van Witsen. Finally we reached the question of Herman's costume. Naturally, Herman would need a cape for the outdoor scenes. "What color would you like the cape to be?" asked Van Witsen, while I was simultaneously translating Russian and writing things down. "The cape should be dark green," said Koussevitzky, and I repeated in Russian "dark-green cape." Upon hearing this, Uncle Serge turned to me with flashing eyes. "Why are you writing down 'dark green'?" he stormed in Russian. "You heard me say 'dark gray' quite clearly!" He was thinking half in English, half in French, and said "dark *gris*,"

which had sounded like “dark green.” I have often thought of the hundreds of “dark-green” misunderstandings which must have made Koussevitzky’s life miserable, not to mention the lives of the members of the administration and the long-suffering “trusties” of the orchestra.

WHAT I loved more than anything else was to watch Uncle Serge conduct orchestral rehearsals. And I was lucky to be one of the few who were granted this privilege. After I moved to Boston in 1942, for three or four seasons I gave weekly talks on the orchestral programs at the so-called symphony luncheons held in the Oval Room of the Copley Plaza. Since I obviously could not prepare talks on new, modern works unless I had the opportunity to hear them in rehearsals, the orchestra committee made an exception for me. Koussevitzky’s zeal and his striving for the special results he wanted to obtain are well known. I was particularly impressed with his diligence in preparing and studying new compositions and his inspiring enthusiasm for them, which thus gave the young composers a chance to hear their works under exceptionally favorable conditions. Most of the new composers would participate in my symphony talks, in which I would interview them in front of the audience. It was an exciting era in my life and one replete with amusing incidents.

One of the most unusual of these occurred in connection with Samuel Barber’s so-called *Air Force* Symphony. Sam Barber, whom I knew well, since we had been students together at the Curtis Institute of Music, was drafted during the war, became a corporal, and was assigned to the exciting task of collating the pages of the Army’s song books and band parts. This was just about the time when Shostakovich was reaping a harvest of publicity for his symphony dedicated to the defense of Leningrad, and some bright spirit among the Air Force colonels decided that what the Russians could do we could do. The choice fell upon Sam Barber, who was immediately taken away from his collating activities and told to compose a symphony depicting the glories and accomplishments of the U. S. Air Force.

The colonel in charge of the project was a musical amateur and wanted some programmatic touches in the symphony. As a result, Barber was given a full taste of all possible aeronautic flying sensations on the most advanced aircraft, as well as detailed surveys of the machinery and communication systems of various types of planes, all this in the hope that he would discover musical connotations useful for symphonic treatment. As bad luck would have it, Barber’s style of composi-

tion is not of the programmatic sort, but this was not to be mentioned — he had been promoted to a sergeant, and there was no joking with the military during the war.

Sam tried to sell the commanding officer the idea that the opening theme of the symphony was inspired by the sweep of the airplane’s wings, but the man was not to be put off with anything as feeble as that. To save the situation and to introduce an authentic touch of the Air Force, Barber finally decided to use the rhythm of the plane’s radio signal as an important musical ingredient of the slow movement of the symphony. The colonel was charmed with the notion and, since there was no sense doing a thing halfway, ordered the Bell Telephone Laboratories to build a special instrument which would give the signal full musical possibilities by permitting the tone to be changed in pitch and intensity.

Sam told me all this as we were sitting in the balcony of Symphony Hall listening to Uncle Serge rehearse the first movement of the piece. “But I am deathly afraid,” Sam added, “that Koussevitzky will refuse to use the new instrument, and if he throws it out, it will be no joking matter for me. Unless that signal plays on that gadget, my military career is going to take a very sinister turn!”

“But what makes you think,” I asked, “that Uncle Serge is going to dislike the machine?”

“Well, you know how it is,” said Sam, “Stokowski is crazy about these new gadgets, and since one conductor’s electronics are another conductor’s poison, I am fearing the worst!”

Uncle Serge, in the meantime, had finished rehearsing the first movement and was embarking on the second. After a few introductory measures, we heard the *peep-pe-pe-peep* of the radio signal. Koussevitzky stopped, frowned, started to say something, but then glanced at the clock and announced that it was time for the intermission.

We went to the Green Room, where Uncle Serge was putting on a dry shirt, assisted by his faithful valet, Victor. “You know,” I said, trying to introduce the subject gently and unobtrusively, “this new instrument has a very interesting sound. It is sort of . . . inhuman. No, that is not the right word for it. Maybe — fleshless.”

“No, no, not ‘inhuman,’ not ‘fleshless.’ I know what you mean,” said Uncle Serge. He was inordinately fond of words, and one could usually quicken his interest by asking for the *mot juste*. “Not ‘inhuman’ — no, no, you mean . . . *abstrahct*? That is it, *abstrahct*. Of course, that’s what’s wrong with it; the sound should be much more *abstrahct*!” Uncle Serge was excited by now. “Listen, Barber. We must make it much more *abstrahct*!”

Sam was delighted. He did not care how abstract the gadget was made to sound as long as it remained in the orchestra in the full solidity of its Bell Telephone metal box.

"Barber, why did you mark it *mezzo forte*?" asked Uncle Serge. "Go downstairs quickly and tell the man to play it *pianissimo*. Find out how to adjust it to *pianissimo*. . . . You marked it wrong. . . . Make it *abstrahet*, for heaven's sake!" Koussevitzky loved nothing better than to tell young composers how to mark their music. We rushed to the stage to examine the abstract possibilities of the signal machine. It was calibrated from zero to one hundred, and was quite loud at eighty and barely audible at twenty-five or thirty. Finally Barber decided to set it at forty, since, if it were played softer than that, the Air Force colonel who was coming to the performance might have difficulty in hearing it clearly. The rehearsal resumed. Uncle Serge began the second movement from the beginning, listened to the signal motive, and then stopped the orchestra to ask the percussion player, "You have marked it *pianissimo*, yes?"

"Yes, sir," said the man. "It is right on forty."

"Not *forte*," said Koussevitzky patiently. "It was *forte* before, but now I want it *pianissimo*."

"Yes, sir," repeated the signal player. "Mr. Barber has changed it to forty, just as you asked."

"But, don't you understand," said Uncle Serge, beginning to lose his patience, "I don't want it played *forte*!"

"But Mr. Barber came down during the intermission and said you wanted to set it at forty."

"Who is conducting this orchestra?" asked Uncle Serge, his face getting redder by the minute. "Mr. Barber or I? And I am telling you that I don't want it played *forte*!"

By this time I was running down the steps to the stage and managed to arrive there in time to whisper furiously to the percussion man, "Set it at thirty-five and keep still, for heaven's sake!" We almost lost a member of the Boston Symphony on that occasion, but we certainly saved the machine and Barber's Army career.

NO MATTER how long or how well I knew Uncle Serge, I could never predict just how he would react in any new situation or from what direction the next flash of lightning might strike. His attitude toward my operatic conducting provides an amusing illustration of this. From the very beginning of my work in Tanglewood, I was wondering just what would happen when Koussevitzky heard me conduct an opera. The reason why this question was delicate was that I had studied conducting not with Uncle Serge but with Fritz Reiner.

Not that Uncle Serge had any special feelings against Reiner, but I knew well that all conductors are constitutionally allergic to each other, and my being a representative of an enemy camp while conducting in Tanglewood was a situation with disturbing possibilities.

The first summer in Tanglewood things turned out rather well, in spite of the fact that what I actually became inveigled into was little short of insane. Since, in the summer of 1940, Tanglewood was still without an opera house, it was decided to produce Handel's *Acis and Galatea* out of doors in the lovely formal gardens against that truly breathtaking background of the lake and the mountains. Both the orchestra and I were placed behind the bushes, where we were completely invisible to the audience. There was no harm in this, but unfortunately the singers and I were also completely hidden from each other. This was bad enough, but the wind proved even more of a problem: if it blew in one direction, I could not hear the singers; if it blew the other way, they could not hear the orchestra. The wind also played havoc with the music on the stands, so that we had to place special assistants at each stand to hold the scores and to turn the pages. Nor was this all. The rays of the sun blinded the musicians and threatened to melt the varnish on the violins. Each player had to be provided with sunglasses and protected by a large umbrella.

It was a nightmare, but, by a miracle, on the afternoon of the show we had just the right kind of weather, and Uncle Serge was pleased and complimented me on the happy and relaxed sound of the orchestra and the smooth and easy manner in which everything seemed to have unrolled. He even suggested that we should repeat the performance the following afternoon, but I had enough sense to veto this and not to tempt Providence.

The net result of this hair-raising affair was that Uncle Serge had heard me conduct and that he had liked it. The following summer the situation was completely changed; now we had the fully equipped Theater Concert Hall, and at the end of the summer session a production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* was slated for the operatic consecration of the wonderful new building. Came the night of the dress rehearsal. Koussevitzky majestically strode down the aisle, enveloped in his famous black cape, and we were told to begin. The orchestra pit in the Theater Concert Hall is purposely constructed in such a manner that neither the conductor nor the instrumentalists can be seen by the audience, so I was not surprised when, in the middle of the overture, I saw Uncle Serge leaning over the balustrade of the pit and observing our activities with great interest. The short opening scene followed immediately after the

overture, and then, while the scenery was being changed, I jumped out of the pit and made my way to Uncle Serge, who was sitting near the center of the auditorium. It was apparent that he was greatly disturbed and upset; his countenance was clouded, and the blue vein over his left eyebrow, which we all knew only too well, was pulsating ominously.

"How was the ensemble? How was the balance?" I queried, expecting the worst.

"Both the ensemble and the balance are good," he answered in a sepulchral tone of voice.

"Please, Sergei Alexandrovitch," I begged, not daring to address him by a more familiar appellation, "tell me what is wrong! Something is obviously wrong. This is only the dress rehearsal. Maybe there is still time to rectify it."

He was silent for a long time. "Yes," he said finally, "something is wrong, something is disgracefully wrong, and it is all your fault! How can you? How could you?" I heard him saying, as if in a nightmarish dream. "That baseball bat — that telephone pole! Break it into a thousand pieces and throw it away — fling it away!"

At first I was mystified, but soon I saw it all, clear as day. My conducting stick, the baton that I learned to use in Fritz Reiner's class, that nice, harmless stick with its thin cork handle was very different from Koussevitzky's pencil-like baton, which he dangled between the middle finger and the ring finger of his right hand. Uncle Serge was hurt. His own faculty member, conducting in *his* theater, in *his* Tanglewood, having had a chance to observe *his* technique, having access to *his* type of stick, and still using a different, foreign, wrong, disgraceful utensil! Needless to say, I destroyed the offending object right then and there and have never used one since.

Uncle Serge was merciless to people who did not live up to his ideals of artistry or professional ethics, but for those whom he kept in his sphere he had a great loyalty and rightly expected a comparable loyalty from them. I think that I would have gone to the North Pole if he had decided to send me there. As a matter of fact, something of this sort almost came to pass. After resigning his post with the BSO, Uncle Serge did quite a bit of traveling, conducting orchestras in Europe and in Israel. A few days before his return from one of these tours, I received a telegram: EXPECT YOU FOR DINNER ON FRIDAY TO DISCUSS IMPORTANT PLANS. Needless to say, I was there, agog with curiosity. At dinner there was no talk about business, but afterward he asked me to sit down with him in the drawing room, where we could talk undisturbed.

"I am sending you to Israel," he said, without any preliminary exploration as to my wishes or my availability. "You will have to stay there for

a year or two, for I want you to organize all the local forces, singers and choruses in particular. They have a fine orchestra in Israel, but we will need hundreds of vocalists, oratorio singers, operatic artists, and choristers. For I am preparing an international festival. It will be the most grandiose festival ever conceived. I will have music composed especially for the occasion by many of the greatest living composers. It will be a tremendous event."

I was bewildered but impressed. "When will this actually take place?" I asked.

He seemed surprised at my question. "Why, in the fall of 1952," he said. "You know, of course, what great musical anniversary will be celebrated in 1952."

The conversation was taking place in the spring of 1950, and I had not given any particular thought to the fall of 1952, but I did not expect too much trouble in guessing what great musical anniversary would justify the kind of international festival that Uncle Serge was dreaming up. I was used to questions of this sort and had the great composers and their dates clearly catalogued in my mind. "Give me a few seconds," I said, "and I will figure out to what anniversary you are referring."

"Go ahead," he said. He lit a cigarette and sat watching me intently while I was rapidly running back in periods of fifty years to catch a great name that had been born or had died in 1902, 1852, 1802, and so on. When I reached 1402, I stopped, greatly puzzled. There was no one! For safety's sake, I went down another hundred years and then repeated the whole process. Nobody turned up. There was Muzio Clementi, who was born in 1752, and Giuseppe Sarti, who died in 1802, but it was useless to mention them in connection with a festival such as Uncle Serge had described. Finally I had to admit defeat. "I am sorry, Uncle Serge," I said. "I give up. I cannot think of anyone. My mind is not functioning well. It must be that wonderful wine which we had for dinner."

"You cannot think of anyone?" Uncle Serge said sadly, and the tears came to his eyes. He always cried when he was greatly moved. "Don't you know?" he asked, taking out his handkerchief. "Don't you know," he repeated, "that in 1952 we will be commemorating the three thousandth anniversary of the death of King David?"

It was a good thing that Uncle Serge was busy with his handkerchief and did not notice the look of startled unbelief that was written all over my face. And the astonishing thing is that, if he had not taken ill and passed away in June of 1951, there would have been a King David Festival in Israel, and do not for a moment doubt that I would have spent two years preparing it for him!

BOSS CRUMP'S TOWN

A CUB REPORTER'S FIRST CAMPAIGN

BY RALPH MCGILL

A square-cut, powerful Georgian, RALPH MCGILL has been editor of the Atlanta CONSTITUTION since 1942 and has long been respected for his courage and integrity. In the following account he tells of his initiation into politics when, as a cub reporter, he was assigned to cover an election campaign presided over by Boss Crump.

WHENEVER I hear the phrase "personal journalism," I think of Major Edward Bushrod Stahlman, and the newspaper days in Nashville, Tennessee, and of the time I was fired from my job as a cub political writer on the Nashville *Banner*.

When he died in August of 1930, Major Stahlman had been owner and publisher of the *Banner* since 1885. In all those years the paper mirrored not so much the news as it did his personality and convictions. Always on the attack, he gloated in victory and never asked quarter or whined in defeat. Politics was his passion, but he was always an independent, never affiliated with party or faction but fiercely supporting a candidate. He was ruthless and merciless in his opposition. Both affection for him and distaste of him were intense. He was picturesque in appearance, his thick, long, silver-gray hair combed gracefully and neatly back to his shoulders. He walked with a sort of rolling gait, employing an unusually heavy stick with a curved handle, because of a crippled foot suffered as a boy.

It was his custom to pick a young reporter from the staff and make a political writer of him as a backstop for the veteran who ordinarily covered the Statehouse. The managing editor, Marmaduke Beckwith Morton, informed me that I had been selected, and I went to the Major's office in the Stahlman Building, two blocks from the newspaper office, for my first instructions.

The year was 1922, and the great political feud was raging between the Major and Colonel Luke Lea, owner of the morning paper, *The Tennessean*. The Colonel housed his paper in a building formerly occupied by a gambling house known as the Southern Turf. (Nashville, in that period, was a city with gambling houses, a sprawling red-light district back of the Capitol, and a Western spirit somewhat like that of Chicago.) The dislike between Colonel Lea and Major Stahlman had been so intense when World War I began that the Colonel, recalling that his political foe had been born in Germany, attempted to have him interned as an enemy alien. It was a petty and unworthily bombastic try, employed chiefly for local headlines, but it made the feud between the two publishers a bitter one.

The *Banner* was printed in those days in a three-story structure that once had been a furniture store. The city room was on the second floor and was reached by a stairway. All but the more timorous reporters kept loaded pistols in their scarred old desks, along with a bottle of bourbon whisky. Nashville was legally dry, but there was a plentiful supply of red liquor brought in by bootleggers from neighboring Kentucky. Legend had it that one day the Leas would come surging up the stairway with revolvers drawn and the shooting would begin. All this was very thrilling to a cub reporter just out of Vanderbilt University.

In a way, I guess, we lived our own Western TV stories.

Old Man Marmaduke Morton, a tall, thin martinet, was a Kentuckian who had worked under "Marse Henry" Waterson on the *Courier-Journal*. He was rarely seen without a cane-stemmed corncob pipe in his mouth. The three drawers of his desk contained loose, dark-leaf twist tobacco cut for his half dozen or more pipes and a pair of .32 Smith and Wesson revolvers, which he kept as secretly as possible, apparently not knowing that most of the staff was armed.

Major Stahlman spoke every election year in the city primary campaign. The meetings were held at night, and the speaker's stand was a mobile pickup truck with holders on each side for two kerosene flares. I was assigned to cover the Major. Before I left the office Old Man Morton always called me aside and handed me one of the pistols, which I stuck inside my pants at the waist so that the summer seersucker coat would button over it.

I can still smell the stink of hot kerosene. The moths and a peculiarly offensive hard-shelled beetle would circle the flames in great swarms. The red shadows would flicker on the faces of the crowd with an effect both weird and exciting. It never occurred to me, standing there making notes on a wad of copy paper, that I was both body-guard and reporter, but I guess I was. There were always police about. They knew that the reporters carried revolvers, and one of them, Sergeant Ed Wright, would walk up to me and ask, "What's that bulge there at your waist?" "An extra pencil, Sergeant," I'd reply. "Be careful and don't let it shoot you in the foot," he'd say and go away laughing loudly. At the end of the speaking, when the Major was safely gone, Ed Wright would hunt me up and say, "Get that thing back to the office." He didn't laugh then.

We reporters all loved the Major because he was such a reckless and courageous fighter. Life was on a higher, exhilarating plateau when he was carrying the fight to the opposition. He wanted to be quoted exactly with none of the brimstone omitted. If he identified an opponent as a scoundrel fitted more for a penitentiary cell than public office, he wanted it printed that way. There must have been libel laws in those days, but politicians never invoked them. There was a legend in Tennessee, coming down from Andrew Jackson's time, that a gentleman didn't sue.

AFTER a few weeks, Major Stahlman sent me on the road with a Luke-Lea-supported Memphis attorney, Gus Fitzhugh, who was contesting for the Democratic nomination to the U.S. Senate

seat held by Kenneth D. ("Kaydee") McKellar, also of Memphis. McKellar had blocked the Lea efforts to have Major Stahlman declared an enemy alien. Thus, the lines were drawn in bitterness and revenge.

Before sending me to join Fitzhugh, the Major told me to count every crowd and report its exact number. He also wanted me to note every catcall and the response to each point. In brief, I was to do a hatchet job on Mr. Fitzhugh, although the language was not then enriched with that phrase. I went at it with great enthusiasm and succeeded rather well. I recall that in Tullahoma a delegation visited my hotel room after the speech and tried to send me out of town on the midnight train. The sheriff, summoned by the hotel manager, stopped us in the lobby and restored me to my room. The feeling grew so intense that the paper's business suffered. The circulation and business managers suggested to the Major that he might ease up.

"Young men," said the Major, "this is my newspaper. If I want to float it down the Cumberland River on a raft, I will do so." That ended that.

The campaign traveled mostly on day trains and stopped at small country hotels. Often I found myself seated just across the aisle on the train from Mr. Fitzhugh or at the same breakfast table with him at about 5:30 or 6:00 A.M., with a sleepy waitress trying to serve us before the early train left. Fitzhugh used to lash out at the Major and me in his speeches. He had to do that. But I learned to honor him for never making a personal issue of it off the platform. The schedule was a strain, broken by occasional open dates in speeches and a return to Nashville and the *Banner*.

My stories were satisfactory, the Major said. They were top play on page one every day. They reported that local leaders everywhere predicted Fitzhugh's defeat, that he frequently had been jeered, and that his speeches were flat.

This was all true, especially the latter charge. Fitzhugh was a very successful corporation lawyer and a man of some wealth. He was heavy-set, of average height, with a nice face, but he could never really break out of his shell of dignity and reserve. The more he tried, the more apparent it was that he was trying — and failing. He had no gift for small talk, and he was not at ease before the shirt-sleeved farmers and their families who filled the sultry courtrooms or gathered in some grove around a platform of new-sawed lumber to hear political candidates. Such ease is acquired only through experience, and it is not even distantly related to the confident mien which an attorney may assume arguing a case before a jury or a judge.

Invective at that time was even more an effective weapon than now. Fitzhugh didn't know how to use this sort of firepower, and his instincts were against it. One week, he began to charge that McKellar was nothing more than a messenger boy in the Senate and declared that the great state of Tennessee needed a man who could provide some leadership and stature. "Tennessee," he would cry, waving his right arm in an old-fashioned flailing gesture, "deserves more than a messenger boy."

There was some truth in this. McKellar paid great attention to letters from constituents. He was forever badgering the various departments with petty requests and complaints received in letters. Whatever legislation he introduced was worked out with Ed Crump and his associates. McKellar almost literally was a messenger boy for Crump and the voters. This was, of course, his political strength.

It was not my opinion that the Fitzhugh charge was in any degree effective. If anything, it made Fitzhugh seem a little pompous to be suggesting that he, an awkward, unentertaining speaker, was really a great statesman. But it seemed to sting McKellar. He bided his time until a Saturday when he spoke at the Middle Tennessee rural town of Sparta. The courtroom was packed with farmers and their wives. McKellar was an old pro. He had been schooled in Crump's Memphis classes for years before being promoted to the Senate. A medium-tall, square-faced man, with modest paunch adding senatorial dignity to his silhouette, he was afflicted with a heavily veined, enlarged nose which suggested a man addicted to drink. Actually, he was a teetotaler and rarely failed to tell the rural audiences that he had promised his mother never to drink and had kept his word. Cynics, looking at the nose, sat always in the seat of the scornful.

He was, all in all, a true politician and knew all the old tricks of the campaign trade. He employed one at Sparta to disembowel the already feeble Fitzhugh. In Sparta there lived a gentle old couple who, when their son had been reported missing in the first action by U.S. troops in the great war against the Kaiser, had wired Senator McKellar for assistance.

After the usual ritual of introduction and remarks was out of the way, the Senator, who but for the nose would have resembled a pious deacon, reduced his voice to a sort of confidential whinny.

"I see," he said, "two old friends of mine in the front row." He pointed and named them. He asked them to stand, and they did, and the crowd applauded. "You all know them," he said. "Now, my opponent has called me a messenger boy, and I want to confess it. During the great war to

make the world safe for democracy, their fine son was reported missing. His sorrowing parents wired me. Ladies and gentlemen, when I received that wire in Washington I did not telephone the War Department. I did not send my clerk. I did not wait and order a cab. I put my hat on my head and walked over there and I said to the Secretary of War, 'I want to learn the fate of this fine Tennessee boy, and I want it quick.' I went back again and again until they let me know he was wounded but would live, and then I wired them he was safe and would come back to their arms." He paused, his hand held high, so that the sound of weeping could be heard, and then he brought his hand down sharply as he said, in a great, shouting voice, "If that is being a messenger boy, I thank God for the title!"

The roar that followed was mighty and long. The Sparta courthouse box was safe.

Toward the end of the campaign a great McKellar rally was held in Memphis. It followed by a night or so the one for Fitzhugh, and I stayed over for it. Fitzhugh had a good crowd, which filled a large downtown theater. The rally was a dignified success, although there was an uneasy sense of futility about it. But the Crump machine turned out a torrent of people and sound for "Kaydee."

Ed Crump, a tall, thin man of velvet-covered arrogance, had created a sort of oligarchy as a front for the more sordid operations of his organization. He attracted some good names and reputations for his major candidates. He saw to it that the tax rate was low, that government was efficient, and that patronage went to the faithful. A card-index file of every citizen, his job, family, church, probable income, and credit status, was in his offices. Ward and precinct meetings were held regularly. Newcomers to Shelby County or Memphis, the county seat, had a prompt call from one of the precinct workers, who arranged for the water and gas connections to be made quickly and for an invitation to be issued to a "neighborhood party." At most of these, sandwiches and coffee were served, although in some wards liquor flowed. The organization made sure that eligible voters were registered and, more important, that they voted. In Mr. Crump's Memphis, the Negro was a Democrat, and he voted. There was never any restriction against Negroes' voting so long as they voted right. I never believed the Crump machine stuffed boxes. It didn't need to be so crude. It got out the vote.

Crump, when I first met him and saw him operate in my cub days, had an aura of romance about him. He was the first political boss I ever knew. He always took care to see that the "newspaper boys" arriving with candidates were "looked

after." A justice of the peace, whom we all knew as Louie, usually was assigned to us. We'd go late, after rallies, to the Silver Slipper or another night place for dinner and the floor show. It was during prohibition, but liquor and gambling flourished.

No bills were rendered.

It was Mr. Ed's town. William Handy, one of the most successful and original jazz composers, first began to compose about Mr. Crump in Pee Wee's Beale Street saloon.

Mister Crump won't 'low no easy riders here,
Mister Crump won't 'low no easy riders here . . .

The romantic idea of Ed Crump lasted maybe a month or two, though, actually, there wasn't much choice. Fitzhugh and McKellar had no real issue between them save that one was anti-Crump. There was an idea abroad that McKellar might be defeated by the upstate vote. Well before the summer was over I would have preferred Fitzhugh, for all his fatuousness, but for my loyalty to and delight in the feud.

It was just after the big Memphis rally that I got fired. Marmaduke B. Morton was an inflexible sort of man. He had a rule that every reporter had to be at his desk at 7 A.M. After one warning, a second offense meant firing. I managed a second one during one of the breaks in the campaign and was fired. I had no excuse and no defense. I checked out, drew my pay, and went up to tell Major Stahlman good-by. I told him it had been fun and that I was sure McKellar was safe. He heard me out. He said never a word, but stood and took his hat and cane from a hall tree rack.

"Come with me," he said.

I followed him out. We took the elevator down to the street floor. We walked down Third Avenue to the *Banner* and climbed the stairs to the city room. Neither he nor I had spoken since we left his office. He walked to where Old Man Morton sat wreathed in acrid smoke.

"Morton," he said, in a voice which crackled, "I want you to know this boy is working for me. He will come and go as he pleases, and he will be responsible only to me. Is that understood?"

Old Man Morton nodded.

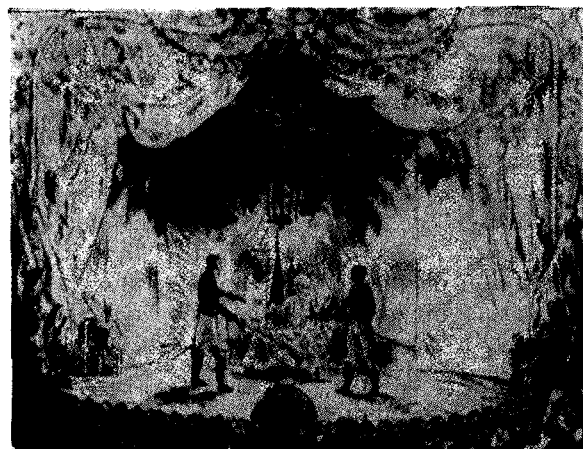
The Major turned and went out.

I returned to the road. McKellar won the nomination by almost ninety thousand votes. I was glad for the Major, but I had learned that McKellar was a machine-made mossback and that Boss Ed Crump was, after all, not really a romantic figure, as he had seemed, but a corrupt and corrupting boss. The feud had lost its savor, and I left Nashville not long thereafter with the hurt between Marmaduke B. Morton and me entirely healed.

I had somehow made a step in coming of age. Looking back, I realize there is something of the Major in me. I do not hold with his extreme, almost compulsive partisanship. But I believe in being strongly partisan on issues which require a choice. That constitutional freedom of the press guarantee is in there for just one reason — to enable newspapers to speak out. Also, it seems important that newspapers should have, as the Major had, an acute sense of right and wrong. There are some newspapers which are mute and others which carefully engage only editors with chronic laryngitis. But there comes a time in all controversies when one must hit the issue right on the nose or turn tail and die a little. The Major's style was to walk right out of his corner when the bell rang and throw his Sunday punch. This, I learned, often leaves a man vulnerable to a hard counter. Sometimes it is better to spar for a while or back away for a good look. But finally the issue must be hit hard. In the Major's day it was easier. The owners of papers were themselves vigorously partisan. The people didn't get much news. The facts and issues were beclouded. But the people did know there was a fight.

PETER USTINOV

Playwright and actor, master mimic and monologist, PETER USTINOV embarked a year ago on a series of extraordinary tales which appeared in seven successive issues of the ATLANTIC. With some additional material, they were published last fall in book form under the title ADD A DASH OF PITY. This is the second in a new sequence, exclusive and certainly unpredictable.



Life Is an Operetta

IT WAS in the winter of 1927 that Mitzi's dream came true. The little girl from the outskirts of Kékesfőhervar made her debut in an operetta written by the great Imre Dobos himself. Malicious tongues whispered that, in order to attain her ends, she had had to give herself to Dobos, and, unfortunately, as is so often the case, the malicious tongues were quite right. However, she sang prettily, caused Dobos' fourth divorce, and the score, fired no doubt by love and a blaze of sudden youth in the afternoon of life, was acclaimed a masterpiece of its kind.

Mitzi had always been attracted by operetta, and even in her school days she knew all the tunes and all the words of the current hits. Her first sweetheart, Lajos Palotai, was a mild, long-haired fellow, painfully myopic, whose tastes ran to more serious music; but to oblige his black-eyed paramour he hammered out the frivolous melodies on the upright piano. Together, on the banks of lustrous summer rivers, in small cafés, they fabricated her dream. She would be a great, great singer. His role in the dream was never quite clear, but he was too much in love and too timid to lay claim to any definite pigeonhole in her ambitions. He was flattered just to sit and listen and hold hands.

When she was eighteen, she went to Budapest.

Stage setting designed by Bernhard Pankók.

Lajos saw her off at the station, without misgivings but with a jungle of sadness in his heart, which he tried manfully to disguise with awkward gallantry. The audition led to the four-poster bed in the Dobos villa, by way of a candle-lit restaurant with gypsies and a night ride in an open Hispano-Suiza.

Lajos came up for the première of *Caravan Love* and sat alone in a box which Mitzi had charmingly reserved for him. The story of the operetta was not marked by the shedding of any startlingly new light on the gypsy problem, nor did the music show signs of any but melodic gifts. In the first act, a wandering Romany band encamped unwittingly on the estate of a Prince, who happened to be celebrating his betrothal by allowing his disreputable hussar friends to behave badly in the ancestral halls. In the second act, the hussars went hunting and came across the gypsies. Their legitimate fury against people who don't live in castles stopped abruptly when the Prince clapped eyes on the gypsy King's daughter, played by Mitzi. Against the background of a hummed czardas, he sang the aria *All Alone a Flower Bloom'd in Autumn*, which subsequently became a favorite encore piece for strident tenors the world over. Forgetting his own engagement to the Countess Etelka, a buxom blonde in white fur, he courted Mitzi with the relentless verve of a talented

cavalry officer. The gypsy King admonished his daughter, in a resonant bass voice, *Beware of the Love of Princes*, imploring her to go on wandering and making clothes pegs and to choose a mate from her own kind. When his arguments proved unconvincing, he locked her in her caravan.

By night, the Prince, dressed in tatters with a gay bandeau around his head, crept into the encampment and serenaded his beloved with the celebrated *Schatzchen, My Heart Beats in Your Breast*. Here Mitzi really came into her own by answering him in the world-shaking hit *Your Voice Is Like a Symphony*. It all ended happily with a variation on the Sabine women, a rhapsody to Hungarian integration, in which hussars carried joyously struggling gypsy maidens in their arms, while the grimly conservative King of the *zingari* found himself swept by the pervading mood of amatory abandon onto the heaving bosom of the Countess Etelka.

The applause was rapturous, and it was a trembling, tearful Lajos who clutched Mitzi's hands in the flower-filled dressing room afterwards. He was a little disconcerted by the fact that they could not dine together, but she had a prior commitment with the great Dobos ("Business, you understand, my heart's darling"). Still, he said he understood, which wasn't true, but he was the type to say so.

He saw little of her for the next week, since Dobos seemed to have an incredible amount of business to transact. After ten days the situation was further complicated, not by a hardening in Lajos' attitude or by an increase in her lover's attentions, but by the fact that she suddenly fell in love with Ferenc Ferencsi, the high tenor playing the part of the Prince in the operetta. She was not the kind of woman who could be serenaded and kissed every night without allowing it to affect her.

Dobos was livid, since he was both very important and no longer young. "Damned ingratitude!" he snorted, and allowed the echo of his *cri de coeur* to ricochet off every coffeehouse wall in Budapest. Lajos felt for him.

One evening, soon afterwards, the young and dissolute Prince Szent-Mihaly sent an enormous bouquet of flowers to the stage door. It was followed the next night by one even larger. The inevitable ensued; more violins, a convenient moon, yet another hectic night ride — this time in an open carriage with a coat of arms on the door and a couple of bored dragoons galloping alongside — and a huge, creaking bed in which generations of Szent-Mihalys had died, made love, and been born.

Ferencsi began to sing very flat in his depression, sharp in moments of anger. Both Lajos and

Dobos felt for him. After a while, however, Prince Szent-Mihaly was severely reprimanded by his terrible mother and dispatched to Monte Carlo as a punishment. It was at this very moment that Dobos chose to be intoxicated by the beauty of another girl he had auditioned, and he declared to the press that he had discovered the voice of the century. The double humiliation was too much for Mitzi to bear. In an orgy of contrition, she confessed all to Lajos, and they held hands again.

Life, she reflected, is like that. What she meant was that life is like an operetta. The sophistication of an elderly roué's love, the wit and sparkle of his crooned conversation, the popping of champagne corks, the giggles charged with the hysteria of desire as the waxed mustaches of a Prince tickled her naked shoulder, the heart intent on imminent surrender being led through the caverns of sensuality by the feverish strains of a tearful violin — did it all lead to happiness, to fulfillment? No, no, and no again. True love was to be found at the end of Act Three, in poverty, wrapped in the stained frock coat of a struggling music teacher, old faithful, who had stood by and suffered in silence while she, the volatile, irresistible fly-by-night, had drunk deeply from the spangled cup of illusion.

NO SOONER had she felt this profound sense of purification than she began to find the inarticulate, indecisive Lajos distinctly boring. He had served his purpose for the moment. She had blurted out her confession, and he had just smiled through his tears as though a prodigal spirit were returning to the fold. Her conscience was clear again. The Budapest triumph was repeated in Vienna, but with an Austrian tenor with whom she fell in love because it was part of the plot. She also captivated the notorious modernist composer, Manfred Von Ilch, who wrote to a thirteen-tone ladder of his own invention, thereby exciting the implacable hatred of those who were religiously addicted to a ladder of merely twelve tones. With the pathetic lack of discrimination shown by most great men when they fall in love, the otherwise unswerving Dr. Von Ilch decided that Mitzi had exactly the right timbre for his troubled muse and wrote expressly for her his fragmentary *Vier Grausame Lieder* ("Four Cruel Songs"), based on the chants of medieval flagellants and scored for female *sprechstimme*, electric guitar deliberately distorted by low voltage, cheese grater, castanets, and four whips of different sizes. The only performance of the work was a disaster, since Mitzi, once confronted by an audience, could not resist imposing a most ingratiating expression on her face, and consequently this penetrating adventure

into the gloomy fathoms of human subconsciousness became instead merely comical, a comment on itself from some avant-garde revue. The more the audience tittered, the more coy Mitzi became, and soon afterwards Dr. Von Ilch took his life, leaving nothing but an enigmatic letter in Latin.

Once more the prey of a deliciously tragic feeling of guilt, Mitzi summoned Lajos to Vienna. She told him she was desperately alone, which was a feeling she always had when an attachment had just ended and before she had had time to establish another one. The long-suffering Lajos looked deep into her eyes and said to her: "Mitzi, one day you will realize my worth. You smile now, because you are kind. But one day there will be no one — the princes, the composers, the tenors, they will all have gone. Then you will stir the pot of memory, searching for someone to whom you can turn. Suddenly your face will light up. You will call my name, and it will be forever."

"It is forever now," she said, her eyes wide and innocent, as though she had been unaccountably misunderstood.

"I believe you," he lied, tears of emotion forming in his eyes, "and I will stay with you, abandoning the little class I was building up in Budapest."

"Class? What class?" She became coquettish. "I never did know what you did in your spare time. I was absurdly jealous. What class?"

"Piano and Theory."

"How interesting."

"You're not serious."

Mitzi flashed. "I'll show you how serious I am tomorrow. We will dine together at Sacher's after the theater, and we will make plans, huge plans, as we did in the old days."

When Lajos arrived at the restaurant, he saw Mitzi dining with an elderly gentleman. He retired in confusion to the foyer and wrote a note reminding her of their date. Nervously he gave it to a waiter and sat down to await developments. After a seeming eternity, the waiter returned with a card, on which was written:

"Dearest friend, I tried to reach you everywhere, without success. *Not* tonight, my Lajos, not *this week*. I am with Mr. Nate Schiffnick of *New York*. May be most important for *both of us*. Your *little goose*. Mitzi."

Lajos left the restaurant sick at heart.

Caravan Love opened in New York late in 1931, presented by Wyant and Schiffnick and starring Mitzi and Diego de la Luna, a silent star who had drifted into musical comedy when it was discovered that his speaking voice was impossibly high for the villainous roles he was cast in, although his soaring lyric singing voice fitted him admirably for the part of the Prince on Broadway. By the time the heroic Lajos had arrived in the United States on

the Hungarian quota, Mitzi had not only triumphed in the operetta but had also had her affair with Diego de la Luna. In their transports of passion, he had murmured in Spanish while she had shrieked in Hungarian, since their mutual knowledge of English was quite inadequate for the purpose of communication.

Lajos arrived at the theater on his first evening in America and was told that Miss Mitzi Somlos could receive no visitors. When he tried to buy a ticket at the box office, he was told that there were none, and if there were, they would cost the earth. Without the means of bribery, he loitered miserably around the building until the performance was over and then stood by the stage door with a couple of neurotic autograph hunters who had staring, imbecile eyes and who talked to themselves.

One by one the other actors emerged, interspersed with members of the orchestra carrying their instruments. Eventually Mitzi came out, drowned in expensive sables, drenched in a mist of perfume, on the arm of elderly, sallow Mr. Schiffnick, who wore tails. For a moment Mitzi's eyes met those of Lajos, and she looked away quickly, more irritated than surprised, and bent low to step into the limousine which was to carry her and her bald Prince Charming to an evening of delight.

The very next day, at a quiet reception of some four hundred guests, Mitzi and Nate Schiffnick were married on the roof of a fashionable hotel. Everything was done in the best of taste and with that commendable restraint which marked all of Mr. Schiffnick's artistic ventures. An organ was played by a lady in top hat and tails but little else. The lights in the organ changed color according to the mood of the service. A cake in the shape of Mitzi was wheeled in, and Mr. Schiffnick cut it, permitting himself lewd but friendly remarks to his many acquaintances with every incision of the knife.

That night Lajos was at the stage door again, and he managed to say the word "Mitzi" as she emerged onto the pavement. This time she did not ignore him. She looked at him with the greatest coldness and annoyance. "You understand nothing. Nothing," she said.

Lajos trembled with an anger he had never felt before. "I understand what you do not!" he cried. "Life is not an operetta. It cannot be lived as though it were!"

"Is this man annoying you, honey?" asked Mr. Schiffnick.

"Yes."

"Burger!"

The stage door man appeared and passed a menacing remark.

"Remember," shouted the retreating Lajos, "you will suffer more than I! Good-by, forever!"

Two weeks later, as the direct result of recklessly attempting to live the life of a younger man, Mr. Schiffnick died. His funeral, arranged by his erstwhile partner, Mr. Wyant, was as majestic as his marriage had been devout. The music of his greatest hits was played by a huge orchestra throughout the service. Mr. Wyant did his old pal proud. When the will was read, however, it was discovered, to the general surprise and to Mitzi's horror, that he had left nothing but debts. Schiffnick had been a spendthrift, a man excited by dangerous living from day to day, and a bit of a crook. Those closest to him were all agreed that he died just in time to escape the massive retribution which had been building up over the years to strike him. Some people even began to call him "Lucky Nate Schiffnick" after his death.

Mitzi dressed from head to foot in black and wept frequently, as though to convince herself that her marriage to the man who had seemed to have been fashioned from yellowed ivory in both life and death had been the inevitable result of true love. Although she would never admit it, she always thought of her father's death when tears were called for. People were suspecting that she was a better actress off the stage than on.

THE first flush of success began to fade, and soon *Caravan Love* was tottering along on the very brink of loss. The Budapest papers, which Mitzi's brother sent her, spoke of her great success in the New World. She was quickly caught between reality and legend. It was impossible for her to return now. As soon as the New York run ended, she went out on the road and milked the property until there was no more life left in it. She still dressed in mourning out of reverence for the man she hardly knew.

Soon she was haunting the agents' offices, but gypsy maidens were no longer an everyday necessity, and her command of the English language remained doggedly unimproved. Money ran short, and her past love of goulash and Sacher-torte began to take its toll. By the day she grew stouter, stockier. Men no longer fell for her. She fell for them, and in the chase she frightened them by her determined brightness, her brittle peals of artificial laughter, her languorous airs of fatal love, which seemed to be based on techniques rejected by Mata Hari as old-fashioned. She thought of suicide, not seriously but romantically.

One night, while she was sitting dejectedly in her one-room apartment, there was a knock on the door. It could only be a creditor, she told herself. At the third knock, she tiptoed to the switch and turned off the lights. No use. The knocking continued. Preparing some choice invective, she flung open the door.

"Lajos!"

She hid her face. "Don't look at me. I am old and ugly."

"You are twenty-nine," said Lajos, "and more beautiful than ever."

"Where have you been? And how did you find me?"

"I always knew where you were. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus. I even knew that your marriage wouldn't last. I didn't guess that the end would be so abrupt, so terrible, but I knew something would happen."

"How did you know?" she asked mysteriously, since she had a predilection for the occult, perhaps because she had depicted a gypsy for so long.

"I knew, because there is justice in this world," he replied magnificently, "and because I was waiting."

Heartened by this show of generosity, she could afford herself a little bitterness. "You know he left not a penny."

"I know."

"He was not much to look at, but he had a heart of gold."

"But why, why, did you marry him?"

This was what Mitzi had been waiting for, the question which provoked all her frustrated theatrical talents.

"Because I was a fool," she hooted, "a fool. Like a butterfly, I was drawn to the flame. I was a little Magyar Cinderella dazzled by the brightness of the ball, and I lived my dream to the full!"

For the next hour, Lajos could not manage to say a word, so torrential was the storm of conventional images which blasted his eardrums. She postured, she hid her face, only to reveal it again more dramatically, she played her version of *Camille* to a crowded gallery, she sang a few snatches in a carefully broken voice, she threw herself on a divan, rolled onto the floor in an act of unlike self-mortification, then rose violently to her feet and defied the world, her mascara running down her face like the reflection of prison bars. At length, even her energy attained its limits, and she sat heaving on a kitchen chair, the hair on her forehead matted with perspiration, her buxom frame rocked with uncontrollable nervous spasms.

"Marry me," said Lajos.

She held out a hand which was prematurely blue veined, like an old lady's. "Dearest boy," she murmured.

Lajos rose and spoke in a pallid voice. "I work as music critic on the Hungarian weekly paper."

"You can't live on that."

He stammered, "I also wash dishes at the Come-n-Gettit Steak House."

The tears welled into her dark eyes again.

Embarrassed, he added, "I have written out my address if you should need me." And, placing a piece of paper on the table, he left.

She stared after him vacantly, then gazed into the mirror. Quickly she tidied herself up, replaced the powder, the rouge, the mascara, the lipstick, and then examined herself with a look of enigmatic fascination.

"I am not old enough to marry Lajos," she reflected.

HER road downhill was the more painful for being gradual. When money ran out, she took a job teaching Hungarian at a language school, but although her knowledge of Hungarian was adequate, her knowledge of English was not, and her pupils made no headway. Eventually she struggled on as an independent seamstress, coping with the overflow from other, recognized firms of clothiers. She called herself Mrs. Mary Schiffnick, since she maintained proudly that the name of Mitzi Somlos would be associated only with glory.

Lajos visited her about once a week and never failed to renew his proposal. There was something desperate about his restraint, something almost mad in his insistence. Time passed, and with it grew the bitterness. War was declared, but Mitzi had not yet brought herself to make a decision as momentous. She still went to auditions, calling herself Mary Schiffnick, dressing more and more eccentrically in clothes she made herself, but it didn't help. She tried the names of Mary Buda, Maritza Liszt, and Marinka Czardas, but there was apparently no magic in these sobriquets.

To humor Lajos, she used to say that they were more married than not, since neither had any other temptations. As far as he was concerned, she was right; but her eyes had acquired the habit of dropping suggestive hints left and right, a habit she regarded as indispensable to her calling. Never mind if her indiscriminate flirtation was becoming more and more pathetic; there was nothing about it to console Lajos, who had suffered too severely to be entirely rational in his appraisal.

During the war, Mitzi became curiously patriotic and wept copiously at the thought of her "poor country" at the mercy of "those Germans." To listen to her, one might think that she was a deposed empress bemoaning the loss of her estates and her tiaras.

"The younger generation will never know the life we led," she used to pontificate sourly, "— the hussars with their brilliant shakos, their fur-trimmed jackets thrown carelessly over one shoulder, their gallantry — ah, the compliments that used to flow! At the end of some princely banquet, they would ride their white horses down the long tables, missing the bottles of Tokay with such elegance, such elegance!"

There was nothing in this description of life at home which Lajos recognized. The truth of the matter was that Mitzi had taken to the bottle, since reality was too bleak for her, and in her cups she lived in the lilting world of musical comedy. On one occasion Lajos permitted himself to lose his temper and shouted at her, "I told you once before, and I tell you now, life is not an operetta!"

He slammed the door, only to have the mortification of hearing her drunken voice embark on the sugared strains of *Your Voice Is Like a Symphony* in blurred, dill-pickle tones. Evidently his mention of the word "operetta" had put her in mind of it.

The war passed, and Lajos became sullen. He was no longer in the best of health. He wished he had the strength of character to liberate himself from the intolerable weight of his obligation toward this woman, but a strange fatality bound them together. This useless romance had occupied so much of his life that he would now have felt quite lost without it, as though a man reconciled to blindness were threatened with sight so late in life as not to matter. His romance had become an illness the body could no longer do without.

He saw her more frequently — every day, in fact. He even cooked for her when he had a few hours off. Promotion had come his way, and the Come-n-Gettit had moved to a more respectable neighborhood, changing its name to The Filet Mignon in the process. He was now deputy headwaiter of the establishment and seemed to take a certain pride in being dressed in tails around the clock. Even when off duty, he wore his formal attire and carried his thin head high under its mop of wiry gray hair. The waiters called him "the diplomat."

The reason for this peculiar serenity was that Mitzi had drifted off into a half-helpless indifference. She allowed him to do things for her without protest. A melancholy had settled over her, a resignation. She no longer even talked much, and when she did it was without color, without invention. They were married in all but name. They no longer held hands, but she allowed him to take hers in his without responding. The toothless lioness might still have her dreams of glory, but she kept them majestically to herself. She had mellowed.

It was only on occasion that Lajos fancied he no-

ticed a disturbing sidelong look, with infinite cunning in her eyes, usually when she thought she was not being watched.

One day, when he had just cooked her some stuffed cabbage, he noticed this furtive, dark glance, at once calculating, malicious, and terrible.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

She woke out of her daydream. "Revenge," she answered, simply.

"Revenge? Against whom?"

"All of you," she replied, in exactly the same way as before.

There was a pause.

"Life is not an operetta," she announced, dispassionately. "You've no idea how you hurt me when you said that."

"I hurt you? Why? I admit, I was very angry —"

"Angry? I have often been angry. It is nothing. But to be hurt . . . that can last a lifetime. You allowed me to dream when I was young. You knew, didn't you? How cruel you were. How cruel."

Her ruminative calm was far more disconcerting than the tantrums of the past. He washed up with trembling hands and left. She may have mellowed, but she was slowly going mad.

THE Hungarian revolution broke out in 1956. Lajos heard the news with alarm but had an evening of service before him, and it was midnight before he could hurry around to Mitzi's room. There was no light under the door. He knocked without receiving any reply. He tried the handle. The door was open. The room was empty. It looked as though it had been ransacked. Her jewel box was empty and lay on the floor. Old letters were strewn all over the place. An apron lay on the bed. He looked around in horror. Suddenly his eye fell on a note leaning against the mirror. It was addressed to him. He tore it open. All it contained was the enigmatic phrase: "Life is not an operetta?"

Distractedly he wandered the streets, trying to decide what to do. He was not one to involve himself with the police for no reason. After all, this might just be part of that insane revenge she had talked about. The message might have been placed there in order to worry him out of his wits. He felt deeply resentful. Then it occurred to him that it might have been a suicide note. She might even now be floating in the East River. The police would want to know what the message meant. How could he ever explain it to them? He had left fingerprints all over the place. If she had com-

mitted some irrevocable act, could he not be suspected? How would his fingerprints have got onto the note if he pretended he had not been up to the room? He was a potential suspect, and there is only an inch between a suspect and a criminal. He saw himself under the blinding lights of the detectives, his story sounding more and more incredible and disjointed. It would be better to go to the police now — and yet, in doing so, he might just be falling into her cunning trap. There was no solution. He went home and sat up all night thinking of alibis. The further he wandered from the truth, the unhappier he became. At dawn, he rushed out and bought the morning paper. There was no mention of suicide anywhere. He sighed with relief until it occurred to him that the body might not yet have been found. He was white as death and bilious with fatigue.

Mitzi arrived in Vienna that evening by air. Her American passport was stamped, and after a quick meal at the airport she took a taxi to the station. She was dressed in old clothes and wore no jewelry, for the simple reason that she had sold it all to make the trip possible — the platinum and emerald brooch from Dobos, saying "Forever," Prince Szent-Mihaly's pendant of diamonds and rubies, saying the same thing, and the other battle honors of her horizontal conquests. At the station she reserved a third-class ticket on a slow train to a town which lies a few miles from the Hungarian frontier. Owing to the congestion on the line, the train crawled through the night, stopping frequently while officials on the line called to each other and traced mysterious patterns in the air with colored lanterns. It began to rain, not gradually but with an almost insensitive intensity, as though a brigade of flamenco dancers had suddenly started a performance in the middle distance. Just before four o'clock in the morning, the train finally pulled into the station. There were some figures on the further platform, and from their shouting Mitzi knew them to be Hungarian. She left the station hurriedly. There were several trucks and vans in the parking place; at least two were ambulances, with large red crosses on them, while another was evidently a mobile recording unit of some broadcasting station. There was considerable activity, and Mitzi heard English, French, and some Scandinavian language spoken as she walked quickly into the sleeping town. Soon she reached the point where the main road passed through the town, and there she found the inevitable signpost pointing to Vienna in one direction and to the frontier in the other. She glanced at an illuminated electric clock which hung over a closed café. It was 4:21. There was no time to lose. Gallantly she began to direct her steps toward the Hungarian frontier.

There would be no dawn that day. Perplexed roosters began crowing with unconvinced inflections over the desolate countryside. She was suddenly blinded by headlights. She rolled into a ditch. The car rushed by, splashing her with a shower of freezing mud. It was an Austrian military vehicle. Cursing, she rose to her feet, and, ignoring the fact that she was wet through, she bravely trudged on.

Soon some black figures became visible on the road before her. Hiding behind a clump of bushes, she waited, and because she was compelled to wait, she began to shiver. Her teeth rattled like a machine gun, and she held her mouth shut with her hand, convinced that the noise could be heard miles off. The dreary little procession passed — four or five men, several women, a crying child, a cart. They were talking in Hungarian. When they had gone, Mitzi resumed her journey. She heard some shots and then the barking of dogs; not the disorganized barking of some farmer's house guard but a more regimented sound, the deep-throated, disconcerting rasps of several large hounds of the same breed. The frontier. She turned off the main road and walked down a yellow cart track. After about a mile, she entered a marshy field and half fell, half staggered across it, following a route parallel to the main road. It was growing painfully light. The field led to another, seemingly endless. All of a sudden, in a clump of trees, she was confronted by a shallow stream swollen by the rain, flowing fast, leaving arrowheads of angry water where it met the opposition of protruding rocks. Without thinking twice, she plunged in, staggered, fell, and eventually reached the further shore, a steep embankment rising to unknown ground. With tears of panic in her eyes, she struggled along the bank for a full half mile until she came to an innocent little path up the sharp incline. Moaning with exhaustion, she climbed it slowly, only to find a mass of barbed wire at the top.

She could not stop now. She took off her coat and laid it across the wire. Then she tried to crawl across it. Every time she had to retreat as the cruel barbs plucked her skin. Then she lost her temper and stepped on the coil, but as she did so the rest of the wire rose to meet her. She refused to retreat. Kneeling, falling, rolling, she passed through it. Her legs and hands were bleeding, but she was across.

After resting for a moment, she walked along the line of the barbed wire on the east side of the stream, where the ground was high and firm. She was heading back to the main road. At length she could see a small house with a flagpole near it and a red, white, and green road barrier, gaily striped like a barber's sign. As she approached the

house, she could hear evidence of some commotion inside it. A few dead bodies lying carelessly by the roadside did not reassure her. She paused, and as she did so she noticed how her wounds hurt her. She entered the customs shed.

A few terrified-looking peasants were standing around while a ferocious man in the uniform of a major in the security forces was walking up and down, brandishing some documents and shouting. His eyes and his mustache were so black they had mineral tints of blue in them. Behind him stood two customs officials in attitudes of dismay and mute protest.

"We have shot eight of the swine this morning already," yelled the major. "There are six of you. That will make fourteen before breakfast — a fine catch of fascist hyenas by any standards!"

Suddenly he caught sight of Mitzi.

"Who are you?" he cried, and went on without waiting for an answer. "Aha, here is one fine lady who is so eager to leave the socialist paradise that she even tries to escape in an unauthorized fashion. I can see from the state of her ladyship's legs that she attempted to negotiate the barbed wire which the state has thoughtfully placed along our frontiers for our protection, but when she found that the work of our engineers was too efficient, she calmly presents herself to the customs authorities and expects to be let through."

"You misunderstand —"

"Silence!" the major thundered. "These officials of the border control have been guilty of grave dereliction of duty and will be punished. Over a hundred citizens of our country have been allowed to cross into Austria. This is an intolerable situation. You no doubt thought that such a criminal emigration was possible. I am here to tell you that you are wrong. Examples will be made of you all!"

"I am an American citizen," said Mitzi calmly, producing her passport from her bag.

The major's eyes narrowed. "Let me see that," he snapped. "Mrs. Schiffnick. Born in Kekesféhervar. July 9, 1908."

"Do you have to read the date out to the assembled company?" asked Mitzi hotly. "That should read 1918."

"Kekesféhervar? For our purposes, you are Hungarian."

"I am American, and the consul in Budapest knows that I am here," said Mitzi.

"You had a heart attack in the early hours of this morning," replied the major, with what he imagined to be a pleasant smile. "The People's Government will express its condolences to your friend the consul."

The smile left his face. "Take them out and shoot them!" he yelled.

The peasants showed panic, but Mitzi was remarkably calm. She knew of no operetta with such an ending. Just then the phone rang. The major picked up the receiver. As he did so, the noise of a motorcycle could be heard.

"What? Impossible!" bellowed the major. "Repeat that at dictation speed. I don't believe it. What is that noise I hear? Shooting? Szilay — Szilay, answer! I order you to answer!"

During this halting conversation, a youth in a leather jacket had come in and had whispered excitedly to the two customs officers. As soon as the major laid down the receiver, he was seized by the three other men and carried struggling out of the room. After a momentary pause, there were three shots.

The customs officers returned, and the senior one, a tall, blond, ascetic man, announced that a full-scale revolution was sweeping the country.

"This is the business of the young," he added. "You are free to go." Calling to Mitzi, he said, "Mother, I advise you not to try any tricks with forged passports. If it didn't deceive us, it will certainly not deceive the Americans." And so saying, he threw her passport into the wastepaper basket.

"Why did you call me Mother?" asked Mitzi, deeply hurt. "Do I look so old?"

THAT evening found Mitzi in a refugee camp on the road to Vienna. A Dutch nurse had tended her wounds, she was wearing warm clothes sent from Italy, and she had a cold she had supplied herself. It had not yet been decided what to do with the refugees, and they were sitting around a bare room, talking and smoking.

During the course of the evening, a photographer wandered in. His clothes and his manner declared him to be American, and there was something eminently successful about his dishevelment and the calculated way in which the gum in his mouth was helping him to think. He was garlanded with cameras and flash bulbs. He looked around the crowded room with an expert and a calculating eye.

Mitzi knew the curtain had risen, and without a flicker of self-consciousness she filled her lungs with a vast quantity of air, and it came out again to the tune of *Your Voice Is Like a Symphony*.

Every head in the room turned to listen to her. The flash bulbs began to go off, and the gum was being chewed at twice the rate.

When Mitzi sensed the camera pointed in her

direction, she thought of her father's death and began to weep copiously, without for a moment allowing her crying to affect her voice or her breathing. When the performance ended, the applause was tumultuous. The photographer knelt by her side.

"That was just great," he said. "My name's Cy Endhouse, from *Be* magazine. Wasn't that a song called *Your Voice Is Like a Symphony*?"

"Yes," said Mitzi demurely.

Cy searched his memory. "Wasn't that from *Caravan Love*?"

"It was, yes."

"Wasn't that sung in New York by —?"

"Mitzi Somlos," she interrupted. It would be too painful if he made a mistake.

"Yeah. Yeah, that's right. Mitzi Somlos. Whatever happened to her?"

"I am Mitzi Somlos," she said, with immeasurable wistfulness.

"You! But, how — why are you here?"

"I chose freedom," she replied, with a fatalistic shrug of the shoulders, and added, "*They* wouldn't let me sing, for political reasons."

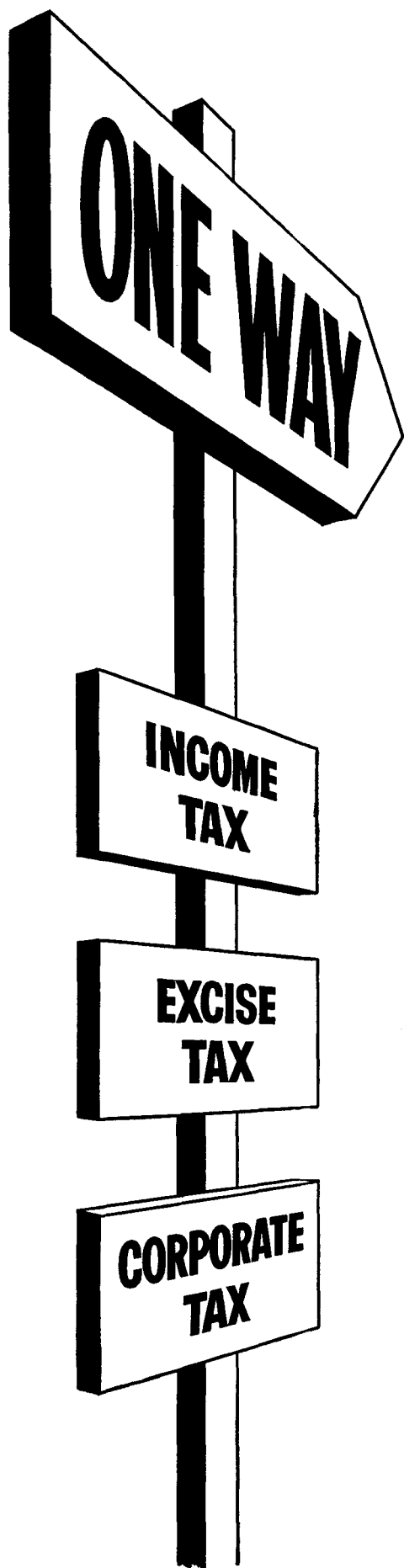
The next copy of *Be* magazine carried a full-page picture of Mitzi, shot brilliantly from an odd angle and captioned "The Voice of Freedom." The picture eventually won Cy Endhouse the Pulitzer Prize for Photography, and deservedly so. A week later, Lajos received the following letter:

Dearest Dreamer,

I am in Vienna, having escaped from Hungary after many harrowing adventures. I will tell you when I see you. I am waiting here to go to *America*, and I have given your name as a *reference*. I will, of course, come as a *refugee*. Now, my sweet Lajos, my childhood *lover*, I am in terrible trouble, and you must help me as only you can. As a result of a picture of me which appeared in the magazine *Be*, I have sold the story of my life under the *Communists*, who prevented me from singing because my father was a *landowner*, to the films for \$100,000. Please, dear heart, don't let me down. *Dream* as you once did so wonderfully, and write down the story of my life without delay. I know I can trust you, as always.

Your own little goose,
Mitzi

The letter reached Lajos as he was sitting in his hospital bed after a complete nervous breakdown as a result of his sense of guilt about Mitzi's presumed suicide. Before he suffered an unexpected relapse, he had just time to reflect that, for some rare, impossible, dangerous, and impervious people, life is an operetta after all, and can never be anything else.



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A Partial Table of Contents of

AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA

- book by RALPH GINZBURG
- introduction by DR. THEODOR REIK
- preface by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Printed herewith is a partial table of contents of AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA, one of the first books in English to give you the basic facts about erotic literature . . . all those books you have never been allowed to read. If, after browsing through these titles and subjects, you are interested in reading this extraordinary volume, which has been called "the hidden best-seller of the year," simply mail the coupon below together with your check or money order for only \$4.95 (2 copies, \$8.95) and we will send you "An Unhurried View of Erotica" in the handsome, gift-boxed Collector's Edition, postpaid.

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Introduction

Beginning with a deliciously witty analysis of scandal-mongering from Vienna to Hollywood ("I have heard many bad things about you, madame. Let me hope that they are true.") — Dr. Reik goes on to examine the "powerful undercurrent of pornography" in the stream of Anglo-Saxon literature. He demonstrates how the contents of this book are important to the sexologist, the analyst, the historian and the connoisseur of literature, and he makes some observations about the state of current society that may shock some readers.

Preface:

A brief but vitriolic diatribe against the Bluenose in America!

Foreword:

The relationship of "witchery" and "obscenity". The sorry spectacle of the greatest courts in our land preoccupying themselves with keeping responsible adults away from "obscene" literature.

Part I: Precursors of English Erotica

An introduction to the 2,000-odd books in English that are kept from the general public. D. H. Lawrence's definition of pornography. How sexual stimulation varies from culture to culture. Erotic manifestations in ancient Peru, China, Greece, Rome. Passages from Ovid's "Art of Love." The Exeter Book; Chaucer; a complete and unexpurgated story from "One Hundred Merrie and Delightsom Stories."

Part II: Earliest English Works

The state of erotic literature before obscenity laws were passed. "Young Coridon and Phillis" by Sir Charles Sedley is reprinted here in entirety. What happened to Sir Sedley. An unexpurgated version of an early street ballad. First erotic works in prose. Edmund Curll and his "Venus in the Cloister." "Adventures of a King's Page"; pornographic works based on French characters (The Confessions of Marie Antoinette); "Secret Loves of Byron". Eminent scholars write pornography in the 17th Century. Daniel Defoe's "Moll Flanders", etc.

Part III: The Two Manias

How two themes dominated pornographic literature of 18th and 19th Centuries in thousands of books and pamphlets, and what these themes were. Sub rosa magazines like "The Annals of Gallantry: Glee and Pleasure." Selections from autobiography of an extraordinary young woman named Margaret Anson. Details of an initiation ceremony into a secret pornographic club. Descriptions of sex manuals, in England, India, France, Persia.

Part IV: London Becomes World Capital

How dozens of secret presses in Holywell Street became world center of pornographic trade in the 19th Century. A review of early "best-sellers" like "Sodom," "Festival of Love," "The Lustful Turk," etc. A complete history of "Fanny Hill, or the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure" — the greatest, most famous erotic novel ever

published. How the author, John Cleland, escaped punishment. A detailed summary of the novel, with lengthy, unexpurgated excerpts.

Part V: First American Works

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Part VI: Reference Works

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Part VII: The Erotic Book Market Today

Prices of pornographic works; book dealers' catalog listings; how many volumes are sold in New York each year; the three companies in Paris which publish most of the erotic books in English today; what they have to sell; some sharp statements by a New York book dealer, a psychotherapist and a well known attorney.

Part VIII: Bibliography

A list of 100 of the world's choicest books of erotic literature.

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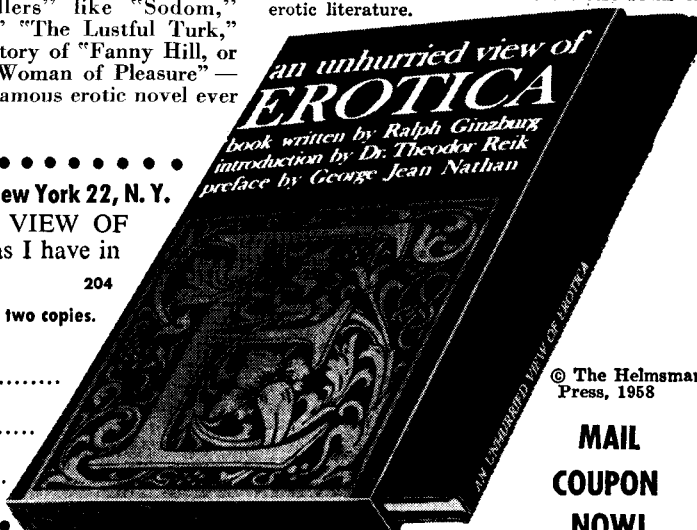
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IRVING FELDMAN

THE GNOME

Wind in a poor man's drain
Rattles like a dying mute.
But I keep snug the year long,
Keeping house in a buried boot.

Bed I have, and stove and pot,
And do the thing I please.
I watch the clouds go by like kings
All kneeling to the breeze.

I have counted seams in my coat,
Those in coats of the poor.
So many there as when the wind
Blows stars through a broken door.

Tick-tack the tailor goes,
And here's another star!
So hearts are held together.
Tick-tack, the needle's never far.

Some walk, some run,
But all agree the road is sure.
Underfoot they cannot feel
The sorry stones' discomfiture.

They know not what I have seen
Under the hurrying rout —
The long sleepers stretched there,
Their long tongues sticking out.

All on the road go grim or slack,
Eyes to earth or eyes to the poles.
None could guess from how they walk
The bitter tickling of their soles.

Their shoes bear little faces
Which eat the dust with grins of a clown.
Let them walk to their anklebones,
They will not wear them down.

It's I who light the will-o'-the-wisp,
I lay their bed of grass.
The lovers think the fire they draw
Will linger when they pass.

Or think because they hold so tight
They have the thing they hold.
Yet they have passed away to seek
Where all their earth had rolled.

Who am I? What's the world?
Wherever I look I see my nose.
It stands like a lonely rock
Receiving the cold wind's blows.

Heart, take ease! I yet will know
The name and being of the One.
It gathers in the hollow place
The wind begets in stone.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TREASON TRIAL

BY ALAN PATON

One of the undaunted liberal voices in South Africa, ALAN PATON was born of English settlers in Pietermaritzburg on January 11, 1903. His father was a civil servant, his mother a teacher, and after his graduation from the University of Natal, he himself began teaching in a Zulu school. In 1935 Mr. Paton went to Johannesburg to become principal of Diepkloof Reformatory, where he took over the task of re-educating the 650 young African inmates. Out of his wide experience and deep feeling came his profoundly moving novel CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. And the same impulses prompted him to serve as a trustee of the Treason Trial Defence Fund.

THE Treason Trial is now a byword in South Africa. It is three years old; its preparatory examination lasted fourteen months; it has been broken into several trials. It adjourns for months to enable the prosecution or the defense to reply to the latest attack from the other; it resumes only to adjourn again. Originally one hundred and fifty-six persons were charged; now thirty are left. All these persons — but, in particular, those who are left — have suffered great hardships; many have lost their employment, and even many of those against whom the charges have been dropped have found it difficult to get work again.

No one knows what the trial has cost. The Treason Trial Defence Fund has so far collected a sum of over \$260,000, and of this a sum of \$170,000 has been spent on legal defense alone. The prosecution may easily have spent a comparable amount, but in addition to that, a tremendous sum must have been spent on judges, stenographers, policemen, witnesses, and documents. The state

has not contributed at all toward the maintenance of the accused persons, and this charge has had to be borne by the Defence Fund. Over and above that are the incomputable losses suffered by the accused persons themselves, and it is already apparent that some of them will never again be fully rehabilitated, no matter what verdict will be given against them.

It is my purpose in this article to recapitulate briefly the history of the trial and to bring the reader up to date. I am no lawyer, but I shall do my best to deal with that side of the trial in simple but, I hope, not misleading terms. I cannot, however, write absolutely freely. The offense of contempt of court is a serious one in South Africa. A writer like myself must therefore confine himself to a reporting of facts about the trial and may not scoff at it or insinuate that the government's real purpose is to cripple some of its stoutest opponents; he may not discuss the guilt or innocence of the accused or reflect on the integrity of the court.

He may, however, report that, among the leaders and supporters of the Nationalist Government, there are many who regard opposition to apartheid — the policy of rigid racial separation — as treasonable. Our late Prime Minister, Mr. J. G. Strijdom, said so unequivocally, and I have no reason to suppose that our present Prime Minister, Dr. Hendrik F. Verwoerd, thinks any differently. The policy of apartheid has become increasingly identified with the state, and to oppose it is to oppose the state itself. It is in this atmosphere that the trial is being held.

It was three years ago, on December 5, 1956, an hour before dawn, that the police arrested most of the one hundred and fifty-six persons who were to be charged with high treason. Among the accused were many of the national leaders of the bodies called the congresses — the African National Congress (the ANC), the Indian Congress, the white Congress of Democrats, the Congress of Trade Unions, and the Coloured Peoples Organisation. One hundred and four of them were Africans, twenty-three were white, twenty-one Indian, and eight colored people — that is, of mixed descent.

One of the most notable of the accused was ex-Chief Albert Luthuli, President-General of the ANC. In 1952 the Nationalist Government ordered him to choose between the ANC and the chieftainship; when he chose the ANC, the government deposed him, but everyone still calls him Chief. The Chief is a teetotaler and nonsmoker about sixty years old, benign in manner but severe in judgment. He has a strong character and personality and in any non-color-bar country would have been in a position of high authority. He once visited the United States on behalf of the Christian Council of South Africa and could, I think, be described as a man of peace — but not peace at any price.

One of his important ANC colleagues, Professor Z. K. Matthews, acting principal of Fort Hare University College, was also arrested. He, too, is known in the United States, having been a post-graduate student at Yale and in 1952 the Luce Visiting Professor of Theology at the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

The Reverend Douglas Thompson, a Methodist minister, was also arrested. He was a devoted worker for peace and would work with any person for that end. Such catholic willingness can be dangerous, as Americans well know. Whatever his fellow churchmen thought of his wisdom, they had no doubt of his intentions and were generous in their support of him.

Another prominent person accused was Dr. G. M. Naicker, President of the Indian Congress, a disciple of Gandhi; he had played a prominent

part in the passive resistance movement against apartheid and in 1947 toured the riot areas in India with the Mahatma.

The preparatory examination of the hundred and fifty-six accused was held in Johannesburg and lasted fourteen months. The charge against them was serious. The prosecution alleged that the accused were active in the so-called Liberation movement, that they had a joint organization, that they “propagated and preached the Marxist-Leninist account of society and State,” that they called a Congress of the People at Kliptown and drew up a Freedom Charter, which was a step toward the establishment of a Communist state.

The opening of the trial coincided with the factory holidays. Thousands of nonwhite workers crowded around the Drill Hall, the venue of the trial, demonstrating their sympathy with the accused. Tension mounted, and the police opened fire, wounding fourteen people. It was an anxious time.

What did the Freedom Charter say? The Charter said:

We, the people of South Africa, declare for all the country and the world to know —

that South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white, and that no government can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of all the people;

that our people have been robbed of their birthright to land, liberty, and peace by a form of government founded on injustice and inequality;

that our country will never be prosperous or free until all our people live in brotherhood, and enjoy equal rights and opportunities.

The Charter promised: universal suffrage; abolition of apartheid; the transfer to the “ownership of the people” of mineral wealth, banks, and monopoly industry; redivision of the land “amongst those who work it”; freedom of speech, organization, religion, movement; better working conditions; the opening of all doors of learning; national independence, with respect for that of others.

The defense repudiated the charge of Communism. It would endeavor to show, it said, that “what is on trial here are not just one hundred and fifty-six individuals but the ideas which they and thousands of others in our land have openly espoused and expressed.” On the one side were “those ideas which seek equal opportunities for, and freedom of thought and expression by, all persons of all races and creeds, and, on the other side, those which deny to all but a few the riches of life, both material and spiritual, which the accused aver should be common to all.”

This preparatory examination would have lasted many years. There were 12,000 documents,

and it was the apparent intention of the prosecution to present and read them all, though many had no apparent relevance. One of the most fascinating parts of the evidence was that of Professor Arthur H. Murray, University of Cape Town, on Communism. He applied four tests to the documents:

Did they preach direct Communism by quotation from the Communist masters?

Did they do so by paraphrasing the masters?

Did they exemplify "non-deviation"? For example, did they support Soviet foreign policy?

Did they exemplify "aesopism"? That is, was the superficial meaning intended to convey more?

The cross-examination was dramatic. The professor agreed that certain statements presented to him were the "sorts of statements that Communists make." The defense revealed that all the statements except one had been made by persons such as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Pitt, Heine, Luther, Milton, and Jefferson.

The preparatory examination was adjourned in September, 1957, and resumed in January, 1958. In the interim, it was announced that the charges had been dropped against sixty-one of the accused, among them Chief Luthuli, the head of the ANC, but not his lieutenant, Professor Z. K. Matthews. Among the sixty-one was also one unfortunate who had heard neither his name nor any activity of his mentioned during the entire examination.

The prosecution was then taken over by Mr. Oswald Pirow, Minister of Justice under General Hertzog and onetime admirer of Hitler. He asked for the committal for trial of the remaining ninety-five. The magistrate, Mr. F. C. A. Wessel, who had presided over the preparatory examination and who had earned a reputation for fair dealing, agreed, saying "there is sufficient reason for putting all the accused on trial on the main charge of High Treason."

NINETY-TWO persons — three more having been discharged — appeared in August, 1958, before Justices F. L. H. Rumpff, J. F. Ludorf, and A. Kennedy. Dean Erwin N. Griswold of the Harvard Law School and Dr. Edward Hambro, former Registrar of the International Court of Justice, were observers. One more accused was discharged because of illness, leaving ninety-one. The trial was held in Pretoria, owing to the fear of public disturbances in Johannesburg.

Advocate Isaac Maisels immediately made an application for Justices Rumpff and Ludorf to disqualify themselves. Mr. Justice Ludorf was replaced by Mr. Justice Bekker; Mr. Justice Rumpff, however, declined to withdraw on the

grounds that the defense was misinformed when it believed that the Minister of Justice had consulted him in regard to the appointment of the second and third judges.

The defense then attacked the indictment, partly on the grounds that the facts did not support the allegation of "common purpose," partly because the joinder of all the accused was irregular. It further pointed out that there were so many "and/or's" in the indictment that an actuary called in by the defense had estimated that, for one page of the indictment, each accused could face any one of 498,015 charges.

What is the nature of treason? That was the argument. Does it lie in hostile intention? Or does it lie in overt acts? And must these overt acts have been committed in conspiracy?

Advocate Pirow for the prosecution created a sensation by stating, "If we fail to prove conspiracy, all the accused go free."

Advocate Maisels argued that the defense could not rely on Mr. Pirow's interpretation. The indictment was still defective.

The court adjourned to allow the prosecution to amend the indictment, which they did by eliminating all the "and/or's," rejecting documents as being in themselves acts of treason, and withdrawing all but twenty of the speeches.

Advocate Maisels again attacked the indictment, still on the grounds that there was a misjoinder of the accused and that specific acts, not a course of action, were now clearly alleged. Advocate Pirow then created the greatest sensation of the trial by withdrawing the indictment altogether.

The accused were, after two years, back where they had started. But a tremendous legal and moral victory had been won by the defense. Throughout the country there was a demand — though not from government supporters — for the dropping of the whole business. But on November 14, 1958, the government announced that the ninety-one accused would be reindicted in two separate groups: one of thirty, whose trial would commence on January 19, 1959; the other of sixty-one, whose trial would begin on April 20.

The new indictment, to a layman, appeared much the same as before, except that there were now apparently to be two "conspiracies." The indictment alleged that speeches were made, documents published, and that a Congress of the People was summoned, all "in pursuance of the conspiracy."

After another adjournment, the defense again applied for a quashing of the indictment on much the same grounds as before; it asked for fuller particulars in regard to the allegation that the accused planned to use violence, and it also attacked

the allegation that the words "freedom in our lifetime" meant "freedom in five years."

There was still another adjournment to enable the prosecution to consider these arguments. It dropped the "five years" interpretation and was ordered by the court to supply fuller particulars, but no other change was made. The court then rejected the defense plea for the quashing of the indictment.

Thereupon the trial took a unique turn. While it was still in process, the court allowed an appeal to the Appellate Court in Bloemfontein, the highest tribunal in the country. In the interests of all concerned, the Appellate Court was asked to reply to two questions of law before the trial proceeded any further:

Since treason involves violence to overthrow the government, are words, alleged by the indictment to have been used, capable in law of constituting violence?

Since not more than a handful of the accused can be linked with each particular meeting or speech, can they all be joined together in one indictment?

The Trial was again adjourned and resumed on August 3.

The trial of the second group of sixty-one accused began on April 20, 1959. The special court quashed the indictment on the grounds that the prosecution still did not say how the accused entered the alleged conspiracy and that therefore the accused were unable to prepare their defense.

The layman no longer pretends to understand the Treason Trial. He does not know how many trials there are, or whether they stand adjourned, and, if so, when they will be resumed. Least of all does he know what the legal arguments are. But one thing he does know — that the prosecution has had to contend with one of the most brilliant defense teams in South African history and has had to struggle every inch of the way.

One fear has been laid to rest, and that was that the prosecution would have its own way, and an easy way, too. People feared that, if that happened, *treason would become too easily identifiable with democratic opposition.*

That, in fact, was the great issue at stake. That was why many who could never have identified themselves with all the views of the accused, people who had never been members of the congresses and who had never subscribed to the Freedom Charter, rallied to the defense.

It was a remarkable thing that so many citizens of South Africa, having studied coolly the allegations of the prosecution, chose to defend the right of the accused persons to be considered innocent until proved guilty. It was a remarkable thing

that they chose to do so soon after the arrests, when people were asking, "Are so many plotting treason?" or perhaps "Who will be next?"

CHOSEN as the trustees of the Treason Trial Defence Fund were the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, ex-Judge Frank Lucas, who has since died and who was known for his courage and integrity; Dr. Ellen Hellman, past president of the famous political but anti-apartheid Institute of Race Relations; and myself. Of the \$260,000 so far collected, approximately half came from South Africa, and of the overseas collections, by far the greater part came from Christian Action in England. One trembles to think what would have happened if it had not been for this magnificent help from overseas, in large measure inspired by Canon John Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

In the United States, Bishop James A. Pike and John Gunther are co-chairmen of the South Africa Defense Fund of the American Committee on Africa, which has raised \$50,000.

Although the Defence Fund is an officially registered welfare fund, it would require considerable moral courage to collect for it in many of the towns and villages of South Africa. Many people who give to it, especially businessmen, do not wish to receive even an anonymous receipt. Fear of giving to the fund is to be found in all racial groups of the nation among those who are nervous of the great power of the Nationalist Government and who fear a possible revenge; many of these work for the central or local governments.

How, then, one must admire, for example, the generous help given by the Indian teachers of Natal. They do this not because they have any sympathy for Communism or revolution. In fact, most of them are temperamentally unable to sympathize with violence. They are supporting the fund because they are defending the democratic right to protest against injustice and to work for its removal and because they have a humanitarian concern for the families of those who are involved in this never-ending trial. No other group in the entire South African community has a clearer grasp of the issues involved or acts with less fuss and heroics on the basis of its convictions.

Those of us who support the fund do not see the trial as a struggle between authority and Communism or between order and revolution. The real issues at stake are whether the democratic right to protest is to be defended and whether the door is to be kept open for betterment and change. If it is not, then apartheid will one day be destroyed in a welter of blood and violence.



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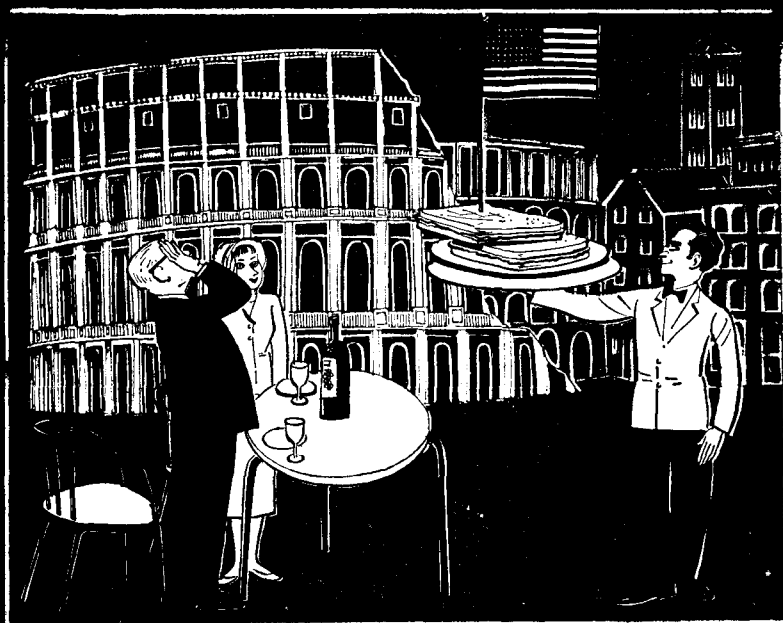
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Living

Just before going to Italy last summer, I read a rather perplexing travel article about the American tourists in Rome. They did not — and the author of the article seemed to think their attitude natural enough — wish to be taken for American tourists, so both sexes had withdrawn behind dark sunglasses, and the men had shifted from sport shirts to dark suits and were even wearing neckties in some instances. Above all, the American tourists — those in the know, at any rate — avoided places popular with other American tourists; only the uninformed frequented the big cafés along the Via Veneto, and to sit at one of Doney's sidewalk tables was to stamp the sitter as being beyond even the fringes of smart Roman circles.

These advices seemed at least up to date, when I read them, but it was not until my wife and I were walking along the Via Veneto, a few weeks later, and resolutely passing by the big cafés that I realized the great flaw in the travel article: if we were not to appear as American tourists, what guise of nationality did we seek to assume? We were obviously not Latins, my waistline was scarcely that of the keep-fit Briton, and I had no wish to be mistaken for a Teuton.

We had breakfasted early — lightly, too. A morning of sights and shops was bringing by noon some thoughts of lunch or at least a drink, and in reckless disregard of the travel article we stopped at what seemed to be the largest and certainly the best-looking of all the cafés we had passed. It proved to be Doney's. There we sat without even dark glasses to hide behind, brazenly ordering Camparis, looking like what we were in fact, touring Americans, man and wife, undisguised.

In the course of the next half hour, as we discussed various lunch possibilities, it became plain to us that the last thing in the world we wanted was another gigantic Continental lunch of four or five hearty courses, with the prospect of going up against a comparable assortment again in the evening. The last sandwich I had eaten in Europe was in almost pre-American days and consisted of a huge unbuttered roll, split and enclosing a paper-thin slice of ham, and I was thinking mournfully of almost any sort of North American sandwich. Just then the waiter appeared, distributing small menus captioned Snacks or Sandwiches, I am not sure which; but prominent on the list was Toasted Ham and Cheese Sandwich.

The Doney version of this homely combination was a real showpiece. It was impossibly hot, on a very hot plate: fairly thin, large squares of bread with a wonderful wheaten whiff to it and that substantial quality so lacking in bread here at home, Parma ham, and a bright yellow cheese of great fragrance and richness, the cheese at the melting point and the outside of the sandwich a golden tan, lightly striped with the marks of the grille.

We had no further chance to sample Doney's list of sandwiches. It included a hamburger that I am sure would be first-rate, and I very nearly added one to the luncheon. My indecision as to whether or not I was an American tourist vanished with the first bite into the ham-and-cheese masterpiece. The sandwiches were all intended for American tourists; indeed, it seemed reasonable to believe that the whole offer was dictated by the American appetite. Not only was I from that moment onward the American tourist, but I felt that we had all made a notable contribution to Italian well-being. A splendid sandwich — several, in fact — had been forced into the Italian cuisine. These were sandwiches to command the admiration of the hungry from any part of the

world. Their American origin, far from needing apology, was worth proclaiming. Doney was to be congratulated.

Although I felt thoroughly at ease thereafter in my freely acknowledged status of American tourist, I did experience the pangs of self-consciousness all over again in Venice on shoving off in a gondola. Every gondola, any gondola, with or with-

out passengers, seemed to exercise an almost morbid fascination over the crowds along the canals and bridges. They would rush to view and photograph the approaching phenomenon, and on one or two occasions when the gondolier, influenced either by a sense of showmanship or by alcohol, loosed a few bursts of song, the sight-seers were spellbound. "Here comes another one," the word sped

through the crowds, "and he's *singing!*"

So, to the American tourist, what shall be the correct posture? That of one who has ridden all his life in gondolas and is consequently bored with the passage? Or one who has never been afloat before in so much as a dinghy? And what if the gondolier begins to sing?

CHARLES W. MORTON

Diehards

BY SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT is a native Missourian who is now teaching English in Providence, Rhode Island. His most recent book, *TREE HOUSE ISLAND*, was published last winter under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

Much as I should like to be a writer of high tragedy, or even some fairly low tragedy, my search for suitable characters has never been a fruitful one. Life has not seen fit to put me in touch with any such convenient perishers as abound in the works of Hardy, Dickens, Eliot, and so many others.

Take Maggie and Tom in *The Mill on the Floss*. If they were my characters, you can bet they would never be swept away by any flood. It would be my luck that Maggie had won her senior lifesaving badge just the week before. I would be stuck with the pair of them, wet but healthy, for another hundred pages.

Put Anna Karenina in my book, and the train would be late. By the time it finally arrived, Anna would have thought better of the whole business and gone home, and there I would be — a novelist with his ending shot.

A fellow like Dickens had all the luck. He made a fortune on the death of Little Nell. The kid lingered on and on through installment after installment while all England sat anxiously by her bedside.

Give me Little Nell, and some cursed wonder drug would have her sitting up in a week's time and eating like a horse. Ten to one I would lose money on her.

For that matter, I'll bet I would get the same breaks with *La Dame aux Camélias*. By the time the elder Germont arrived at her bedside in my version, the lovely courtesan

would be pulling through nicely and planning her trousseau — and think how embarrassing that would actually have been for everybody.

The chap I really envy, though, is Thomas Hardy. Of course, he had Egdon Heath to work with, and that is a big advantage right there. (No, no, Egdon Heath is not a character, you ignoramus; it's a place, and about the grimmest, gloomiest place you ever saw.)

When Hardy did not have a violent storm on tap (which was seldom), he could produce a heat wave harsh enough to fell an elderly woman like Mrs. Yeobright, who was perhaps a bit plump to be walking such distances across the heath on a hot day. Besides that, Hardy could count on the cooperation of the local adders, small well-trained serpents which were ever ready to bite old ladies on cue.

Heaven knows, I have never been fortunate enough to meet any characters with names like Clym Yeobright, Eustacia Vye, and Wildeve in the first place, but even if I had, you can be sure I would never manage to wrap up *The Return of the Native* neatly on page 441 by drowning the latter two in Shadwater Weir during a torrential downpour. My Eustacia would have taken one look out the window that night and muttered, "If Wildeve thinks that I'm going out in weather like this, he's crazy."

The next day would have turned out nice and clear, and then Eustacia and Wildeve would have taken off and gone to Canada to live happily in sin ever after. (They would have been known there as that well-to-do young couple who never had much to say about their previous life in England.)

My misfortune has been that all the characters I have been able to lay my pen to have had a nasty streak of common sense in them.

Nothing spoils a good tragic situation faster.

Let us turn to poetry for a moment. With me, even a poem based on an actual historical incident would go awry. It's a good thing Mrs. Hemans wrote "Casabianca," because I would have finished it off in a single stanza:

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
"Why stay and get it in the neck?"
Cried he, and jumped instead.

In my hands, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" would inevitably have reached this somewhat less than stirring conclusion:

"Only a chump would charge those guns!"
The wily colonel thunder'd,
As prudently out of the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

My Tarquin would approach with ravishing strides the tent of Lucrece, only to find she was not in. (Having noted that gleam in his eye, she



would have slipped away to her aunt's.) And so it goes. Well, I could do without the poet's laurels, if only I could write the novels, but I fear it is not to be. My characters are always hopelessly addicted to saving their own skins. This is the principal reason — in fact, the only reason, I think we may safely say — why I have never become a great tragic novelist.

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The Adventure Cereals

BY WALTER M. GIBB

His regular hours of night work on the Baltimore SUN have developed in WALTER M. GIBB an exaggerated interest in cereal packages.

The manufacturers of breakfast cereal are changing my way of life. Not with the inside but the outside of their packages. Indeed, I am no longer aware of the contents; an hour afterwards and I should be hard pressed to say whether I had dined on Corn Pops or Smileys. But, oh! those covered wagons, that map of outer space, the adventures with Klondike Pete! What is riboflavin by comparison? And who could worry about his minimum daily adult requirement of iron while he is assembling the pasteboard rocket which will take him to the moon?

My wife has a less emotional way of expressing this. "What few brains you have are being washed," she says. To which is sometimes added a quotation from Aldous Huxley, who saw this coming years ago and tried to warn me. On my own behalf I can only plead that the time was out of joint. The powerful cereal interests worked me over in those darkest hours before dawn, when there was no one awake in whom I might confide or from whom I might borrow strength.

It is 4 A.M. when I get home from work. I let myself into the dark and silent house, light a fire under the coffee, and feed the cat. Then I sit down to a table lovingly set with cereal boxes. Sometimes there is a note from my wife: "Don't forget to put out the trash — the man comes tomorrow." But mostly there's just me and the cereal boxes.

At first I did no more than look at the pictures. They are pretty violent, but years on a newspaper copy desk have inured me to that. The insidious thing about them is their longevity. Peering into the barrel of a Western six gun may not disturb a hardened character the first night or so. But ten nights later the barrel will begin to wobble, the cylinder revolves, and in the awful quiet he can hear a click. It is the same with the other drawings. On even the blandest of cereals, given a week or two, the Northwest Mountie gets his man.

I well remember when the full realization of this came to me. It was the night I was able to close my eyes, turn once around in my chair, and point unerringly to a spot in Mountie territory where I must lose two days from having to portage. Of course I was proud of this achievement, but I felt another emotion, too. There was still enough of the old Adam in me to resent such uninvited tampering with my mental processes. I determined upon a course of resistance.

I tried first a variant of Get thee behind me, Satan. I put the cereal boxes on the floor under the table. In fairness to this method, let me say that only absent-mindedness kept it from succeeding. My wife could not understand why she found packages of breakfast food on the floor.

"Don't you like what I put out for you?" she asked.

I left the cartons on the table then and decided to try ordinary will power. I would read nothing but the small print. That way I soon learned a good deal about vitamins. I learned, for example, that no matter how potent they may be in the diet, in 6-point type they are no match for one small blueprint of a flying saucer. The whole experiment convinced me that will power alone will not keep man from exploring outer space.

In a last-ditch effort, I took off my bifocals. Such desperation only met its just reward: I got a headache trying to read without them. From then on I abandoned myself to the wholesome enjoyment of cereal boxes. With shades drawn and scissors at the ready, I fell to.

If I say so myself, even my earliest paste-ups were not bad. They consisted modestly of a cageful of shredded-wheat circus animals. I remember being so proud of a particular lion that I left him standing on the breadboard for my wife to admire in the morning.

From such humble beginnings I progressed rapidly, all without special training of any sort. In less than a year I was tackling quite advanced projects, assignments calling for a thorough knowledge of toothpicks and pins and requiring the adroit

manipulation of rubber bands. There was a sturdy disc gun, for instance, which really whanged small hunks of cardboard around the kitchen. Believe me, the satisfaction of shattering clay pigeons does not compare to that of bringing down a dessert spoon balanced on top of the coffee-pot.

Naturally, there were bad moments as well. Some designs gave no end of trouble. And I made mistakes — mistakes which literally had to be eaten. Take that Polaris missile and launching tower. The first carton I tore in the wrong place, a second had coffee spilled on it, and the third gave me nearly as much concern as it did the Navy before I could get it to do a proper blast-off. I am still eating the contents of those packages, as well as those of quite a few others now cluttering the pantry shelf in glass jars.

Fortunately, not all the breakfast-food cartons are of a sort to be taken apart, else I should long since have run out of containers. There are the box-top offer numbers. With these I have been less reckless; I judge I have passed up at least half of them. But some are musts. Insignia and other identifying paraphernalia ought not to be counter-

feited in the home. In fact, if I had any suggestion to offer the cereal people it would be to mail these more esoteric items in a plain wrapper. Even so trustworthy a civil servant as the postman might drop a remark in wrong company concerning one's secret service status. My own daughter, who is old enough to know better, recently wore my junior aircraft commander wings to a meeting of her college alumnae.

For my part, I have exercised the customary precautions. I am certain that the boys at the office don't suspect a thing when I beg off from other invitations in favor of a relaxing dish of cereal at home. But a fellow can't be too careful. If it were to leak out that the man entrusted with writing the final street-sale banner — BARTENDER KILLED IN GUN DUEL HERE — spent the next two hours fooling with a disintegrator pistol, they might take a dim view of it. They are fearful of having any bias creeping into the news columns.

Of course, if worst comes to worst, I can always take my severance pay, pin on my U.S. marshal badge, and head for the old frontier country. According to the best cereal maps, there's a right smart of it left.

Cuckoo

BY R. P. LISTER

Now that the days are growing light and long,
I hear the cuckoo singing his mad song,
The song that is a stranger to the arts,
That never ends, because it never starts.

For his one thought the cuckoo has one word,
A disyllabic and descending third.
At last his wife grows hopelessly depressed
And lays her eggs in someone else's nest;

The cuckoo has no time for building such,
His single thought obsesses him too much.
He tires at last, for after many days
He hiccups in the middle of his phrase;

Then he falls dumb, and lays aside his harp,
That has two strings: a minor third, but sharp,
Or else it is a major third, but flat.
One loses patience with a bird like that.



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JOHN M. CONLY

SERVICE TO TWO TITANS

ONE of the most enthralling record sides issued in 1959 could be identified prosaically as A-4414-8. It is better described, however, as the last half of the last scene of *Othello*; twenty-odd minutes of some of the best Shakespeare ever read onto discs, fit to chill the blood and mist the eyes. The players are the Marlowe Society of Cambridge University and sundry professional stars, some of them famous alumni, but not named or credited by reason of tradition. I cite the *Othello* bit because it specially impressed me. More impressive is the fact that it is a small sampling of a towering project: to put all published Shakespeare on long-play records, with no care spared. The start, at least, is marvelous in the main ways — taste, drama, and comprehensibility. It is astonishing. One should, but doesn't, read Shakespeare. But listening to him is something you almost cannot stop once you start.

So far I have heard *Julius Caesar*, *Othello*, and most of *Coriolanus* and *Richard II*. The first pair are more gripping, as plays, than the latter, but the standard of performance does not vary. The delivery is ideal — a clean, classically eloquent style whereby the color of the words gives to our mind's eye something to see and, at the same time, yields a musical relish to the ears. At hand, but not yet heard, are the *Sonnets*, *King John*, *Measure for Measure*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. There will be finally forty albums of three or four LPs apiece. Those made since 1957 will be available in stereo.

This bounty was launched, apparently, by Mrs. John Denison, director of the recorded sound division of the British Council. One summer's day in 1956 she walked

into the London office of Harley J. Usill, managing director for Argo Records, Ltd., and asked him how he would like to record the Bard's works, in toto, under the auspices of the Council. Argo was a very small company, mostly devoted to offbeat poetry recordings, and Usill was struck breathless. "I may add," he says, "that after three years the full impact of what we have undertaken is still being felt."

The third man in the developing project was George Rylands, producer for the Marlowe Society, probably best known in America as compiler of "The Seven Ages of Man," the Shakespeare soliloquy series lately staged on tour by Sir John Gielgud. Usill first approached professional repertory companies. None of them seemed to want the trouble of learning *King John* or *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Thence he applied to Rylands, who was delighted at the whole idea. The Marlowe Society could furnish the bulk of the players, and also the studio (which is the Amateur Dramatic Club Theatre at Cambridge). However, the two men decided they had best hire some professional lead players, so that Portia, Desdemona, and Lady Macbeth would not all sound exactly the same. In 1957 Argo became a subsidiary of London-Decca, whereafter funds were not a pressing problem. This change also afforded them Alan Reeve as recording chief and Thurston Dart, the famous harpsichordist, as musical director.

Among the professional lead players, the only ones likely to be known to American theatergoers are Irene Worth, Peter Woodthorpe, and Miles Malleon, but even at these you will have to guess; casts are not listed. The stars usually tape their

scenes all at once during their vacations, mostly in July. The student players fill in the rest of the action at their leisure. Everybody gets paid.

One of the main hazards has been an RAF training field near Cambridge. Dunsinane doesn't sound right with jets overhead. The Air Ministry has given attention to this. Another is the merriment arising from the return visits of alumni turned professional. The night before *Romeo and Juliet*, the Romeo went balcony climbing with undergraduate companions and fell into a cucumber frame. He showed up heavily bandaged, but the session was a success. You can't keep a good Shakespearean down.

Beethoven's Orchestra, Alive Again

On September 15, Bruno Walter gave himself an eighty-third-birthday present. It was a complete set of the nine Beethoven symphonies, newly recorded in stereo for Columbia by Bruno Walter. With this token, Dr. Walter also made himself the first conductor ever to have two recorded versions of every Beethoven symphony in the catalogues at the same time, but his distinction in this matter is much greater than that.

In merit, his Second Symphony is challenged by Beecham and Jochum; his Third by Klemperer; his Fifth by Ansermet; his Sixth by Monteux. This leaves him only five Beethoven symphonies wherein — to my ears — he holds indisputable primacy on records today, which is a little like saying of a pitcher that he only achieved three no-hitters in a World Series. It is a fantastic accomplishment. And even this is not an adequate description.

The entire Beethoven symphonic canon has been performed greatly for posterity twice before, by Weingartner and by Toscanini. The former's recordings now are ancient; the latter's are aging and never were truly complete, since the Fifth was a flawed broadcast transcription. Quite apart from the fact of new sound — and Walter's new sound is very good — I don't think either Weingartner or Toscanini played the Fourth or the Eighth as well as Walter does (the finale of his Eighth is really hair-raising), and neither surpassed him in the highest test, which is the Ninth.

Only three Ninths on records have struck me as great — all, be it noted, by old men — Weingartner's, Toscanini's, and now Walter's. Toscanini's was the most exciting, Walter's is the most majestic; Weingartner's came between, dividing these qualities. Their tempos have differed, but they have maintained proportions, especially dynamic proportions, very much the same.

Walter's first and final movements have not the fierce rush of Toscanini's. They go like a Mosaic march, with a high faith and firmness, through chaos quite fearsome enough, and out of it again into a joy soberer than the great Italian's. We are embattled by this, as we should be, but the process is sermonic; more Joshua than King Harry. Yet it is full of thrills — and of skill. Walter, recording all the Nine in Los Angeles, reduced his orchestral forces to match those Beethoven used. The strings and woods get slimmer and more individual, the brasses burlier. The singing soloists in the Ninth (William Wilderman, bass; Emetu Cundari, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo; Albert Da Costa, tenor) attempt no virtuosity but achieve a musicianly accuracy and insight worth our gratitude. Walter brought the orchestra, a specially assembled outfit, East for the finale of the Ninth, to join with the Westminster Choir, but there is no clue to this change of locale in the recorded sound. The sound, as befits the reduced orchestra, is intimate, whereby the trumpets are made to sound as if Gabriel were blowing one of them. It is a tremendous thing to hear in your living room.

The symphonies are being sold both separately and packaged together by Columbia. The gift's the thing, though. One cannot help

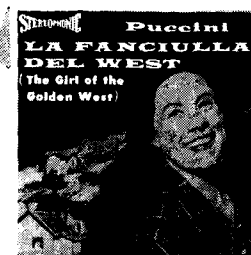
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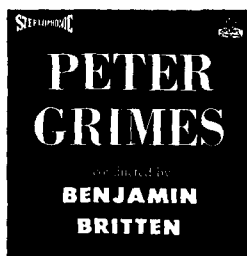
Mozart: **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**
Siepi, Della Casa, Gueden, Vienna Philhar. Orch. — Kleiber.
Stereo OSA-1402 Mono A-4407



Wagner: **DIE WALKURE—Act 3**
Flagstad; Edelmann; Schech; Vienna Philhar. Orch. — Solti.
Stereo OSA-1203 Mono A-4225



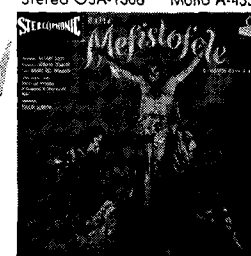
Puccini: **LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST**
Tebaldi; Del Monaco; MacNeil; Orch. of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Capuana.
Stereo OSA-1306 Mono A-4338



Britten: **PETER GRIMES**
Pears; Watson; Pease; Evans; Orch. of Royal Opera House, Covent Garden — Benj. Britten.
Stereo OSA-1305 Mono A-4342



Wagner: **DAS RHEINGOLD**
Flagstad; London; Svanholm; Vienna Philhar. Orch. — Solti.
Stereo OSA-1309 Mono A-4340



Bolto: **MEFISTOFELE**
Siepi; Del Monaco; Tebaldi; Orch. of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Serafin.
Stereo OSA-1307 Mono A-4339

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now!



Puccini: **LA BOHEME**
Tebaldi; Bergonzi; Bastianini; Siepi; Orch. of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Serafin.
Stereo OSA-1208 Mono A-4236



Verdi: **AIDA**
Tebaldi, Simionato; Bergonzi; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra — Von Karajan.
Stereo OSA-1313 Mono A-4345

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applauding the valor and taste of a man who produced a birthday present so splendid for an octogenarian named Bruno Walter.

Listen as Children

My wife, during the late 1940s, helped keep the wolf from our suburban door by introducing music to children in a Washington private school. Thus I came to be acquainted with a series of records called "Music Masters." These were then albums of three ten-inch 78-rpm discs apiece. There were thirteen of them, and they bore such titles as *Mozart: His Story and His Music*, *Schubert: His Story and His Music*, and so on. I knew them best in a sort of secondhand way. Whenever I played a new review copy of the *Unfinished*, for instance, my helpmeet would automatically intone: "Schubert was growing older. . . ."

This may sound distasteful, but the fact is that the records were very tastefully made indeed. The narratives were well written, by various people, and beautifully read, mainly by a young actor named José Ferrer. The musical examples were low-fi but shrewdly selected.

The idea for the series had been that of George Mendelssohn, president of the newly launched Vox company, who has a remote familial connection with the great Hamburg Mendelssohns and a crusading interest in the spread of good music. Many thousands of the sets were bought promptly after they came out in 1944, some by schools, some by parents. When the LP development began, Mendelssohn had the albums remade as ten-inch single vinyls. They continued to sell, but at a slowing pace.

In the meantime Vox, as a classical LP company, had vastly increased its recorded repertoire. This put a lot more illustrative music at the disposal of Music Masters, should the series be remade. Accordingly, it has been. Now it is out again, this time on twelve-inch LPs, running nearly an hour each.

All the old Music Master scripts had to be rewritten to fit with the new musical material. Most have been done by Marianne Kuranda, though a couple are by the versatile Vox vice president, Ward Botsford. As narrator, José Ferrer was now beyond the company's means, but

they found a good substitute in the actor Arthur Hanes, who reads his words as children like them, with all due seriousness and no trace of coyness. The musical interpolations are of uneven sonic merit, drawn as they are from ten years of Vox tapings, but this isn't of great consequence. There are fifteen records now: Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz, Brahms, Chopin, Foster and Sousa, Grieg and Schumann, Handel, Haydn, Liszt and Paganini, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Johann Strauss, and Tchaikovsky — their stories and their music. By the way, it would not do some grownups any harm to listen to these.

So Stereo Costs A Dollar Extra . . .

It is a pleasure to lose an argument to Wilma Cozart, a tall, winsome Texan who is Mercury Records' classical vice president and surely the prettiest recording director in the world. What we were arguing about, recently, was something other disc buyers have puzzled over suspiciously: why should stereo discs cost a dollar more than monophonics? My objections to this disparity were all valid, I think. Stereo and monophonic recordings are made simultaneously. Their packagings, for sale, are nearly identical. The half-inch-wide stereo tape, granted, costs a little more than the narrower monophonic, but this is a small factor. The editing on the stereo may be somewhat the harder, but not enormously, now that the techniques have become familiar. This same qualification applies to paid time for musicians. Tests for microphone placement take a little longer when both stereo and monophonic tapes must be made. And technicians' paid time for disc cutting from the tapes is, admittedly, more than doubled.

Once the master discs are cut, however, production costs for stamping out the finished discs are the same, and this is where the bulk of labor expense comes in.

Miss Cozart smiled and nodded most graciously each time I made a point and then hit me with what boxing experts call a combination — left, right. In the first place (left!), a record makes money according to the number of copies sold; the initial recording costs are the same. Of the same recording, the monophonic

version may sell 20,000, the stereophonic only 3000. And furthermore (right!), the high cost of stereo cannot be absorbed by monophonic sales. The reason it cannot is one which does much credit to Miss Cozart's whole industry. The LP phonograph record is perhaps the only manufactured product on the American market whose price, in terms of content (in this case: minutes of music), has remained stable and even gone down in the last ten years. There simply is not any marginal profit to be used for stereo promotion unless monophonic LP prices go up. At least, this is so among small and middle-sized companies.

Not only is the record business fiercely competitive, but the industry has a certain institutional pride in holding the price line. The manufacturers would be loath to crack the standard \$4.98 top limit for monophonics if they do not absolutely have to. For the time being, as they see it, stereophiles will have to pay a premium to satisfy their enthusiasm.

Record Reviews

Bach: The Brandenburg Concertos

Szymon Goldberg conducting soloists and Netherlands Chamber Orchestra; Epic BC-1043/4 (stereo) and LC-3604/5: two records, as a set or separately

Later and at greater length I want to write more about this production and its people. Meanwhile, let me voice an opinion which must be personal because it is rash. I think this is the most beautiful and most engrossing performance of the Brandenburs I have ever heard, on records or off. It is not a matter of technical proficiency, although that is present, but of a seeming flow of musical spirit or joy; I do not know quite how to describe it. The recorded sound is lovely, too.

Handel: Messiah

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Jennifer Lyvyan, Monica Sinclair, Jon Vickers, Giorgio Tozzi; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus; RCA Victor LDS-6409 (stereo) and LDM-6409: four records

This gala production by Dario and Dorle Soria for Victor is gorgeous to behold, but as a musical endeavor it

must have its appeal mainly to the following of Sir Thomas, who appears to consider himself less as Handel's servant than as his collaborator. The work has been Beechamized; it comes out, no one can deny, with a glow like a thousand-dollar Persian rug, and bless me if I know whether Handel would have liked it or not. It is rich, intricate, luminous, and mostly slow. The male soloists are fine; the women are dull. The orchestra makes sounds as bright and ponderous as mint gold. The cautionary word here has to be that in the offing is a Huddersfield version by Sir Malcolm Sargent, who can muster more grand and honest churchly piety than anyone else. And also in the lists is Dr. Hermann Scherchen, to deliver us either a miracle or a mess. Last time it was a miracle, and heart-rending, but Dr. Scherchen is a man of alternate extremes. Probably the thing to do is be patient. Everyone should have a *Messiah* at hand, but they are expensive.

Liszt: Concertos No. 1 and No. 2

Philippe Entremont, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia MS-6071 (stereo) and ML-5280

Heretofore my favorite reading of these thunderous confections was that of Kempff for London, which had a nice regal touch about it, but that has vanished. I think Entremont now heads the field, by reason of wonderfully fleet fingers, but also because of the magnificent Philadelphia sound, a great asset to Liszt. Mr. Ormandy governs it with exemplary taste, too.

Mozart: Flute Concertos No. 1 and No. 2

Elaine Shaffer, flute; Efrem Kurtz conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Capitol SG-7135 (stereo) and G-7135

Mozart abominated the flute, a fact no one would suspect, hearing these two gaily tremulous adventures which he dashed off for a rich Dutch planter who owned a flute. It would be folly to seek any significance in them, but Mozart could make beauty's own logic sufficient. The performances show a happy skill, and the sound is clear as moonlight.

Mussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition
Vladimir Horowitz, piano; RCA Victor LM-2357

This disc was made from a taping at a concert performance at Carnegie

Hall in 1951, which there was probably no thought then of publishing. The piano, microphoned too closely, sounds a little stringy. Just the same, the recording is quite good enough to transmit the enormous verve and rightness of the performance, which I have never heard surpassed or even approached.

Tchaikovsky: Suite from The Swan Lake

Efrem Kurtz conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Capitol SG-7188 (stereo) and G-7188

This is not the complete ballet, but it is more nearly complete than most of the concert-suite arrangements, containing at least three sections usually left out. It has another notable asset, too: in the most ethereally romantic passages, where a solo violin guides the dance, the violin is played by no less a fiddler than Mr. Yehudi Menuhin, who will melt you. In fact, everyone is very good indeed, including HMV-Capitol's fine engineers, who love proving that the Philharmonia is the world's highest-fi orchestra.

Verdi: Macbeth

Erich Leinsdorf conducting Leonard Warren, Leonie Rysanek, Jerome Hines, other singers; Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus; RCA Victor LSC-6147 (stereo) and LM-6147: three discs

Because of *Otello* and *Falstaff*, we commonly think of Verdi as having become a Shakespearian music-dramatist in his old age. It isn't so. He wrote *Macbeth* in his early thirties. It is very faithful to Shakespeare in its text and, I think, considering the limitations of opera, in its handling. I thought the witches in Italian would be funny, but they are far from it. And there are no beautifully irrelevant showpiece arias. Verdi could write an authentic hit tune at will, of course, but he also could restrain the impulse to do so if it would be an insult to good poetry he was working with. Accordingly, *Macbeth* is strictly a vehicle for singers with brains as well as voices, and these are what Victor has given us here. Leonard Warren is especially skillful as Macbeth, but Rysanek is icily effective as his lady, and the other people adapt to their parts with patent understanding. Leinsdorf's pacing seems exactly right — this is an opera you listen to straight through — and the stereo dispersion is beyond complaint.

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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

LITERARY royalties — by which I mean the earning power of contemporary writers — varying as they do from country to country, are a subject of editorial curiosity, and at my first meeting with the staff of *Novy Mir*, the Russian monthly which bears the nearest resemblance to the *Atlantic*, I was eager to learn the rates they paid their contributors. I explained that we paid by the word, a remark which, when translated, was not understood. So I demonstrated; holding up a recent issue of the *Atlantic*, I said that for this piece of 4500 words we paid \$500, and for this, which was considerably longer, we paid double that sum. Light broke, but it was clear that they worked by a different system. “We pay by the signature,” said their editor, Tzvardolsky. “For each signature of 40,000 ems we pay our more eminent contributors 5000 rubles.” An em is, of course, the space occupied by the letter “m,” and in making their tally the Russians count not only the individual letters in each line but also the white spaces between words; at this rate, 40,000 ems will fill 22 to 24 pages, depending on the size of the type.

The Russian periodicals have more content than ours; *Novy Mir* runs to 360 pages, all reading matter with no advertising whatever, and thus, when they are serializing a new novel by Sholokhov or Leonov, they afford the author space for at least two signatures, or 48 pages, for which he receives 10,000 rubles, or, at the official rate of exchange, \$2500.

The same rates, I was told, apply to book publication. Again taking Mikhail Sholokhov, their most respected novelist, as our example: if we assume that his new novel will run to 30 signatures — his narratives are always substantial — then his royalty on the first edition (of not less than 100,000 copies) will total 150,000 rubles. He will receive 80 per cent of this amount on the second printing, and the rate descends thereafter until, if the book sells into the millions, the royalty drops

to 40 per cent of what he received on the initial printing, and there it is pegged. But when you see the astronomical figures which the popular novels or war poems rise to and when you remember that the royalties are banked and can be willed to the writer's widow and children, it will be realized that the incentive offered to the Russian author is among the highest in the Soviet Union.

Revision, especially among the novelists and poets of reputation, takes on special significance. Suppose that a novelist now in his sixties had published in the early 1920s a story typical of the tumult and violence of those stormy days; the Communists he portrayed are of the heroic mold, are as rough as the occasion demands and not too finicky in matters of sex. Suppose that the sale was a large one but that now, after thirty-five years, it has petered out. In America the book would probably go out of print. But in Russia there is always the possibility of a revision. If the book is rewritten by more than one quarter, the author will revert to his 100 per cent royalties on the new version, and if he cleans the story up a bit in the rewriting, observing the current puritanical attitude toward sex and making his Party hero perhaps a little less violent and a little more “positive,” is this not in the national interest?

What I am saying is that Soviet writing is conceived to be a lamp, a light, a fire to keep at a steady glow the patriotism, the desire for achievement, and the sense of destiny of the great mass of readers. The purpose may at times overpower the artist; young writers of talent may and do rebel against the formula. But that there is an element of idealism as well as of practical politics in all of this, who can deny?

Thus far I have been concerned with the major writers who enjoy the big royalties and the privileges that go with prestige. But I was equally curious to learn what I could about the aid which the Soviet Union extends to the beginner. The

process of selecting and of pushing forward the more promising young writers in a country as vast as Russia is complicated by the fact that some of the sixteen republics are pastoral and only newly awakening in a literary sense, while others, like Georgia or the Ukraine, are poetic and highly articulate; yet each year a selection is made and, as far as I could observe, with rather refreshing results.

In September I attended the opening session of the Gorki Institute in Moscow. The Gorki is the special college for young writers; the enrollment is restricted to two hundred; and here, on September first, an entering class of forty-five young men and women, hand-picked from the republics, present themselves. They range in age from twenty-one to thirty-three; they have been chosen — the men, that is — after they have done their army service and after they have served their apprenticeship in the mines, the factories, or the cooperative farms, or whatever special jobs attracted them. Their early writing was evidently published in a Union or a provincial paper, so they were called to the attention of the local Union of Writers, and eventually their nomination was forwarded to Moscow. They enroll in the Gorki Institute for a five-year course. In that time they will become bilingual, speaking Russian as well as their native tongue; they will be thoroughly indoctrinated; and they will be given every opportunity to express themselves as poets, playwrights, and dramatists. A few of them, I am sure, will emerge as masters of Soviet dialectics. The opening class, as I have said, is restricted to forty-five, but out in the sticks, still working at their jobs, there is a second echelon of sixty-five freshmen who will receive the same training by correspondence course. These are the alternates, and if there should be failures in the entering class, substitutions can swiftly be made.

After being welcomed by the faculty, I was invited to attend the opening class for the poets. There were eighteen of them, all young men, shy, eager, intent. Each in turn stood up, gave his name and age, told something of his parents and background and of the job he had been working at before he was recommended to the course, and then, at the professor's insistence, each recited one of his own poems in his native tongue, explaining in Russian what the poem was about. The first to stand was an Estonian, then came a Georgian, then an Uzbek, then two Russians, then a poet from the Ukraine who had formerly been a pilot. So it went. Here at the Gorki they would continue to write in their native tongues, and upon their graduation they would go back to their republics to make a career as writers with the backing of the state. As I listened to their recitations, the words

of which were incomprehensible to me, I felt their sense of purpose and their sincerity.

There were several poems about war, one by a dark-eyed, impassioned youngster who dreaded the thought of an atomic disaster and wrote against it with a powerful refrain. Another was by a boy from the Urals who compared the darkness in the mines to the darkness of his thoughts when he remembered his father, who had been killed in the siege of Stalingrad. A third, this by the aviator, was about the exhilaration of the high skies and the sense of purity, the almost inhuman beauty of the great clouds. I could not help being impressed by their dedication, and I said so when their professor called on me to speak. I told them of how I had studied English composition under Dean Briggs at Harvard when I was their age, and I reminded them of the old Latin phrase *cacoëthes scribendi* — "the itch to write." "I can see and hear that you have it," I said. "Never lose it!"

But I could not leave them there. I reminded them of Thornton Wilder's great speech at the Harvard commencement, when he was seeking to explain the insecure young graduates to their parents, who had never suffered such insecurity. I quoted what Wilder had said was a cardinal faith in this new generation, that "those things which all men hold in common are beginning to outweigh those things which separate them." This they applauded.

ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE

In an age of dearth, it is a rare pleasure to read **NADINE GORDIMER**; she is one of the most gifted practitioners of the short story anywhere in English, and her new collection of twelve stories and a novella, **FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT** (Viking, \$3.95), holds a beauty not to be missed. It is impossible for a sensitive writer in South Africa to avoid taking sides. Miss Gordimer, who is a Johannesburger now in her mid-thirties, takes her stand with Alan Paton as a liberal opposed to apartheid and to the coarsening, tough-fibered materialism which she perceives to be the result of the Afrikaner's racial privilege. She has a keen sense of injustice, and there are times, as in "The Last Kiss" and "Little Willie," when her disgust betrays her and she writes too obviously against the insensibility she loathes. But at her best, as in "The Bridegroom," she achieves the perfect balance, and then her portraiture of the young white overseer of the road gang, fourteen miles from nowhere in the Kalahari dust, as he prepares the camp for the arrival of his bride, speaks volumes for the delicate tissue of relations between white and black.

This is not a crusading book, and I am tempted to say that the finest characterizations in it are

reserved for the white women — few of them beauties, all of them vigorously alive. I think particularly of huge, appealing Mrs. Cunningham in the title story; of the insatiable Sonia Smith in "Our Bovary"; the fastidious, walled-in Clara in "A Style of Her Own"; and of Freda, most beautifully realized, in "The Night the Favorite Came Home." But no limitation should be applied to Miss Gordimer — she is too versatile for that; and in the novella, "An Image of Success," all the women, young, yielding, or fleshy, are incidental to Charles Butters in his mid-fifties' demoralization and to Peter Garvus, the young lawyer, in his smug and hateful snobbery.

JOHN BAKELESS, a colonel of intelligence in World War II, has made an engaging investigation of the spies and counterspies who infested both sides of the American Revolution. **TURNCOATS, TRAITORS AND HEROES** (Lippincott, \$6.50) is a spider's web of conspiracy, concealment, and confusion, and Mr. Bakeless is to be commended for having brought the activities of Dr. Church, the Mersereaus, Major Tallmadge, Major Clark, Sergeant Major Champe, and Lydia Darragh so adventurously into the clear. I wish the central narrative were stronger and that we were told more conclusively the results of the most elaborate raids. The author is led astray by too many clues, and his zest for the hunt occasionally results in exaggeration, as when he says that "A series of swift arrests about April 17, 1775, might have kept America in the British Empire forever."

DIANA COOPER is one of those rare women who can write as well as they talk. Because of what she calls the "fearful bulk" of her autobiography, she elected to divide it into three parts. The feudal elegance of her girlhood at Belvoir, the audacity and homage of her debut on the eve of 1914, and her marriage to Duff Cooper at the end of the war all gave luster to her first volume, *The Rainbow Comes and Goes*. Now, in her new book, **THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), she recounts the anguish and gratification of her triumph in Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle*; she tells of her husband's election to Parliament and of his ascent to the Cabinet, to the War Office, and then to be First Lord of the Admiralty. She writes discreetly of the holidays with Edward VIII and Wallis and of their cruise together on the *Nahlin* in the Adriatic, and she draws throughout from her palette of many friendships. Conrad Russell calls her the most amiable woman he has ever known. She writes with verve and kindness, and the letters she quotes from her husband provide a happy relief to her — at times — overintent self-absorption.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

LITERARY MATTERS

Anne Brontë: Her Life and Work

BY ADA HARRISON and DEREK STANFORD

The life of the youngest Brontë was short and outwardly quiet, but Miss Harrison, without indulging in any psychological fancies, makes it an interesting story. Mr. Stanford, discussing her work, is thorough and persuasively enthusiastic. JOHN DAY, \$6.50.

Molière BY D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

The author of so many gloriously funny plays was himself a glum fellow, sorely tried by fate and matrimony. Mr. Lewis describes his troubles and his times with dash as well as scholarship. COWARD-MCGANN, \$4.00.

100 Selected Poems BY e. e. cummings

A fine cross-section of the poetry of an author who can stroke a butterfly or drop the great pyramid on an enemy with equal skill and success. GROVE, \$1.45.

Heart's Needle BY W. D. SNODGRASS

In this distinguished young poet, common things and uncommon imagination combine to produce exceptional emotional and intellectual interest. KNOPF, \$3.75.

Leaves of Grass BY WALT WHITMAN

Whitman was an incorrigible reviser, not always for the better, but his final versions have naturally remained standard. This book, with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley, follows the original text of *Leaves of Grass*, making it readily available for the first time in years. VIKING, \$5.00.

Nematodes in My Garden of Verse

This funny, freakish little volume assembles, from old newspapers and attics, the works of North Carolina poets "whose fame, if any, often rests on matters other than their verse." Selections by Richard Walser. BLAIR, \$3.50.

SHOW BUSINESS

The Autobiography of Cecil B. De Mille

Humorously aware of the pitfalls of his trade, the master of flamboyant screen spectacle is as modest about his achievements as anyone reasonably could be. Edited by Donald Hayne. PRENTICE-HALL, \$5.95.

A Life in the Theatre BY TYRONE GUTHRIE

Mr. Guthrie's book is full of the great names and amusing gossip proper to theatrical memoirs, but not to the exclusion of solid discussion of what the stage is, has been, and should be. MCGRAW-HILL, \$5.95.

Agee on Film BY JAMES AGEE

The companion volume to Agee's book of film reviews and criticisms contains the scripts, or some of them, that he wrote when he actually became involved in the business. McDOWELL, OBOLENSKY, \$7.50.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

ROBERT GRAVES, a prolific and admirably uninhibited translator of Greek and Latin works, has at last got around to the *Iliad*, under the name of **THE ANGER OF ACHILLES** (Doubleday, \$4.95), with illustrations by Ronald Searle. Mr. Graves's purpose in any translation is laudably simple; he means to make something that a contemporary reader can enjoy. This is as good an approach as any to the problem of transmuting Greek hexameters, unfamiliar manners, and exotic supernatural trimmings into readable modern English.

Directness, clarity, and speed are the great merits of Mr. Graves's method. To be sure, nothing but ruthless deletion could hurry old Nestor's reminiscences or straighten the notorious catalogue of ships, and this Mr. Graves has not attempted, but he has taken a firm stand on epithets. White-armed Hera and the wine-dark sea have been virtually rooted out, and I doubt that a single well-greaved Achaean survives in all the book's three-hundred-odd pages. With the epithets have gone the various little tricks, repetitions, circumlocutions, and meaningless words with which Homer habitually regularized the meter of an awkward line. They were the poetical equivalent of shimming, and Mr. Graves, translating into prose, is better off without them.

Battle tactics and the intricate squabbles among recalcitrant Greek commanders below and feather-witted deities aloft fare very well at Mr. Graves's hands. There is never any question about who is killing whom, while the complaints of the injured Achilles and the threats of Zeus fairly crackle with exasperation. Mr. Graves discovers much

deadpan comedy and oblique satire in Homer as well, and points them up deftly.

And how about the poetry, since Homer is remembered as a poet? It is not there. It has vanished, leaving not a rack behind. Hector's farewell to Andromache is spoken in the same sharp style as his battle orders. When Helen, watching from the walls of Troy, wonders why her brothers are not with the besieging army, the Greek original adds merely that her brothers were dead long ago and buried in their own country, and lets the wistful irony speak for itself. Mr. Graves puts it this way: "The truth was that both her brothers were long since dead and buried in their native country, after they had ambushed a pair of rival twins from Messene: Idas and Lynceus. None of the four survived that fight." As one who once wept over that line, I resent the intrusion of scholarship and these chaps Idas and Lynceus.

This is not to say that there is no verse in *The Anger of Achilles*. The opening invocation to the goddess, most of the elaborate similes, and a few set-piece speeches are in rhyme. There is considerable variety in these rhymed sections, and some of them are strikingly effective, notably the hunting similes and Achilles' prayer at the ford.

Long life I seek not,
Of death I reck not,
And therefore speak not,
Unless to blame
THETIS, my mother,
Who swore no other
Power could me conquer
But PHOEBUS' aim.

If noble Hector
Might be my victor,
Of that poor honour
I should be fain;
For THETIS taught me
That death must take me
In gallant tourney
Upon Troy's plain.

This has a fine barbarian ring to it, but it is not typical. A good many of the verse bits have the cramped quality of minor eighteenth-century work, while "Greeks be eager, Greeks be bold!" raises in my ear a terrible echo of "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick."

The way of the translator is hard, and it would be black ingratitude to deny that the work of Mr. Graves brings the *Iliad* closer to the modern



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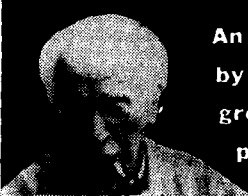
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reader than any other version. But his gallant sortie has not lifted the siege. If you want to read Homer, unhappily, you still have to learn Greek.

PAS DE DEUX

SONIA, JE T'ADORE (Knopf, \$4.00) is a collection of urbanely venomous reflections on the bliss of domesticity and the pleasures of travel by **PIERRE DANINOS**, the inventor of that improbable Francophile, Major Thompson. Having retired the major, Mr. Daninos now speaks for himself, as amusingly as ever.

The troubles which weigh upon Mr. Daninos are not unusual in themselves. He and Sonia can never avoid each other in the bathroom, the box marked Summer Things disgorges Christmas tree ornaments, directions in a strange town get him hopelessly lost, currency exchange baffles him, he discovers the name of the only chic medical specialist after hiring a mere competent nobody, and so on. Is it the old myth that they order these things better in France that makes his dismay so comic? Or the sober innocence with which he describes each catastrophe, as though he were the first tourist in history to start for the Klagenschnitz and end up on the Klagenspitze? This occurred in the neighborhood of a polyglot Swiss hotel where only the menu spoke French, and Mr. Daninos was ultimately set upon the right path by a peasant "because, by great good luck, he did not understand a single word of what I had said to him in five languages." The experience is undoubtedly related to the author's definition of "locals." "In France these consist of French citizens who regard their compatriots as foreigners from July 1 to September 30, after which time, having no further occasion to irritate the invader by talking dialect, they resume the use of their normal tongue."

Like all such books, *Sonia, Je T'adore* should not be gulped at one sitting. In well-spaced doses, however, it is a pleasant tonic.

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

KHUSHWANT SINGH is unusual among the Indian novelists published in this country in that his novels deal directly with violence. His first book, *Mano Majra*, centered on the riots and massacres growing out of the

separation of India and Pakistan. His second, **I SHALL NOT HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE** (Grove, \$3.95 and \$1.95), is set in 1942 and is the story of a Sikh family divided over loyalty to the British raj.

Duta Singh is a senior magistrate, very proud of his position in the British hierarchy, intensely flattered by the interest of the deputy district commissioner, and only recently beginning to suspect that loyalty to India as a nation may have something to recommend it. His wife, Sabhrai, is a devout, kindly lady who hardly knows one party from another but can recite Sikh prayers all night if necessary. His son, Sher Singh, is a university student, a spoiled and foolish young man whose dabbings in extremist politics have gradually led to the accumulation of rifles, ammunition, and hand grenades and the organization of the most useless group of terrorists that ever disturbed a country's peace.

The action of the novel is set in motion by Sher Singh and his swaggering Hindu friend, Madan, who, with their tyro terrorists, are at target practice in a rural swamp. The shooting attracts the headman of the nearest village, and the lies they tell this dishonest old fellow lead everyone to disaster.

The novel takes no sides politically. The English deputy commissioner is represented as a decent man trying to enforce reasonable laws, while Sher Singh's trigger-happy idiocy is all his own invention and no fault of the Indian party officially seeking independence. What the author sets out to portray is the confusion of mind among people who have given up, or are about to give up, their loyalty to one regime but have not yet found a substitute for it. Sher Singh and company, for all their chatter about a free India, haven't the dimmest notion of what free India should be. They are rebels without principles or program, while Buta Singh is a conformist in the same condition. Expediency and excitement are the only motives of these people, and they bumble about in a labyrinth of deceit, blackmail, double cross, seduction, and finally murder. When Sher Singh is carted off to jail, only his mother, still firmly rooted in the Sikh tradition, considers the ethical aspect of the situation. Her decision is unexpectedly grim. The author himself offers no solution.

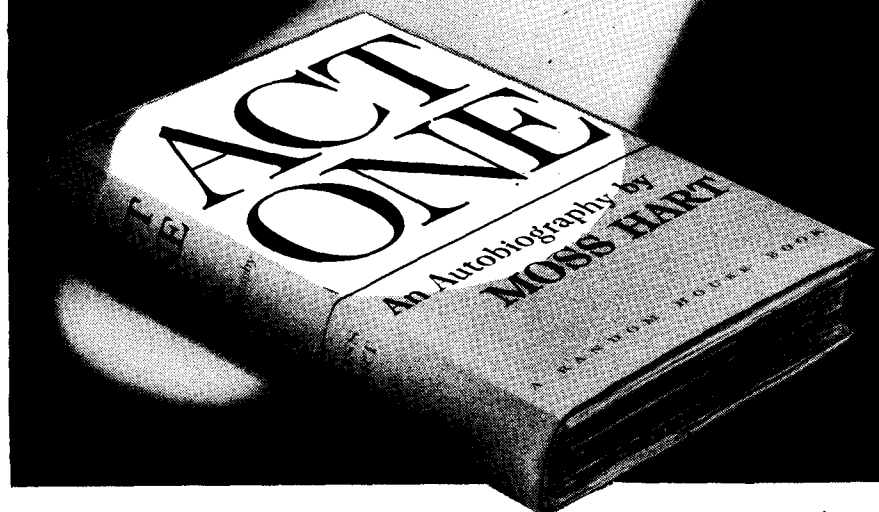
Mr. Singh is a businesslike writer, not given to frills or subtlety. Even so, the novel is not entirely sober. There are mischievous caricatures of minor officials and fawning tradesmen and a scandalously funny episode in which the family's mistreated boy-of-all-work takes a Rabelaisian revenge. Mr. Singh gives the impression of being an artless and sometimes clumsy writer, but his major characters come to life, and their mistakes have the power to make the reader's conscience itch.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

ANTHONY C. WEST, author of a well-received collection called *River's End and Other Stories*, has written a novel, **THE NATIVE MOMENT** (McDowell, Obolensky, \$4.50), which has the distinction of being the most tedious book since O'Hara's *From the Terrace*. It may be that I misjudge the work, for I fear it is an allegorical, or, if the reader prefers, symbolic diatribe against life in present-day Ireland, and allegory is a device that has never appealed to me. It seems shiftily of an author not to say what he means if he actually knows.

Mr. West's hero is named Simon Green — for dear old Ireland, no doubt — and he goes up to Dublin with a friend's load of potatoes, which may represent bucolic virtue if they don't represent agriculture enslaved by the economic system, and with an eel in a paint can. Very primeval fish, the eel; goes back to the beginning of time. Simon is all upset because a girl he chaste-ly admired some seven years previously is illegally pregnant and refuses to name the child's father. Local opinion is that her mind is confused by a plethora of candidates. The boys can't collect for the spuds and nobody will buy the eel, and with these ancient values rejected, Simon spends twenty-four hours wandering around Dublin. He meets everybody he ever knew, several old girl friends and a lot of unsavory oddities, including a ramshackle street harridan who turns into Cathleen Ni Houlihan. Granted Simon is outside six or eight whiskys at the time, this is still a bit of a strain. Everybody's miserable sex life — there is no other kind — is described with clinical thoroughness. If I fail to care about the idealistic significance of all this realistic anatomy, it may be because an activity as individual as lovemaking — fornication

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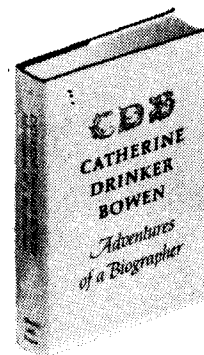
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tion would be a more accurate word in this instance — is not really suitable material for the illustration of any general intellectual proposition.

ARABIA DESERTA

Two books about desert travel have turned up, each good of its kind. **ARABIAN SANDS** (Dutton, \$5.95) is **WILFRED THESIGER's** account of his travels through the southern Arabian district known as the Empty Quarter. **THE SEARCH FOR THE TASSILI FRESCOS** (Dutton, \$6.95) is **HENRI LHOTE's** story of the expedition which he led into the Sahara to find and copy prehistoric rock paintings.

There really is something to popular notions of national character, it seems. Mr. Lhote is French. Mr. Thesiger is English. The circumstances of their respective adventures differ enormously, but the basis of the expedition, in each case, is individual attitude. As romantic lone-wolf Englishman and practical Frenchman, they run almost laughably true to type.

Mr. Thesiger is a follower of Kipling's everlasting whisper, "Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!" He went poking about the Empty Quarter out of curiosity, a love of strange country, and something of T. E. Lawrence's obsession with the heroic simplicity of Bedouin life, though he had a wisp of official backing from an international commission on locust control. He describes the miseries of desert travel with a certain satisfaction and is frankly proud of his ability to eat the dreadful food provided by the Arabs, who detested it themselves but could do no better in the middle of nowhere. He admires camels.

Mr. Lhote tells nothing of his background, but internal evidence in his text establishes him pretty certainly as a veteran traveler in the Sahara and a man with access to official ears. His sizable expedition was well financed and transported, up to a point, by the French military. He hardly mentions his own discomfort but is wryly sympathetic when his companions get sunstroke, lose themselves, or nearly die of thirst. He deplores his commissary, which would have seemed grossly luxurious to Thesiger, protesting guiltily that it was the best he could manage. He views camels as a cross that must be borne.

Arabian Sands is orthodox adventure and exploration. Mr. Thesiger's primary motive was his own pleasure in primitive life, a taste he came by naturally, having grown up in Abyssinia in a time of gaudy tribal warfare. He mapped the country he traveled over, which had never been done before, and he is unhappily aware that his mapping will help the oil companies that he hates to see enter the place. His difficulties, aside from the main problem of staying alive in a region where the next well might be two hundred miles away, and dry, to boot, were the usual ones of finding reliable guides, getting safe conduct from one touchy tribe to the next, avoiding the indigenous authorities, and keeping his temper. He is sometimes a bit too aware of his own success, as a Christian and an inexperienced desert man, in adapting to the Bedouin way of life, but it is a forgivable weakness. His accomplishment was truly remarkable.

The Search for the Tassili Frescoes is a quite different affair. Mr. Lhote's main object is to describe the paintings themselves and the means by which his team of painters and photographers copied them. By his own standards, the expedition was hardly out of sight of the police station, but since none of his colleagues had ever set foot in the Sahara before, and the Tassili is a particularly nasty plateau to reach, all the passes being equally devilish, and the climate is capable of ranging through fire, flood, whirlwind, and snow within twenty-four hours, Mr. Lhote had his troubles.

The paintings copied by the expedition are wonderful things, to judge by the reproductions lavishly scattered through the book. They are all prehistoric, of various types which run into or are superimposed on each other. Some appear to be Negro work, others completely mysterious in origin.

One group of prehistoric painters produced colossal, pale, ghostlike figures whose faces are reduced to a pair of lopsided eyes. These images, which Mr. Lhote has nicknamed Martians, are alarming in the pages of a book. Spread across twenty feet of rock, they must be unspeakable. Another school of painters — Mr. Lhote calls them the Bovidians — specialized in cattle as handsome as the bulls of Altamira. There are dancing human figures reduced to wire-thin silhouettes, wizards con-

structed out of circles and triangles, and naturalistic dancers of almost classical proportions. There are suggestions of Cretan influence and one unmistakable importation from Egypt.

The story of Mr. Lhote's party, dragging camels, drawing boards, and rolls of paper up impossible grades, and painting like mad through wind and heat glare, is fascinating, while the paintings themselves are irresistible.

PREHISTORIC NORTH AMERICA

Author, editor, and part-time archaeologist, **LOUIS A. BRENNAN** has written **NO STONE UNTURNED** (Random House, \$5.00). The book, subtitled *An Almanac of North American Prehistory*, undertakes to demolish the once standard belief that man was a very late comer to the Americas, a Mongolian offshoot who traveled via the Aleutians and arrived here in much the same condition in which the first European visitors found him.

With the revelations of the new carbon-dating technique on his side, Mr. Brennan maintains that man arrived here (via the Aleutians) very early indeed, in time to hunt mammoth and avoid the short-faced bear, and that his accomplishments in weapons, pottery, and weaving were of local invention and occurred on this continent as early as anywhere else. The case is complicated for a reader not really at home in the ice ages, but Mr. Brennan writes well, with an energy and spirit that are rare in this field.

The question is, given Mr. Brennan's assumption, how it happened that the North American Indian, after discovering pottery and weaving and learning to hammer pure copper into jewelry, stopped right there. A bit of farming, yes — the list of plants raised and used by the Indians is staggering and full of things that one cannot imagine doing without. But no cities, no proper metalwork, no domestic animals, and, in the North, no extensive governments. Mr. Brennan, another admirer of the simple life, suggests that they got on very well without any of these things. With plenty of space and game around him, the American Indian was never obliged to degenerate into civilization. Mr. Brennan may be right. At any rate, his book is persuasive and amusing.



Japan Air Lines hostess Yoko Mayuzumi

How to train an airline hostess

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U.S. to Japan and the Orient



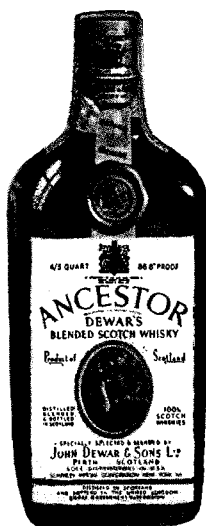
JAPAN AIR LINES

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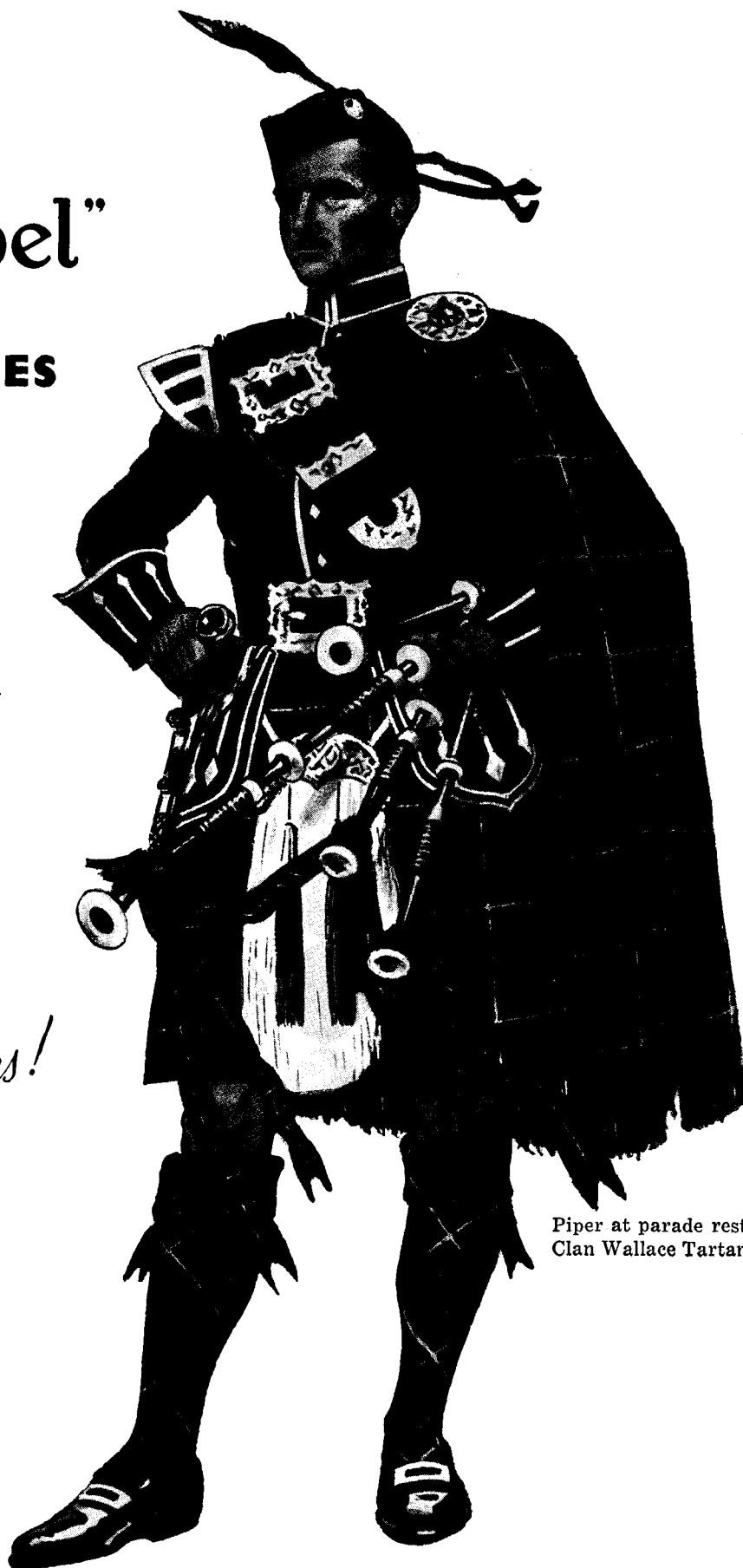
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